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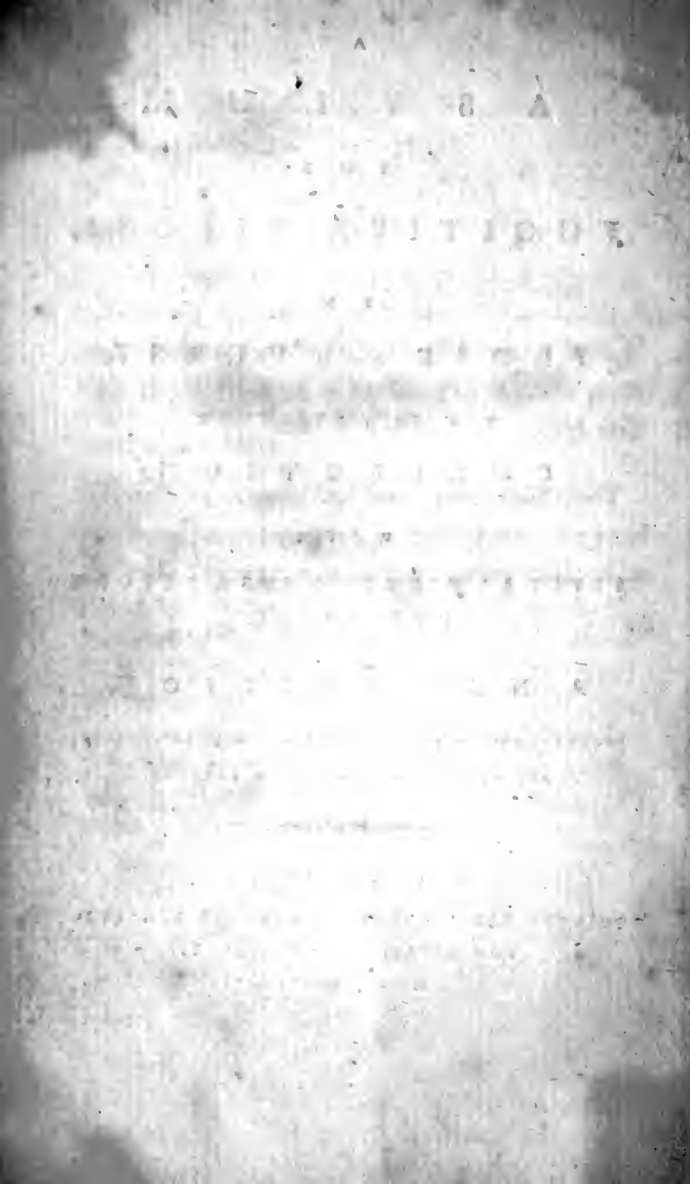


A N
A S Y L U M
F O R
F U G I T I V E P I E C E S,
I N
P R O S E A N D V E R S E,
N O T I N A N Y O T H E R
C O L L E C T I O N :

W I T H
S E V E R A L P I E C E S N E V E R B E F O R E
P U B L I S H E D .

A N E W E D I T I O N ,
I N C L U D I N G M A N Y P I E C E S N O T I N T H E F O R M E R E D I T I O N ,
A N D S E V E R A L N E V E R B E F O R E P R I N T E D .

L O N D O N :
P R I N T E D F O R J . D E B R E T T , O P P O S I T E B U R L I N G -
T O N H O U S E , I N P I C C A D I L L Y .
M D C C L X X X V .



A861A5

THE Second Volume of this Work is now in the Press, and will be Published in the beginning of the Year 1786.

Those Gentlemen who are desirous of Contributing to this Collection, are humbly requested to make their Communications as early as possible.

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A N
A S Y L U M
F O R
F U G I T I V E P I E C E S.

T H E G O W N S :

A T A L E,

FROM WESTMINSTER-HALL IN TRINITY TERM, 1783.

BY MR. L——.

VERY early one morning (the date I'll set down,
'Twas the next after Erskine kifs'd hands for his
gown,)

Two damsels to whom all the four inns of court
Pay their constant attention and daily resort ;
Near kinswomen too, and seen always together,
And in person as like as two birds of a feather ;
Met in Westminster-hall ; unattended, to settle
A quarrel, where each had been put on her mettle.
Silk, the elder, was graceful, a dignified dame ;
Stuff, the younger, more lively, both rivals in fame ;
And, as two of a trade, they say, never agree,
So these ladies were never from jealousy free.

B

Their

Their suitors were many, more num'rous far
 Than fam'd Oberea's—in short, the whole bar :
 Their characters likewise were none of the best,
 For when Virtue's made easy—you all know the rest.
 But each had her favourites—this was their game,
 And for Erskine each stood on her separate claim,
 Time and place they appointed to end the dispute,
 Not with pistol and sword, but with tongue more
 acute,

And as *Stuff* was the plaintiff, she open'd the suit. }

“ You stole him,” she cried with a violent roar,
 “ False pretences you us'd, as you serv'd me before,
 In spite of the statute, your age and decline,
 Having more than you satisfy, still you take mine ;
 I have borne without murmuring all your late tricks,
 Not doubting your name for a jilt you would fix ;
 But I'll bear it no longer, this last is so flagrant,
 I'll have you whip'd out of the hall for a vagrant.
 For your latter † seductions, to tell you my mind,
 I car'd not while Erskine staid with me behind,
 For he was my favourite, he had my heart,
 Since Dunning and I did in Ashburton part ;
 With him I might hope higher honours to gain
 Than e'er fell to you and your full-bottom'd train.
 I'll tell you how false and deceitful you are ;
 Your ruffling, and varnish, and prostitute air,

† Alludes to the late promotions.

Are but vanity traps for my favourite youth,
For which some have quitted me, Honour and
Truth,

But he'll see your artifice—Then, Ma'am, I hear
That your health's not so sound—(but I wont be }
severe,

Tho' some folks, they say, are not what they appear)
But to cut matters short—give me Erskine again,
I ask for no favour—my right to him's plain—
I'll have him, that's flat; if you don't let him go
straight,

As sure as I'm Woollen I'll take you to Bow-street.
Silk heard with composure the charges of stealth,
False pretences, and fraud: but this about health,
(By the way 'twas an impudent insinuation)
Threw her into a fit of most furious passion.

Up she jump'd in an instant, aloft flew her band,
She shook her full-bottom, and brandish'd her hand.
“ Here, Tipstaff,” she bawl'd, but she soften'd her
tone,

When she saw the Hall empty, themselves all alone,
(For *Stuff* was the stronger at least two to one.)

“ Your slander and railings became such a ninny,
Whom ev'ry low rascal may have for a guinea—
That I'll not deign to answer, I'll have satisfaction,
In the face of my country, by bringing my action.
For the rest, your presumption surprises me quite,
What madness is this? *Stuff*, how giddy your flight?

To Erskine pretend—where's your merit, I wonder !
 'Tis high time indeed to keep some people under ;
 He's mine by just title, I us'd no false charms,
 He came, led by Sympathy, into my arms ;
 His courtship to me was with honour address'd ;
 When he left you, the Hall approbation express'd.
 Nay, a few his taste doubted, and some thought him
 wrong,

For liking your slovenly person so long :
 So your clamour is idle, pray let's hear no more,
 Tho' I learn, by report, you have scandals in store,
 And pretend (but the trick won't avail you this time)
 I have only your leavings, that *you've* had his prime,
 But who can believe so unjust an aspersi^on ?
 If while he was your's, he made any exertion,
 Of talents excelling, or parts superfine,
 Do you claim the honour ? most clearly 'tis mine—
 He studied and practis'd my favour to gain ;
 Were you the reward ? oh, how endless the pain !
 But if still you persist, nor your claim will renounce,
 Here is Justice at hand, she'll decide it at once."
 Her speech was scarce ended, when sudden appear'd,
 Her worship's state-coach coming thro' Palace-yard,
 (For 'twas Term-time, and Justice, in formal pro-
 cession,

Came to open her courts to the noisy profession :)
 Wide open'd the doors, and there enter'd the Hall,
 Clerks, constables, officers, rabble and all ;

Next,

Next, her Highness's train came in funeral pace,
Dress'd in black robes and scarlet, with sword and
with mace ;

Then, Justice herself—whom our disputants eyeing,
Fell prostrate before her, and *Stuff* began crying,

“ Great lady, you only can give me relief ;

Hear, Justice, oh hear !” but her worship was deaf,

Her bandage was not on her eyes, but her ears :

(So false is the form that in pictures she wears,

And I hope the mistake our young painters will cure,

For she sees well enough, tho' she squints, to be sure :)

This *Stuff* quickly saw, and of speech disappointed,

She pull'd out her purse, and at *Erskine* she pointed.

Silk us'd the same rhet'ric ; her worship took both ;

“ Dear ladies,” quoth she, “ to decide I am loth,

But since you will have it, and nought else will
please,

Hear with silence the sentence that Justice decrees—

You, *Stuff*, take his old gown ; here, *Silk*, take his
new ;

I'll have *Erskine* myself ; so dear ladies adieu.”

A LOGICAL SONG.

WHY, Chloe, thus squander your prime,

In debate between fear and temptation ?

If adulterous love be a crime,

Why quarrel with plain fornication ?

But your beauties with age you may lose :
 Then seize the short moment of joy !
 If not—then with confidence use,
 What by using you cannot destroy.
 Come, come, bid our transports begin,
 Ere we lose both our youth and our leisure :
 Sure, 'tis better repenting a sin,
 Than regretting the loss of a pleasure.

E P I G R A M.

DEAR Cupid (I cried) do consult with your mother,
 To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart !
 Kind Cupid obey'd ; Venus too play'd her part,
 And my Chloe at length fell in love with another !

S O N G.

CELIA ! you'll kill me, by the Lord !
 You know I've suffer'd like a martyr ;
 Nor have I yet had one kind word,
 Nor seen an inch above your garter.

Can you forget, ungrateful maid,
 How long my constant flame has lasted ?
 What nonsense I have sung and said,
 What ink and paper I have wasted ?

Ah, cruel nymph ! you know full well,
 With what a pure becoming zeal,
 I've begg'd your snowy bosom's swell,
 And ev'ry other swell to feel !

And

And round your taper waist to twine,
 Each inlet of delight to prove,
 Our hearts, our lips, our souls to join !
 And can you still, still doubt my love ?

What, unconvinced ? the devil's in it !
 Well then, this proof shall calm your fears,
 And if one warm expressive minute,
 Speak not more love than days of tears.

Unless each palpitating nerve,
 Each kindling vein confess me true,
 Treat me at length as I deserve,
 And banish me from joy and you !

A N S W E R.

BE quiet, Sir ! begone, I say !
 Lord bless us ! how you romp and tear !
 There !
 I swear !
 Now you have left my bosom bare !
 I do not like such boisterous play,
 So take that saucy hand away.
 Why now, you're ruder than before—
 Nay, I'll be hang'd if I comply—
 Fye !
 I'll cry !
 Oh—I can't bear it—I shall die !—
 I vow I'll never see you more !
 But—are you sure you've shut the door ?

E P I G R A M.

FRIEND Thomas, I have seen your spouse,
 And never saw a plainer creature !
 And as for you, the world allows
 Your face has scarce a human feature.

Say then, what method you pursue ?
 Your boys are Loves, your girls are Graces !
 “ Why, madam, they’d be ugly too,
 “ If we begot them with our *faces* !”

A L Y R I C L O V E E P I S T L E.

(FOUND IN A CONVENT AT PARIS.)

Tune—“ Oh, my kitten, my kitten.”

OH! my P——y, my P——y,
 And, oh ! my P——y, my dear-a,
 Such a fine husband as I,
 You can’t find far or near-a.
 Though the taxes go up, up, up,
 And the funds all go down, down, down-a,
 And the rats they run backward and forward,
 And my head it turns round, round, round-a.
 Though Sir C—l begins to look queer,
 And once more thinks of turning his coat ;
 Since he’s got no more guards in his rear,
 And his sailors, alas ! cannot vote.
 And though taxes, &c. &c.

Yet

Yet soon on my foes I shall thunder—

The Whigs shall all shrink from my rage,
And the people shall view us with wonder,
When our Cabinet's all come of age.
Though the taxes, &c.

I can talk of my candour and truth,
With Jack W—s and D—s at my heels ;
'Twas the least of the tricks of my youth,
To make T——w purloin his own seals.
Though the taxes, &c.

For the B—ps I've canting and pray'rs ;
For the people I've nonsense and beer ;
Oh! when I climb'd up the back-stairs,
I took the right sow by the ear.
Though the taxes, &c.

Then haste to become a fine bride,
From the gloom of a convent emerging ;
In me you may safely confide,
For I, like yourself, am a virgin !
Now the taxes, &c.

S O N G.

OH! I'll reform ; I will, I swear !
To Hymen I'll address my vows,
And I'll beget a son and heir,
And tend my sheep, and milk my cows,
And dose and fatten with my spouse !

And I'll grow fond of simple nature,
 Free from vain arts, and dull grimaces,
 And doat upon each flatten'd feature,
 Of rural love's athletic graces,
 With mottled arms, and cherub faces.

And now the rustic's toil I'll share,
 And wield the fork, and trail the rake ;
 Now at the sermon sit and stare,
 'Till dull observers shall mistake,
 And fancy I am broad awake.

And I will taste the sportsman's joys,
 With hounds and guns pursue my prey ;
 And find such raptures in a noise,
 That all the wond'ring 'squires shall say,
 I am as wise and blest'd as they.

Then to the festive hall I'll pass,
 And in the jovial chorus join ;
 And sick'ning o'er th' unfinish'd glass,
 I'll swear our pleasures are divine,
 When dullness is improv'd by wine.

Yes, I'll reform ! vain world, adieu !
 Henceforth, with rural joys content,
 A life of reason I'll pursue,
 Of all my former sins repent—
 And die a cuckold and a saint.

RONDEAU.

R O N D E A U.

BY two black eyes my heart was won,
 Sure never wretch was more undone!

To Celia with my suit I came,
 But she, regardless of her prize,
 Thought proper to reward my flame
 By two black eyes!

AN EXPOSTULATION.

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move,
 Why seem'd you so deaf to my pray'rs?
 Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love—
 But—Why did you kick me down stairs?

E P I T A P H.

HERE is my much-lov'd Celia laid,
 At rest from all her earthly labours!
 Glory to God! peace to the dead!
 And to the ears of all her neighbours!

A FAREWEL TO LIBERTY.

OCCASIONED BY THE DISSOLUTION OF THE LAST
PARLIAMENT.

Fuimus Troes: fuit Ilium, et ingens

Gloria Teucrorum.

VIRG.

FAREWEL, sweet Liberty, farewell!

Wilt thou no more in Albion dwell?

Wilt thou forsake our sea-girt shore?

And bliss our hills and dales no more?

Gay mountain nymph, of sprightly mien,

Where will thy graceful form be seen?

Goddeſs of ſoul-inſpiring eye,

Where will thy waving trefſes fly?

What favour'd nation ſhall behold

Thy banner, bright with burniſh'd gold,

And many an emblematic ſign,

Of deeds atchiev'd by thee and thine;

Bright with th' illuminating rays

That thy Britannia's name emblaze?

For glorious was the name we gain'd,

While Liberty in Albion reign'd!

And many a bard's melodious tongue,

Thee and thy mighty proweſs ſung.

Allur'd by thee, the tuneful train

Pour'd their exhilarating ſtrain;

And culture cloth'd our hills and dales;

And commerce ſpread unnumber'd ſails.

By

By thee our happy island rose
 Superior to surrounding foes :
 Her offspring, prodigal of life,
 In marshal'd fields of deadly strife,
 By thee the fierce assault repel'd ;
 By thee in valiant deeds excel'd ;
 And fir'd with thy ingenuous flame,
 Earn'd laurels of immortal fame—
 And must we close the radiant scene ?
 Alas ! alas ! and have we been ?
 And is our age of glory past ?
 Are we of Freedom's sons the last ?
 O, my deluded friends, beware !
 Lest tangled in the fatal snare,
 Ye fall from your exalted state,
 And grieve when grief shall be too late.
 Alas ! misguided men, in vain
 I pour the monitory strain :
 In vain my feeble accents plead :
 Determin'd on the wreckless deed,
 And blind with Zeal's unhallow'd fires,
 Ye spurn the birthright of your fires.
 Those rights for which your fires withstood
 Oppression ev'n in fields of blood,
 Or freely their hearts' treasure shed,
 Ye rashly yield ; and, in their stead,
 Receive the chains that shall disgrace
 The foremost of the human race :

For who of those that are, or were,
 May with Britannia's sons compare ?
 Say, is there one illustrious state,
 Of antient or of modern date,
 Where, from the cottage to the throne,
 The rights of men were better known ?
 Ah ! that these rights, Britannia's boast,
 Should inconfid'rately be lost !—
 Farewel, sweet Liberty ! no more
 Shall raptur'd bards on Albion's shore,
 Fir'd with thy animating flame,
 The heirs of everlasting Fame,
 To hymn thy bold atchievements dare ;
 But pine and think of what they were :
 And cherish secret grief, and sigh,
 And weep for Albion's wrongs, and die.
 But ere, sweet Liberty, we part,
 Accept this tribute of my heart ;
 A broken heart that bleeds to see,
 Britannia will no more be free :
 Farewel ! but let thy parting sigh,
 Bequeath a melancholy joy ;
 Nor this poor, plaintive verse refuse,
 The last oblation of a British Muse.

THE REVIVAL OF BRITISH SPIRIT;

A N O D E.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER RODNEY'S VICTORY IN
THE WEST INDIES.

I.

LO! along the sea-girt shores,
Now the British lion roars;
Tremble ev'ry daring foe!
Rous'd with anger and disdain,
See! he shakes his shaggy mane;
See! his eyes with ardour glow.
Ye who would impose the yoke,
On the free-born and the brave,
Who will shield you, save,
From the vengeance ye provoke?

II.

Glowing with the love of fame,
Fir'd with honourable shame,
Shame for recent sloth behold!
Albion, never known to yield,
Hastens to th' embattl'd field;
And with native vigour bold,
Bids her navy scour the deep;
Bids her pealing thunder roar,
Shake with terror Gallia's shore,
And the raging billows sweep.

Raise

III.

Raise the voice of Triumph, raise !

Rodney claims our willing praise ;

And from every hill and dale,

Let the joyful voice arise,

'Till it cleave the vaulted skies.

Hail propitious æra, hail !

Now Britannia's sons again,

Glowing with congenial fires,

Claim the birthright of their fires,

The dominion of the main.

IV.

British spirit uncontroll'd

Wakes as in the times of old ;

Wakes as when of late the Gaul,

Felt his vain ambition quell'd,

And with agony beheld,

His Atlantic islands fall ;

While his dupe, vindictive Spain,

Th' inauspicious league deplor'd :

Yet provokes the British sword ;

And shall weep and wail again.

V.

Belgia too ! let Belgia join,

Envious in the base design,

Envious of an antient friend :

Belgia with contrition due,

Shall her reckless folly rue,

And to suppliant prayers descend.

Let

Let her join the foul intrigue ;
 Britain, in herself secure,
 Shall the furious shock endure,
 And confound th' ungrateful league.

VI.

British hearts be firm and true !
 Scorn them ! scorn th' ambitious crew !
 Be united, and defy
 The collected storm that roars,
 All around your happy shores,
 Envious of your golden sky.
 Valiant as your fires of old,
 Trust in him whose sovereign sway,
 Heaven and earth, and seas obey :
 Go ! be resolute and bold.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF LORD
 MULGRAVE'S ESSAYS ON ELOQUENCE, LATELY
 PUBLISHED.

" WE now come to speak of *Tropes*. Trope comes from the Greek word *Trepo*, to turn. I believe that tropes can only exist in a vocal language, for I do not recollect to have met with any among the savages near the Pole, who converse only by signs ; or if they used any, I did not understand them. Aristotle is of opinion, that horses have not the use of tropes.—Dean Swift seems to be of a contrary opinion ; but be this as it may, tropes are
 of

of very great importance in Parliament, and cannot enough recommend them to my young readers.

“ *Tropes* are of two kinds :—such as tend to illustrate our meaning ; and, 2dly, such as tend to render it obscure. The first are of great use in the *sermo pedestris* ; the second in the sublime. They give the *os magna sonans* ; or, as the same poet says in another place, the *ore rotundo* ; an expression, which shews, by the bye, that it is as necessary to round your mouth, as to round your periods.—But of this more hereafter, when I come to treat of *mouthing*, or, as the Latins call it, *elocutio*.

“ In the course of my reflections on tropes, I have frequently lamented the want of these embellishments in our modern *log-books*. Strabo says they were frequently employed by the ancient sailors ; nor can we wonder at this difference, since our young seamen are such bad scholars ; not so in other countries ; for I have seen children at the island of *Zanti*, who knew more of Greek than any First Lieutenant. Now to return to tropes, and of their use in Parliament. I will give you some examples of the most perfect kind in each species, and then quit the subject : only observing, that the worst kind of tropes are *puns* ; and that tropes, when used in controversy, ought to be very obscure ; for many people do not know how to answer what they do not understand.

“ Suppose

“ Suppose I was desirous of pressing forward any measure, and that I apprehended that the opposite party wished to delay it, I should personify procrastination by one of the following manners:—

1. “ *This measure appears to be filtered through the drip-stone of procrastination.*” This beautiful phrase was invented by a near relation of mine, whose talents bid fair to make a most distinguished figure in the senate.

2. “ *This is another dish cooked up by the procrastinating spirit.*” The boldness of this figure, which was invented by Mr. Drake, cannot be too much admired.

3. “ *This appears to be the last hair in the tail of procrastination.*”

“ The *Master of the Rolls*, who first used this phrase, is a most eloquent speaker; but I think the two former instances much more beautiful, inasmuch as the latter personification is drawn from a dumb creature, which is not so fine a source of metaphor as a Christian.

“ Having thus exhausted the subject of metaphors, I shall say a few words concerning *similies*, the second of tropical figures, in point of importance.

P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E

FROM JAMES STOVIN, ESQ. TO WILLIAM GILEY,
M. D. OF WINTERTON IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

IN human life, since little else appears,
Than change of folly with a change of years ;
Since Youth its baubles seeks, Old Age its shells,
And firmer Manhood wears his cap and bells :
Forgive th' imperfect essay of your friend,
Whose object's pastime, and to please whose end.

In childhood's dawn, when all the frame is weak,
Nor can we firmly walk, nor freely speak ;
When the impendant jaw, and vacant stare,
Our few ideas, and want of thought declare ;
When, hung with silver bell, the coral red,
Tho' oft rejected, still we take for bread ;
When nurses scarce, or quick-ey'd mothers find,
Marks of some future greatness in the mind ;
Say, what a thing forlorn is rising man,
Tho' form'd by nature on so wise a plan ?
Where is that wisdom, where that ardent fire,
Which after-crouds shall envy and admire ?
That courage which transmits a deathless name,
And points the road to everlasting fame ;
Which Cato urg'd to act the patriot's part,
And glows as warm in British Eliott's heart !
That love of Liberty, which Fox inspires,
And fills his patriot soul with sacred fires ;

The

The tongue with future Senates may engage,
 Now wails with grief, or squalls with vengeful rage ;
 Dull are the eyes, and round and plump the face,
 Where innocence alone has left a trace ;
 To guess the passions we in vain essay,
 When o'er their marks are quickly wip'd away,
 Like clouds in March, when western winds prevail,
 Which vanish soon before the rising gale ;
 Leaving all ether bright, and pure, and clear,
 Till other storms arise, and other clouds appear.
 Such is the infant state—such Man's first days,
 Exempt from censure, and unworthy praise ;
 And were no future deeds our care to claim,
 And give us up to good or evil fame,
 Unnotic'd should we live, unnotic'd die,
 As weeds that spring, and only weeds supply.

But pass we now to life's extremeſt verge,
 Where ills await, and crowded frailties urge ;
 When weak in body, and depressed in mind,
 Behold the falling ruins of mankind !
 Worn out with crosses, and subdu'd by care,
 He hoards up wealth might bless a starving heir ;
 I'll-temper'd, peevish, querulous, and vain,
 He loves to censure, backbite, and complain ;
 Experienc'd deeply in the ways of man,
 Eager his smallest blemishes to scan !
 Hark, with what spleen he blackens all the crimes,
 In which he wanton'd in his hey-day times ;

But

But now when passion presses him no more,
 He e'en is good and virtuous at fourscore :
 Youth he condemns as thoughtless and profane,
 And manhood passes not without a stain ;
 Rash, confident, presuming, void of rule,
 Ever in haste to shew itself a fool ;
 Impetuous in pursuit of fancy'd good,
 And snatching bliss, whilst bliss is yet in bud.
 With endless railing thus he swells his theme,
 And proudly hopes past errors to redeem ;
 But hopes in vain, for ne'er can Pride erase
 Th' unnumber'd follies of his youthful days.
 What period then of life is free from fault,
 And Man, when lives he as he ever ought ?
 In youth ? in age ? or in the middle span,
 When most his pow'rs the most exalt the man ?
 In youth how feeble, age how incomplete,
 And ev'n in vigour, but abjectly great !
 Still hoping time will add to Wisdom's store,
 And give to-morrow things deny'd before :
 To fond delusive Hope a willing prey,
 Charm'd with what shall be, heedless of to-day :
 By fatal passions hurried to excess,
 Which serve alike to charm, delude, depress :
 Check all the nobler efforts of the mind,
 To low pursuits, and vulgar tracks confin'd ;
 Obscure the reason, make e'en virtue nod,
 And to a brute debase the form of God.

In life throughout, in every separate part,
 Or we despise the head, or blame the heart ;
 Or curse the passions, and their baleful train
 Of ills that lead to never-ending pain.
 Thus trav'lers dread the sun's intenser blaze,
 And wish for cooler and more temp'rate days ;
 But dread alike autumnal pouring rains,
 The blasts of Spring, and Winter's icy chains.

I. S.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE
 PRECEDING.

PROCEED, my friend, nor check thy Muse's flight,
 That nobly dares Parnassus' utmost height ;
 Whose scarce fledg'd wings so boldly 'tempt to soar
 Its lofty summit, and its sweets explore.
 The first essay proclaims to thee belong
 The pleasing grace and energy of song :
 So sweet thy ethic lines in number roll,
 At once they teach and captivate the soul.
 'Twas so harmonious Pope sublimely sung ;
 Thus gentle Gay, and ever plaintive Young.
 Go, persevere like them ; inform mankind
 With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry good refin'd :
 Nor meanly stoop, nor prostitute thy lays
 To sordid envy, or unworthy praise.

Be

Be sacred Truth thy great unerring guide,
 (To follow her be e'er thy noblest pride.)
 Then shall thy name to future ages stand,
 Enrolled high among the tuneful band;
 Thy fame, thy glory undiminish'd be,
 Till wasteful Time brings on Eternity.

I. T.

Gunerbury, Oct. 16, 1784.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO EARL FITZWILLIAM,
 ON HIS RECOVERY FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS
 WHEN AT ETON SCHOOL.

FITZWILLIAM's health's my glorious theme,
 My rapture, vision, and my dream:
 Adieu, ye mournful strains;
 No signs of grief, no ardent fear,
 For you, my Fitz, no gushing tear,
 No louring sigh remains.

For you, reviv'd again, I may
 Invite the sweet, the jocund lay;
 With you again I'll roam,
 'Mongst murm'ring Thames' ozer bowers,
 'Mongst Henry's shades, 'mongst Henry's towers,
 Or Windsor's awful dome.

I know,

I know, my FITZ, you think my soul
Is too impatient of controul,

Too like the giddy throng ;
But ah ! I miss the friendly voice,
Which or to praise, or could rejoice,
Or tell me I was wrong.

Too oft will bards devote their lays—
To Interest's shrine, to fulsome praise,

Too long of greatness sing ;
Not so with me these numbers flow,
Not from an outward flatt'ring show,
But these from friendship spring.

But next my Muse to Warren pay
The tribute of a grateful lay ;

O sing his friendly hand !
Tell how he did my friend restore,
How intellectual Pluto's pow'r
Became at his command.

What pangs wou'd else have rent my heart—
We must not, cannot, will not part ;

O stop thy hasty word—
For ah ! to us it is not giv'n,
With words t' oppose the will of Heav'n,
Its high Almighty Lord.

M R S. S H E R I D A N

ON HER BROTHER'S VIOLIN.

“ SWEET instrument of him for whom I mourn,
 “ Tuneful companion of my Lycid's hours,
 “ How liest thou now neglected and forlorn !
 “ What skilful hand shall now call forth thy
 pow'rs !

“ Ah ! none like his can reach those liquid notes,
 “ So soft, so sweet, so eloquently clear,
 “ To live beyond the touch, and gently float
 “ In dying modulations on the ear !”

Thus o'er my Lycid's lyre as I complain'd,
 And kiss'd the strings where he was wont to play,
 While yet in pensive sadness I remain'd,
 Methought it sigh'd, and sighing seem'd to say—

“ Ah ! me, forlorn, forsaken, now no more
 “ Shall fame and just applause around me wait ;
 “ No power my gentle Master can restore,
 “ And I, alas ! will share his hapless fate.

“ Fled is that spirit, chill'd that youthful fire,
 “ Which taught those strains with harmony replete,
 “ And cold that hand which only can inspire
 “ My senseless form to utter sounds so sweet.

“ Those

- " Those sounds melodious ne'er again shall please,
 " No tuneful strain from me shall ever flow ;
 " Save o'er my trembling strings a sighing breeze,
 " To call one sad, soft note of tender woe.

 " Else, ah ! for ever mute let me remain,
 " Unstrung, untun'd, forgotten let me be ;
 " Guard me from curious eye, and touch profane,
 " And let me rest in mournful sympathy !

 " One fate with thee, dear Master, let me share ;
 " Like thee in silent darkness let me lie ;
 " My frame without thee is not worth my care !
 " With thee alone it liv'd, with thee shall die !"

HER BROTHER'S LYRE TO MRS. SHERIDAN.

BY MR. PRATT.

THIS said—a solemn silence breath'd around,
 Cecilia wept upon her Lycid's lyre,
 The pensive breeze then gave a sighing sound,
 And the strings seem'd to tremble and expire.

 One hollow murmur, like the dying moan,
 Was heard to vibrate then, with pauses slow,
 From the sad instrument, when thus the tone
 Gave modulations of a softer woe.

" Cease, beauteous Mourner ! partner of my grief !

" Tuneful associate of my lost despair,

" Thou, only thou, canst bring this breast relief ;

" Thy sympathy alone can sooth my care.

" What though—ah, stroke severe ! our Lycid's
dead,

" Nor more, alas ! can ravish mortal ear !

" What though the soul of melody is fled,

" His blest attendant, to th' harmonious sphere:

" Struck by Cecilia's hand I yet may live ;

" Her magic touch again can tune my frame ;

" Her cherub voice my spirit yet revive,

" And sounds of heavenly sorrow grace my fame.

" But should nor dulcet song, nor music's art,

" Nor social sighs, which mourn the youth we love,

" Have power to heal the sister's wounded heart,

" Nor to these chords forlorn a solace prove ;

" Ah ! still together let our sorrows join,

" And this sad form yet boast thy gentle aid ;

" Lycid's companion sure should still be thine ;

" Still should'st thou kiss the strings where he has
play'd."

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQR.

 RACES, A BALLAD.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN MOORE, BART.

O George, I've been, I'll tell you where,
 But first prepare yourself for raptures ;
 To paint this charming, heavenly fair,
 And paint her well, would ask whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,
 With lovely shapes and angel faces ;
 But I have seen them all outdone,
 By this sweet maid, at ——— races.

Lords, Commoners, alike she rules,
 Takes all who view her by surprise,
 Makes e'en the wisest look like fools,
 Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wise.

Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,
 Unspoil'd by art, or modern dress,
 But gently tapering by degrees,
 And finely, “ beautifully less.”

Her foot—it was so wonderous small,
 So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,
 The buckle fairly hid it all,
 And seem'd to sink it with the weight.

And just above the spangled shoe,
 Where many an eye did often glance,
 Sweetly retiring from the view,
 And seen by stealth, and seen by chance ;

Two slender ankles peeping out,
 Stood like Love's heralds, to declare
 That all within the petticoat
 Was firm, and full, " and round, and fair."

And then she dances—better far
 Than heart can think, or tongue can tell,
 Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,
 E'er mov'd so graceful, and so well.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,
 True as the echo to the sound,
 She seems, as through the dance she skims,
 To tread on air, and scorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,
 One glance alone might well inspire
 The clay-cold breast of Apathy,
 Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And Zephyr on her lovely lips
 Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses ;
 And there his heavenly nectar sips,
 And there in breathing sweets reposes.

And

And there's such music when she speaks,
 You may believe me, when I tell ye,
 I'd rather hear her, than the squeaks
 Or far-fam'd squalls of Gabrielli.

And sparkling wit, and steady sense,
 In that fair form with beauty vie;
 But ting'd with virgin diffidence,
 And the soft blush of modesty.

Had I the treasures of the world,
 All the sun views, or the seas borrow,
 (Else may I to the devil be hurl'd)
 I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we Bards reap only Bays,
 Nor much of that, though nought grows on it;
 I'll beat my brains to sound her praise,
 And hammer them into a sonnet:

And if she deign one charming smile,
 The blest reward of all my labours;
 I'll never grudge my pains, or toil,
 But pity the dull 'Squires, my neighbours.

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

BY THE SAME.

TO ———

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
 Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
 Pity the sorrows I endure,
 The cause—I must not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys—
 That rends my heart—that checks my tongue—
 I fear will last me all my days,
 But feel it will not last me long.

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

CEASE to blame my melancholy,
 Though with sighs and folded arms,
 I muse with silence on her charms;
 Censure not—I know 'tis folly.
 Yet, these mournful thoughts possessing,
 Such delights I find in grief,
 That, could Heaven afford relief,
 My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

SUONATI

4 0

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF DULLNESS,

A POEM:

OCCASIONED BY A LATE GRACE PASSED IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

*Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For born a goddess, DULLNESS never dies.*

POPE'S DUNCIAD.

INTRODUCTION.

THE licentiousness of modern Poets has been no unfrequent, nor, I must confess, undeserving subject of the severest censure. I believe the insolence of wit in this University has been, at least, equal to that of every other part of the world: we have very lately had our Heroic Epistles, our Poems, and our Pamphlets, which have most audaciously presumed to violate the mystic dignity of age and office, and with unparalleled impiety to tell the world, that the Professorial Chair is not always the seat of Christian meekness and primitive simplicity, nor a College Lodge the seat of Apollo and the Muses. The author of the following sheets emulates not such audacity; conscious that decency is due to age, and respect to office; he is content; for the sake of subordination, to let a W—

exhibit Oran-Outangs, and a Pl— expel pamphleteers without even a sarcastic observation : his only aim is to drag into the face of day, of ridicule, and of contempt, men who have neither the pretensions of more than partial literature, the dignity of age, the influence of fortune, or the privilege of rank, to entitle them to abrogate laws, and overturn systems founded in wisdom and sanctified by experience, because they happen to thwart their private unprincipled views, or to impede the progress of their insolent ambition.

The * absurdity of a late Grace, which gave occasion to the following lines, has been too notorious to need almost any explanation here ; suffice it therefore to

* For the benefit of the curious reader the author has here subjoined the Grace, which, for *perspicuity* and *classical elegance*, he apprehends can scarcely be equalled by any composition since the Augustan age :

Cum mos nuper in Academiâ invaluerit, ut unusquisque ferè sophistarum aliquem sibi auxilii causâ inter studia prosequenda, quæ ad gradum baccalaureatûs in arbitus spectant, sub privati tutoris nomine assiscat, non sine academix infamiâ et gravissimis eorum expensis qui summo labore suo et curâ studiosos alunt.

Placeat vobis, ut si quis in posterum scholaris inter biennium gradum suscepturus, inter dicta studia prosequenda cujuslibet usus fuerit auxilio intra academiam directè vel indirectè, stipendio aut mercede conducti, sive privati tutoris seu alio quocunque sub nomine hujusmodi, omnem sibi aditum ad senioritatem baccalaureis reservatam præclusum intelligat. Provisò tamen, ne ii qui anno proximè sequenti admittendi sunt ad respondendum quæstioni, hoc statuto teneantur.

fay,

say, that disappointment was the foundation, persecution the object, and that the necessary effects of it must be indolence and ignorance ; the monster itself was generated by three persons, the obscurity of whose situations could not give them hopes of deriving any consequence from swimming in the common stream of judgment and experience : it dropped an abortion from the *patriotic* brain of Mr. C. between the deals of a rubber at whist, who, grinning most delightfully over the half-formed cub, delivered it to the gigantic bear of Queen's, who licked it into shape. Unfortunately neither of them understanding any language but his mother tongue, they turned it over to Mr. S— to *put* it into a Roman garb. I need not add a comment on this gentleman ; he has been famous in the annals of literature from the time he preached a certain funeral sermon to the display of his classical medal at D—y assembly.

Mauled, mangled, and mutilated, the monster passed an astonished senate, by the assistance of a gentleman *, who, if he had not been a stranger

* This is one of the evils that have arisen from the late scandalous prostitution of University honours : mandate degrees have been conferred upon numbers of people whose only recommendation was their acquaintance with the Heads of Colleges. There was however in this instance a proper degree of resentment in the junior part of the senate ; it was with difficulty that this gentleman's degree passed the House of Incurables, and the White Hoods were overpowered only by the privilege which the Doctors possess of voting amongst them.

to common delicacy; would have remembered, that the University a few days before had thought him much more fit to manage his father's hounds than to superintend academical education.

This is a true and exact state of facts. I am sure, candid Reader, let thy age or rank be what it will, as thou wouldst support learning and education, and discourage indolence and ignorance, thou wilt applaud my motive, whatever thou mayst think of my rhymes.

1731.

THE TRIUMPH OF DULLNESS.

WHERE great St. John's, in Gothic pomp array'd,*
 Casts o'er the muddy tide a fullen shade,
 And many a branching elm conceals in night
 Her slumb'ring sons; and hides the peering light;
 Nought but deep silence 'mid the gloom prevails,
 Save where deep snorings frequent load the gales;
 Or save, when logic's jarring tribes advance,
 Scholastic thunders wake them from their trance.

* Where great St. John's pours forth her num'rous sons,
 Her Goths and Vandals, Hottentots and Huns.

Vid. Man. Cur. in Bibl. Bod.

Bending

Bending with grief, on squallid earth reclin'd,
 Breathing the secret anguish of her mind,
 Sat DULLNESS, mighty mistress of the scene :
 Sad were her looks, disorder'd was her mien,
 Her dusky robes were torn, her raven hair
 Loose o'er her shoulders hung in wild despair ;
 The wither'd poppies dropped around her head,
 While fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus she said :
 " Blest was the age, blest the triumphant hour,
 " When Granta bow'd obsequious to my power ;
 " When each, like Margaret's * owls, at peep of day,
 " Blink'd at the sun, and fled the piercing ray,
 " With Wolfius cramm'd, or Bergerfdicius fed,
 " And metaphysic fogs enwrap'd each head.
 " Witness, ye hallow'd walls, for ye have seen
 " The full orb'd glories of your gracious Queen ;
 " Witness, ye groves, whose murky haunts among,
 " While circling frogs hoarse croak'd their ev'ning
 song,
 " Erst my own Rutherford, profoundest sage !
 " Cull'd every wreath that decks his ample page,
 " And skill'd to grope in Nature's darkest lore,
 " Nobly *obscur'd* whate'er was *clear* before ;
 " While Folly scoff'd, meek Learning's sons were mute,
 " And schoolmens' jargon swell'd each fierce dispute :

* Margaret Countess of Richmond, foundress of St. John's college.

" How

" How chang'd, alas ! from her whose princely brow
 " Bade Masters rev'rence, and stiff Doctors bow ;
 " While as I stalk'd along, each groaning sod
 " Teem'd with fressh dunces wherefoe'er I trod.
 " Ah, sad reverse ! with each increasing year
 " The waning splendors of my reign appear.
 " Coop'd in these limits, all that now remain
 " Of former grandeur, and my wide domain ;
 " Here, here alone, my leaden sceptre rules
 " Some slumbering dunces, some lethargic fools,
 " Who loyal still, still steady to my cause,
 " Defend my precepts, and protect my laws."

Scarce had she spoke, o'erwhelm'd with sobs and
 tears,

When C——, * her great prime minister, appears :
 C—— her arch counsellor, her chief support,
 The trustiest servant of the Johnian court :
 Each morn beheld his labours for her right,
 Which scarce were ended with departing light.
 Search Granta round, who e'er so skill'd as he,
 For Johnian wit, or Johnian sophistry ?
 Who e'er so skill'd the mangled word to twist
 With tort'ring pun, or thrird the maze of Whist ?

* A well-known personage in the University, noted for his
 public lectures, whist, and politics.

Who e'er so skill'd in coffee-house debate, *
 To show the hidden springs that move the state ?
 When fiercely sputtering in his vieful mood, †
 With half-form'd speech he frightens—Mr. Jude, ‡
 Such was the hero, who, by nature led,
 And cholic's angry fummons, left his bed,
 And onward press'd, at Cloacina's call,
 To seek her grotto near the college wall ;
 Whose tatter'd leaves, from uselefs Newton torn,
 His pockets fill'd, in either hand was borne
 A page of Hoyle, to study, as he paid
 His lib'ral offerings to the footy maid.
 Sad Dullness spy'd her fav'rite from afar,
 And hail ! she cry'd, all hail ! illustrious C——.
 The well-known voice he heard, and straight forgot
 His visit to the goddess of the grot ;
 Pleas'd at his haste, the goddess ceas'd to sigh,
 A gleam of hope quick glancing from her eye ;
 With mutual yawns the greetings first begin,
 She broadly grinn'd, and he return'd the grin.
 When thus the goddess : “ Thank propitious Fate,
 “ That gives such comforts in my abject state ;

* This gentleman is to be seen from four till seven in the afternoon every day at Jude's.

† “ Madness laughing in her vieful mood.”

Dryden.

‡ The master of an eminent coffee-house in Cambridge.

“ By

- “ By thee inspir’d, hope and ambition roll *
 “ Spring tides of new-born fancies o’er my soul :
 “ Methinks I see the glories of my reign
 “ Thrive by thy care, and blossom forth again.
 “ I know thy head is for contrivance form’d,
 “ As by true loyalty thy breast is warm’d ;
 “ O ! may thy soul, like mine, new ardour feel
 “ To aid thy mistress with this wonted zeal ;
 “ O ! set to work that *fine inventive* brain,
 “ Thy genius cannot labour long in vain ;
 “ Long has thy life obey’d my gentle rule,
 “ Supremely stupid, uniformly dull.
 “ Then rouse, my faithful servant, nobly dare,
 “ Schemes such as thine may wake a monarch’s care :
 “ Who knows but G—— may, like another James,
 “ Assert my cause, and vindicate my claims.
 “ Hush, my prophetic tongue, nor e’er relate
 “ The wonders which my raptur’d thoughts create !
 “ How glad St. John’s, † like Trinity may feast.
 “ A king, and glory in a royal guest ;
 “ How priggish P——, as Arnold’s self shall teach,
 “ May greet the monarch in a Latin speech ;

* When Liberty and Virtue roll

Spring tides of fancy o’er the poet’s soul.

Vide Hayley’s Epistle to Howard.

† A proper bait for a Johnian ; they are envious of the excellencies of the neighbouring college.

“ A new

" A new Albumazar, by K——pl——g made,

" By Johnian Undergraduates be play'd,

" And thou, my C——, at G——ge's high manda-
mus,

" Tagg'd with dog Latin, write an ignoramus.

" Mark too, my son, the rich preferment's charms,

" The bright rewards that wait thy conqu'ring
" arms,

" Should at thy feet expiring science fall,

" Perchance a bishopric, at least a stall."

She spoke ; the hero tow'r'd above the skies,

Lawn sleeves and mitres danc'd before his eyes !

He laughs, transported at his future lot,

And thinks he's dubb'd a Bishop on the spot ;

Long time he dwelt upon the pleasing theme,

As one entranc'd ;—then, waking from his dream,

He thus replies : " I fly, great Queen, I fly

" At thy command, to conquer or to die :

" Oft have I strictly sworn (and thou hast heard

" The solemn sound, and ratify'd the word)

" Should Sense or Science e'er assault thy throne,

" I'd shake my Gorgon wig, and stare them into

stone :

" Since thou and Arnold bade St. John's be mine, *

" (Let parents judge) I've serv'd no cause but thine.

* Mr. C—— succeeded the sub-preceptor and tutorship of St.

John's.

Sooner

" This is the champion sure, by Fate decreed,
 " In gloomy ranks thy martial troops to lead;
 " Himself an host, thy empire's best defence,
 " Arm'd with the mail of harden'd impudence.
 " Be mine the task to win him to our cause;
 " Tho' fierce his soul, and unrestrain'd by laws,
 " As tygers savage, rude as troubled seas,
 " Pow'r scarce can tame him, pleasure scarce can
 please,

" Be thine, my much-lov'd Mistress, round his head
 " Damp thick'ning fogs, and murky mists to spread;
 " Quench in his breast each spark of genius' fire,
 " Till Sense and Science with a hiss expire."

Well pleas'd, the Goddess rais'd her leaden eyes,
 And yawning loud—approv'd his sage advice;
 The yawn divine o'er all the hallow'd ground
 In magic circles slowly crept around,
 Low sleepy murmurs fill'd the dark abode,
 And elm-trees nodded, and confess'd the God;
 Thro' Marg'ret's courts the potent opiates fly,
 And ev'ry Johnian yawns by sympathy.

but so agreeable are several traits in this gentleman's character to
 some in Goliath's of old, that the university has ever since dignified
 him with this title.

ON HARWOOD-HOUSE,

THE RESIDENCE OF EDWIN LASCELLES, ESQ.

IN YORKSHIRE.

HERE Hunger stalk'd in starving Cutler's * day,
 Where now inspiring Plenty strows the way.
 Blest change ! the former sons of Sorrow cry,
 When wealth employ'd so greets the plausive eye.
 Witness, ye sylvan scenes, gay cultur'd land,
 Vitruvian polish, and the talleful band ;

* Sir John Cutler, a rich usurer in the last century, on whose character Mr. Pope has animadverted.

It is said that he precluded the faint glimmerings of a farthing candle, when business would not justify the expence of the light.

He was formerly the owner of the premises where the sumptuous structure now stands ; many are the anecdotes in the town of Harwood concerning the parsimony of this person ; among the rest, the author of " Verbia," a poem, relates in a note that " His method was to bring with him, from London, only one man-servant ; to have a single joint made ready, which after the first warm onset, served them cold until the bones were picked ; when a supply was brought to satisfy in the same way.—The distance of the mansion from Harwood was under a mile, from whence he hired a woman to make his bed twice a-week, and to perform on that day the arrear-work of the intervals."

The

The winding stream that laves the flow'ry shores,
 And rising beauties that each day explores ;
 All, all confess the noble festive fare,
 The finish'd elegance, and friendly chair !

Fly quick, for ever fly, ye venal crew,
 Ye meagre heirs of Avarice, adieu !
 Hence to your dark abodes, where Mis'ry dwells,
 And pine the doleful tenants of your cells.
 Thirst 'midst the store, nor know what comforts mean,
 All ye that from yourselves so furtive glean.
 Long may thy chimnies smoke ; abundance reign,
 And laughing Lares join the buxom train ;
 While arts and science grace the splendid pile,
 Sweet classic dome ! fair phoenix of our isle !

Leeds, 1784.

R U S T I C U S.

P R O L O G U E T O Z A R A.

BY GENERAL BURGOYNE.

SPOKEN BY LORD RAWDON, AT BOSTON.

IN Britain once (it stains th' historic page)
 Freedom was vital-struck by party-rage :
 Cromwell the fever watch'd, the knife supplied,
 She madden'd, and by suicide she died.

Amidst

Amidst the groans sunk every liberal art,
 That polish life, or humanize the heart ;
 Then fell the stage, quell'd by the bigot's roar,
 Truth fell with Sense, and Shakespeare charm'd no
 more.

To sooth the times too much resembling those,
 And lull the care-tir'd thought, this stage arose ;
 Proud if you hear, rewarded if you're pleas'd,
 We come to minister to minds diseased.
 To you, who, guardians of a nation's cause,
 Unsheathe the sword to vindicate her laws.
 The tragic scene holds Glory up to view,
 And bids heroic Virtue live in you ;
 Unite the Patriot's with the Warrior's care,
 And while you burn to conquer, wish to spare:
 The comic scene presides o'er social life,
 And forms the husband, father, friend, and wife ;
 To paint from nature, and with colours nice,
 Shew us ourselves, and laugh us out of vice.
 Now say, ye Boston prudes, (if prudes there are)
 Is this a task unworthy of the fair ?
 Will fame, decorum, piety refuse
 A call on Beauty to conduct the Muse ?
 Perish the narrow thought, the slanderous tongue !
 When the heart's right, the action can't be wrong.
 Behold the test, mark at the curtain's rise,
 How Malice shrinks abash'd at Zara's eyes !

WRITTEN IN 1782, UPON THE BUST OF THE
EARL OF CHATHAM.

HER trophies faded, and revers'd her spear,
See England's Genius bend o'er Chatham's bier.
No more her sails thro' every clime unfurl'd,
Shall spread his dictates o'er th' admiring world ;
No more shall accents nervous, bold, and strong,
Flow in full periods from his matchless tongue.
Yet shall thy name, great Shade, from age to age,
Bright in poetic and historic page,
Thine and thy country's fate congenial tell,
By thee she triumph'd, and with thee she fell.

O R D E R :

A P O E M.

UNHAPPY man, thro' life's successive years,
From youth to age, say how thy reason errs ;
Still prone to weep thy miseries below,
Regardless of the source from whence they flow ;
On Nature charging, and her perfect laws,
Those ills thy follies, or thy vices cause.

But

But know thou this, Nature, to all a friend,
 Directs each being to its proper end ;
 To happiness points out the certain road—
 To follow Nature, as to follow God.

Ere Time had birth, or the sun's radiant light
 Dissolv'd the reign of Chaos and old Night,
 Nature unform'd, in rude disorder lay,
 And held in anarchy a lawless sway.

But God commands—all civil discords cease,
 And warring elements unite in peace ;
 Systems in Order strait begin to roll,
 And friendly parts compose one beauteous whole.

To Nature thus th' Eternal Mover said,
 “ Thro' all my works be Order's laws obey'd ;
 “ Order decreed the certain path to bliss,
 “ None e'er shall err, who strictly move by this.”

Look then around, the universe survey,
 And follow Nature, as she leads the way ;
 To yonder ample arch direct thine eye,
 And view the perfect Order of the sky.

Fix'd in his orb, see with refulgent ray,
 The constant sun lights up the genial day ;
 While shining worlds melodiously advance,
 And form around the planetary dance.

See the pale moon adorn'd with borrow'd light,
More faintly gilds the dusky shades of night ;
In bright array, she leads her starry train,
Obeys the earth, and guides the swelling main.

Her starry train, by the same rule confin'd,
Obsequious wait, nor leave the queen behind ;
But all in perfect harmony conspire,
To move as Order and its laws require.

To earth descend—see mountains, woods, and
vales,
The murm'ring waters, and the whisp'ring gales ;
Whatever wings the lovely realms of Day,
Lives on the land, or swims along the sea :
In Order all pursue the ends designed,
Proportion'd to their station, and their kind.

Rains feed the earth ; nor does the earth deny
To send 'em back in vapours to the sky ;
Seas fill the springs—the springs again repay
Their grateful tribute to the flowing sea.

Night follows day—seasons the year divide,
'Twixt Winter's nakedness, and Summer's pride ;
And flow'rs and fruits, (the summer's rich supply)
Rise, bloom, and flourish,—sicken, fade, and die.

Without controul, unerring Instinct reigns,
 And see, each brute the gen'ral law maintains ;
 Unchanging verges to the destin'd goal,
 True as the needle trembles to the pole.

But Man, the sport of ev'ry passion made,
 By all caress'd, and yet by all betray'd ;
 From Order's flow'ry path perversely strays,
 And wanders on in Error's crooked maze ;
 And, spite of Nature, and in Reason's spight,
 Pursues wrong measures, and neglects the right.

But mark how, rising from this fatal source,
 Vice pours along, resistless in its course ;
 And, like some raging flood, without controul,
 Heaps woes on woes, and deluges the soul.

Hence Love and Hate, in wild disorder join'd,
 Disturb his reason, and distract his mind ;
 Delusive Hope, and more delusive Fear,
 Now raise him up, now sink him in despair.

Hence Anger burns, and pale Dejection chills,
 Envy torments, and pining Sorrow kills ;
 And every passion in its turn destroys
 Some present bliss, or lessens future joys.

From hence Excess, parent of Sloth and Ease,
 Calls forth the lurking seeds of each disease ;

And

And Death, grim tyrant ! hastens on his pace,
To shorten half the date of human race.

Hence injur'd Innocence oppression feels,
And Persecution threatens whips and wheels ;
And Justice mourns, depress'd by perjur'd tools,
A prey to Malice, and a scorn to Fools.

Hence War with thousands heaps the sanguine
plain,
And Liberty deplores a Tyrant's reign ;
In guilty state thus conqu'ring Cæsar rode,
And drench'd Pharsalia's field with Roman blood ;
Thus Philip's son ran mad with martial pride,
And Nero, once a saint, turn'd parricide.

A savage life our rustic fathers led,
Acorns their food, and mother Earth their bed ;
Rough in their habit, in their manners rude,
A lawless, cruel, and ignoble crowd.

But Order rose, the beauteous child of Jove,
Parent of Pleasure, Harmony, and Love ;
Smiling she rose, and Discord took it's flight,
The savages grew mild, the rude polite ;
Thus spectres vanish at th' approach of light. }

Then Peace triumphant wav'd her olive wand,
And chearful Plenty crown'd each happy land ;

Then laws were made to curb unruly Might,
And Justice held th' impartial scales of Right.

The nuptial torch then first began to flame,
And blended Int'rest pointed at one aim ;
Hence sprung the tender social ties of life,
Friend, Father, Brother, Husband, Child, and Wife.
Then towns were built, and mutual leagues were
made, }
And states were form'd by Order's pow'rful aid,
And man forsook the cave, and sylvan shade.

Thus poets tell, by Orpheus' lays inspir'd,
Tygers grew mild, and silently admir'd ;
Thus walls and tow'rs around Amphion throng,
And stately Thebes was built by magic song.

Then patriots rose, who tyranny withstood,
And greatly suffer'd, for their country's good ;
Here Codrus dies, friend to th' Athenian state,
And brave Timoleon seals his brother's fate :
There Regulus to sure destruction runs,
And Brutus bleeds for Rome, in both his sons.

Then arts were known, and sciences began
To polish and refine the ways of man ;
Here blushing grapes the spreading vines adorn,
And fertile fields turn white with waving corn;

In

In verdant pastures there the cattle stray,
While jovial shepherds chaunt the rural lay.

Here Navigation spreads her swelling sails,
Rides on the waves, and courts the prosp'rous gales ;
And Commerce round the globe begins to roll,
And wafts the wealth of India to the Pole.

Then Sculpture first in due proportion shone ;
And beauty seem'd to breathe in living stone ;
Then mimic Paint deceiv'd the wond'ring eye,
And each bold figure seem'd a stander-bye.

Then Architecture heav'd some lofty dome,
The pride of Athens, Babylon, or Rome.

Such are thy structures, Carlisle, such their state,
Nobly sublime, and regularly great ;
Where Grace and Art, in full perfection join'd,
Reflect the image of their master's mind.

But, daring Muse, restrain thy tow'ring wing,
Unable thou that lofty theme to sing ;
That lofty theme adorns a Muse's lays,
Whose wit shall charm, till Taste itself decays.

Thus Order first the savage world refin'd,
Reform'd their manners, and improv'd their mind,

Say then, weak man, is happiness thy care ?
 Be timely wise, nor trust thyself too far ;
 Restrain thy passions, call thy reason in,
 And quell the fierce exulting foe within ;
 To Order's standard be thy acts confin'd,
 Let Order rule the sallies of thy mind :
 With strictest care thy lesser world command,
 As moves the greater by the Almighty's hand ;
 As shifts no star but by his sov'reign sway,
 So follow thou, as Order points the way ;
 From this foundation sure to climb to bliss,
 None e'er shall err, who strictly move by this.

VERSES BY MR. ALMON,

TO HIS DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN AT BOX-MOOR, IN HERTFORDSHIRE, SOON
 AFTER THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

(See Vol. III. p. 263.)

A Birth-day ode's a hackney'd strain,
 It ev'ry year adorns the reign
 Of George our gracious king ;
 Let others boast their poets' lays,
 Their muses crown their heads with bays,
 Their poppy laurels bring ;

I'll

I'll chaunt your fond, your tender care,
 Your anxious thoughts, your hopes to rear
 The Scyon of our view ; *
 A younger sister's early days,
 To guard her steps, to watch her ways ;
 A bud as sweet as you.

And when you quit a father's eye,
 The thorny paths of life to try,
 Some favour'd youth to blefs ;
 Give him the reins I held before,
 No honest man abuses pow'r,
 No wife has therefore less.

There was a time, when hand in hand,
 Look'd each fond parent o'er the band
 Of all our little loves ;
 When that fair hand that form'd your youth
 To virtue, purity, and truth,
 “ Soft as the down of doves :”

That halcy'n time is o'er ; she's gone,
 To whose blest'd mem'ry every one
 Will say the tear is due :
 My Pegasus grown old and lame,
 And clipt his wings, and very tame,
 Yet I can sing of you.

* Her younger sister.

The present hour demands my song ;
 Our loss is great, we feel it strong,
 Retirement aids the smart ;
 We'll try to smoothe Affliction's road,
 Others before the same have trod,
 It leads but to the heart.

We'll try to change this rural scene,
 Pleasant howe'er it once has been,
 And breathe another air.
 London, or Paris, matters not,
 Either would suit our present lot,
 Or both divide the year.

What tho' our fertile fields afford
 All that can grace a mod'rate board—
 With fish and game in plenty ;
 Tho' prospects round us daily rise
 To warm the heart and please the eyes,
 With proofs of Nature's bounty. *

Yet we'll forego this scene of bliss,
 To us it yields not happiness,
 'Tis solitude and sorrow ;
 Each room impells a deep'ning sigh,
 Echoes from ev'ry wall reply,
 " Fly hence, nor stay to-morrow ;

* O fortunè séjour ! O champs amies des ci ux !

Baillet.

" 'Tis

- " 'Tis in variety you'll find,
 " That cure for a distemper'd mind,
 " Which your own house denies :
 " Let others woo the rural maid,
 " In Silvia's arms admire the glade ;
 " And praise the summer skies :

 " Let him who wants a snug retreat,
 " From war, or trade, or cares of state,
 " Enjoy what you have rear'd ; *
 " To other scenes direct your view,
 " Each will present you something new ;
 " Nor think your fortune hard."

Thus Wisdom says in each reflection ;
 And true it is, no conic section
 Can state a problem stronger ;
 Each day's experience tells the same ;—
 Then I, and only I'm to blame ;
 We'll tarry here no longer.

* He built the house. The Ambulator, printed in 1782, page 48, says it is " pleasantly situated on the west side of Box-Moor, between Berkhamsted and Hemel-Hempsted, in Hertfordshire, twenty-three miles from London."

THE CONGRATULATION:

ADDRESSED TO THE SONS OF FREEDOM, ON THE
CHANGE OF THE MINISTRY IN 1766.

BY THE SAME.

Hic murus abeneus esto.

THANK heav'n! at length the paltry farce is o'er,
Th' ill-guided puppets strut in state no more:
At once, without a plaudit, quit the stage,
Spiritless youth, and unenlighten'd age.

Pelham and Wentworth, faltering, head the band,
Conway leads Richmond by the filial hand:
The bold Lancastrian Admiral takes to flight,
Drops the Red Rose, and re-assumes the White:
Mechanic Dowdeswell grasps no more the pen,
Skilful to prove that five and five make ten,
Sage to subtract a dozen from a score——
His talents sleep where Dashwood's slept before:
Funeral Finch, with solemn pace, attends
The mournful exit of his hapless friends;
And, tho' no longer chair'd in state, looks big,
In all the awful majesty of wig;
Down his huge back the sable volumes roll,
And suit the gloomy habit—of his soul.

Peace

Peace to their shades ! may dark oblivion hide,
 Statesmen, who build on negatives their pride !
 Or if, surviving in th' historic page,
 Their mem'ry must endure from age to age ;
 With just posterity be this their fate,
 To meet contempt, too impotent for hate !

All hail the Monarch, studious still to bless,
 Who hears his subjects, and who grants redress ;
 Attentive ever to the public weal,
 Wise to explore, beneficent to heal !
 Kings, ev'n the best, may, ill advis'd, do wrong ;
 Goodness itself may err—but cannot long.
 Camden and Pitt the general voice requir'd,
 Camden and Pitt the Patriot Muse desir'd ;
 Th' indulgent Sov'reign smooths his thoughtful
 brow,
 And knows no favourites but his people's now.

O you, who, born a falling state to save,
 Could conjunct pow'rs of rival nations brave !
 With strength united prop the tottering dome,
 And guard your country from her foes at home :
 Ne'er let Corruption's poison'd seeds be sown,
 Keep all sinister influence from the Throne ;
 That unpolluted, unobscur'd, may shine
 The native lustre of the Brunswick line !

V E R S E S

TO THE FEATHERED YOUNG LADIES.

Said to be written by EARL NUGENT.

DEAR, charming girls ! in whom I trace,
Your once lov'd mothers thro' their race,
(And still enough of fond desire
Remains to light chaste Friendship's fire)
Attend ! nor let the ear of youth
Despise the voice of Age and Truth.

Avoid the wild extremes of dress ;
Virtue and Wisdom shun excess :
The bosom bare, the tucker flaunting,
Prove something to that bosom wanting ;
And lofty heads, in proud attire,
Seldom to better heights aspire.

With warlike crest let heroes move !
Men are not bullied into love ;
Nor Cupid perch'd upon a feather,
Trembling, can join two hearts together :
With surer aim his darts are sped
From modest Nugent's † plumeless head :

† Now Marchioness of Buckingham.

DAVID

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Some years ago, had occasion to file a Bill in the Court of Chancery, against an Attorney at Hampton, to set aside an agreement surreptitiously obtained for the purchase of a House there; and while the late Edmund Hoskins, Esq. was preparing the Draft of the Bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines.

*To his Counsellor and Friend, Edmund Hoskins, Esq.
Tom Fool sends greeting.*

ON your care must depend the success of my Suit,
The contest I mean 'bout the house in dispute:
Remember, my friend, an Attorney's my foe,
And the worst of his tribe, tho' the best are so so.
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave will be ever too hard for a fool:
To which rule one exception your client implores,
That a fool may for once turn the knave out of
doors.

THE BIRTH OF TWADDLE:

A PILLGARLICK ODE.

Δοξάν αειδε θεα κεφαληγενεῖω Τωαδελπος.

HOM.

YE nymphs of Pindus' flowery mead!
Fly, catch the fiery, winged steed;
And mount, all nine, astraddle:
Spur, whip, ride headlong—I implore
Your aid to sing the death of Bore,
And sing the birth of Twaddle.

'Twas night! 'twas Midnight's silent noon;
In silver rob'd, the waneing moon
Hung like a falling faddle;
When whispers spoke, on Thames's shore,
The piteous death of favourite Bore,
And recent birth of Twaddle.

Fame swelled the news, in Tuke's-street,
Where fair Fritilla's votaries meet,
How, by old age grown addle,
Deserted on his clay-cold floor,
With his last breath expiring Bore,
Had left his throne to Twaddle.

The

The chieftain, ere the Senate met,
 Nay, ere he paid one J—b—l debt,
 Or touch'd a die, or spaddle, *
 Vow'd to the basis he'd explore
 This rumour of the death of Bore,
 And whisper'd birth of Twaddle.

He spoke ; he rose : The circling group,
 A ghastly, motley, jostling troop,
 With equal steps 'gan waddle ;
 And join'd by many a t-t-l'd——
 Rush'd to condole the death of Bore,
 And gratulate King Twaddle.

'Twas true, the birth, with easy pains,
 Had issued from the opening brains
 Of meek-ey'd, prudish Faddle.
 Alas ! forlorn, alas ! lay Bore ;
 Whilst all with ardent vows adore
 The rising fun, fair Twaddle.

O how ye hugg'd him, maids so prim !
 And how ye haste, each tender limb,
 In gentlest bands to swaddle ;
 And wish—all Europe might encore—
 Since finish'd was the race of Bore,
 The infant reign of Twaddle !

* Spaddle, atticè pro Spadille.

Says C—ve, “ First let France and Spain,
 “ (For wonders cannot long remain
 “ Betwixt their grave and cradle) *
 “ Receive this news quick-wafted o’er,
 “ The doleful death of antient Bore,
 “ And joyful birth of Twaddle.”

’Tis done. See Blanchard thro’ mid air
 Whole cargoes of the tidings bear,
 With globe, canoe, and paddle !
 Our Gallic friends responsive roar,
 First dropping a soft tear for Bore,
 “ Encore, long live King Twaddle.”

LINES BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

TO MR. WRIGHT, OF DERBY,

On his Picture of the attack of Gibraltar.

AWAY ! ye sweet but trivial forms,
 That from the placid pencil rise,
 When playful art the landscape warms
 With Italy’s unclouded skies !

* Cradle, Doricè pro Cradle. Musæ enim semper, a quibus rite invocatæ sunt, iis opem illico tulere. Sed quam parum illæ, quam admodum parum, si quod ad Dialectos attinet excipias, vel Homero ipsi profuere ?

Stay,

Stay, Vanity ! nor yet demand
 Thy portrait from the painter's hand !
 Nor ask thou, Indolence, to aid thy dream,
 The soft allusion of the mimic stream,
 That twinkles to thy sight with Cynthia's trembling
 beam.

Be thine, my friend, a nobler task !
 Beside thy vacant easel see
 Guests, who, with claims superior, ask
 New miracles of art from thee :
 Valour, who mocks unequal strife,
 And Clemency, whose smile is life !
 " Wright ! let thy skill (this radiant pair exclaim)
 " Give to our view our favourite scene of fame,
 " Where Britain's Genius blaz'd in Glory's brightest
 flame."

Celestial ministers ! ye speak
 To no dull agent sloth-oppress'd,
 Who coldly hears, in spirit weak,
 Heroic Virtue's high behest.
 Behold ! tho' Envy strives to foil,
 The Artist bent on public toil,
 Behold ! his flames terrific lustre shed ;
 His naval blaze mounts from its billowy bed :
 And Calpe proudly rears her war illumin'd head.

In gorgeous pomp for ever shine,
 Bright monument of Britain's force !
 Tho' doom'd to feel her fame decline
 In ill-starr'd wars o'erwhelming course.
 Tho' Europe's envious realms unite
 To crush her in unequal fight,
 Her Genius, deeply stung with generous shame,
 On this exulting rock array'd in flame,
 Equals her ancient feats, and vindicates her name.

How fiercely British valour pours
 The deluge of destructive fire,
 Which o'er that wat'ry Babel roars,
 Bidding the baffled host retire,
 And leave their fall'n, to yield their breath
 In different pangs of double death !
 Ye shall not perish : no ! ye hapless brave,
 Heedless of peril thro' the fiery wave,
 See ! British mercy steers, each prostrate foe to save.

Rival of Greece, in arms, in arts,
 Tho' deem'd in her declining days,
 Britain yet boasts unnumber'd hearts,
 Who keenly pant for public praise ;
 Her battles yet are firmly fought
 By chiefs with Spartan courage fraught :
 Her painters with Athenian zeal unite,
 To trace the glories of the prosp'rous fight,
 And gild th'embattled scene with Art's immortal light.
 Tho'

Tho' many a hand may well pourtray
 The rushing wars infuriate shock,
 Proud Calpe bids thee, Wright, display
 The terrors of her blazing rock :
 The burning hulks of baffled Spain
 From thee she claims, nor claims in vain,
 Thou mighty master of the mimic flame,
 Whose peerless pencil, with peculiar aim,
 Has form'd, of lasting fire, the basis of thy fame.

TO JAMES STOVIN, OF BOREAS-HILL, ESQ. ON HIS
 MARRIAGE, FEBRUARY 24, 1785.

“ *Hora suavícula, et voluptuosa.* J. Secundas.

AT length the sacred knot is tied,
 And lovely Carville, blooming bride,
 In silent rapture yields her charms,
 And shelters in her Stovin's arms——
 What extacy ! what bliss divine !
 What radiant joys must now be thine !
 Ev'ry virtue, every grace,
 That forms the mind, adorns the face,
 And gives o'er man her sex controul,
 Illumes thy fair one's gentle soul——
 To charms like these not senseless prove :
 Reward her with ne'er-ending love !
 With love that burns a sacred fire,
 Not kindled with unchaste desire.

O guard

O guard her with thy utmost care,
 From distant ills, from dangers near,
 Her languid moments ever sooth;
 And all her happy hours improve—
 For each soft transport of her heart,
 A soft endearment e'er impart.
 So may the torch Hymenial blaze,
 Fed by fair Friendship's hallow'd rays;
 Borne on the wings of Hope sublime;
 Till the race of varying Time,
 To that certain period's come,
 Which beckons to the silent tomb;
 Then together may you close
 A life of ease and calm repose;
 At the last day together rise
 To endless bliss, to endless joys.

I. T.

ELEGIAC LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A MUCH-LOVED WIFE, JUNE 1781.

BY THE SAME.

FREED from the world, for ever art thou fled,
 Next to my God, my joy, my soul's delight;
 No more with me the path of life shall tread,
 Or with thy presence bless my longing sight.

Fled

Fled from the harsh and ruthless storms of life,
 Those bitter fiends to ev'ry gentle mind ;
 Gone from a world, engend'ring rage and strife,
 Which sway our passions, and our reason blind.

Nor shall delusive Hope, or wild Despair,
 Again alternate sway thy peaceful breast ;
 Now Joy and Grief, alike subsided are ;
 And ev'ry tumult of the mind at rest.

Far different my lot—of thee bereft,
 My troubled spirit knows no settled calm ;
 Distress'd ideas rend my hapless breast ;
 Kind Sleep to me denies its lenient balm.

But stay my soul—why ceaseless thus complain ?
 The hand of God has dealt the awful blow ;
 On this depend, whate'er his will ordain,
 The stream of mercy from his justice flow.

Could I have snatch'd thee from the silent grave,
 Awhile preserv'd thee from the jaws of Death,
 What was there wanting but the pow'r to save
 Thy vital flame, to stay th' expiring breath ?

My fervent pray'rs, alas ! could nought avail,
 My ardent love could not thy days prolong ;
 Th' immutable decrees of Heav'n prevail,
 Thy sun was set, thy thread of life was spun.

To the blest shore of innocence and peace,
 O ! may thy soul on Cherub wings ascend ;
 May sounds seraphic hail thee to the place
 Where purer spirits on their God attend.

There from thy labour rest, and there receive
 From him (whose mercy, boundless as his love,
 Extends beyond whate'er we can conceive)
 The bliss of virtue in the realms above.

M R S. M O N T A G U

HAPPENING TO FALL AT ST. JAMES'S,
 THE DAY AFTER HER ACCIDENT SHE RECEIVED
 THE FOLLOWING LINES,

WRITTEN BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

YE radiant fair ! ye Hebes of the day,
 Who heedless laugh your little hour away,
 Let Caution be your guide whene'er ye sport
 Within the splendid precincts of the court :
 Th' event of yesterday for prudence calls——
 'Tis dangerous treading where Minerva falls.

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN A CERTAIN PERSONAGE AND HIS MI-
NISTER : IMITATED FROM THE 9TH ODE OF
HORACE, BOOK 3.

Donec gratus eram tibi.

K— WHEN heedless of your birth and name,
For pow'r you bartered future fame,
On that auspicious day,
Of K—gs I reign'd supremely blest :
Not Hastings rul'd the plunder'd East
With more despotic sway.

P—tt. When only on my favoured head
Your smiles their Royal influence shed,
Then was the son of Ch—th—m
The nation's pride, the public care,
P—tt and prerogative their pray'r,
While we, Sir, both laugh'd at 'em.

K— Jenky, I own, divides my heart,
Skill'd in each deep and secret art
To keep my C—mm—s down :
His views, his principles are mine ;
For these I'd willingly resign
My Kingdom and my Crown.

P—tt.

P—tt. As much as for the public weal,
 My anxious bosom burns with zeal
 For pious Parson Wyv—ll;
 For him I'll fret, and fume and spout,
 Go every length—except go out,
 For that's to me the Devil!

K—. What if our sinking cause to save,
 We both our jealous strife should wave,
 And act our former farce on :
 If I to Jenky were more stern,
 Would you then, generously turn
 Your back upon the Parson?

P—tt. Tho' to support his patriot plan
 I'm pledg'd as Minister and Man,
 This storm I hope to weather ;
 And since your Royal Will is so,
 Reforms, and the Reformers too,
 May all be damn'd together!

E P I G R A M

ON TWO CHARACTERS OF THE SAME NAME.

To rob the Public two Contractors come,
 One cheats in *Corn*, the other cheats in *Rum* ;
 Which is the greater, if you can explain,
 A Rogue in *Spirit*, or a Rogue in *Grain*?

E X.

E X T E M P O R E

ON HEARING THAT MR. GILBERT, AT THE DESIRE OF MR. PITT, HAD DEPRIVED THE MAIDS OF HONOUR OF THE CANDLES THEY USED TO GO TO BED WITH.

THE *elder* Pitt, replete with manly pride,
To save his country, spread his conquests wide ;
But Pitt, the *younger*, cribs from what we spend,
And hopes to save his country with a candle's end.

A N E X T E M P O R E,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE VERSES, ALLUDING TO THE CANDLE OECONOMY LATELY ESTABLISHED AT ST. JAMES'S.

OECONOMY!—O Fie upon her!—
Crib candles from the Maids of Honour !
How can poor ladies in the dark
To bed retire ? some dang'rous spark
Might get into the sheets before them,
And fright them so—nought could restore them ;
Not spark convey'd by warming pan ;
But *that* by some, yclep'd a man.—
The subject is by far too *large* to handle :
Yet all is risk'd to save an *inch* of candle.

A N O D E T O M R. P I T T.

'T WAS at the *Grocer's* feast, for power won,
 By *Chatbam's* second son ;
 Aloft, in City state,
 The youthful hero fate,
 A sugar loaf his throne.
 His nurs'ry friends were plac'd around ;
 Their chins with bibs, their brows with puddings
 bound ;
 (So children shou'd in place be crown'd ;)
 The lovely *Dundas* by his side,
 Sate like a bonny—Eastern bride,
 In full-blown pow'r and Scottish pride.
 Happy, happy, happy, pair !
 None but the Scotch,
 None but the Scotch,
 None but the Scotch deserve such *fare*.

C H O R U S.

Happy, &c.

Sir Watkin, plac'd on high,
 Amid the City quire,
 With Cambrian fingers touch'd the lyre :
 (For fear of itch, none, by the bye,
 Wou'd, after, touch the wire.)

The

The song began from Jove ;
 Who left fair Windsor's heights above,
 (Of mighty power such is the love)
 As on Ambition's paths he trod—
Temple and *Jenkinson* deceiv'd the God :
 " Pow'r is not gain'd by tyranny profess'd,
 A secret influence must be possess'd :"
 Then, in his closet, the fair Nymph he sought,
 The harlot Influence, with her to sport,
 And stamp an image of himself, an emblem of the
 court.

The list'ning Cits admire the lofty sound ;
 A back-door Minister they shout around,
 A back-door Minister the Grocer's Hall rebound.
 With ravish'd ears,
 The Premier hears,
 Approves the plan,
 Affects the man,
 Unmindful of his years.

C H O R U S. With ravish'd, &c.

The praise of drinking, then, the Welch musician
 sung ;
 Of *Gower* and *Weymouth*, neither very young :
 The jolly dogs in triumph come,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drum ;
 Lost to all shame and grace,
 They shew their double face.

Now give the hautboys breath, he comes, he comes,
Rutland, never fair, but young,
 Drinking joys can best explain ;
Rutland's blessings *are* a treasure,
 Drinking is his Grace's pleasure,
 Sweet the treasure,
 Damn the pleasure,
 Pleasure does not suit this reign.

CHORUS. *Rutland's* blessings, &c.

Sooth'd with the sound, young Pitt grew vain,
 Spoke all his speeches o'er again ;
 And thrice confuted all his foes, and thrice he rack'd
 his brain.

Sir Watkin saw the madness rise,
 His fluent tongue, and scornful eyes,
 And while he *North* and *Fox* defy'd,
 Stop'd his mouth, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse.

He sung *Lord Shelburne*, great and good,
 By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

Where little while he stood :

Deserted at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed :

At *Borwood*, buried quick, he lies ;

To dig him up no mortal tries.

With

With down-cast eyes the joyless Premier fate,
 Revolving in his fearful soul,
 The various turns of chance at Court ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to spout.

C H O R U S. Revolving, &c.
 The mighty Watkin griev'd to see
 Love was not in the next degree ;
 Place he sang is toil and trouble,
 Eloquence is empty bubble,
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Boring still, and ever cloying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying ;
 Lovely *Dundas* sits beside thee,
 Take the bride the K—g provides thee.
 The Liv'ry rend the Hall with loud applause ;
 The Scot was crown'd, but Watkin won the cause.
 Young *Pitt*, unable to conceive his pain,
 Gaz'd on the Scot,
 And blest'd his lot,
 And look'd and drank, and smiled and drank,
 And eat and drank, and drank again.
 At length, with love, wine, pride, and flatt'ry
 drunk ;
 The boy quite sick, beneath the table sunk.

C H O R U S. Young *Pitt*, &c.

Now strike, Sir Watkin, crack your strings afunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder;

Hark, hark, the well-known sound,

That voice how it rang,

In his ears what a twang,

For help, in a fright, he stares round.

Revenge, revenge, here Charles Fox cries,

See the Whigs how they rise,

See the whips that they bear,

How they rave, hiss, and stare,

And the furies that flash from their eyes.

Behold a faithful band,

Each a rod in his hand!

They're Ministers Ghosts, that by *Temp'e* were slain,

And unbury'd remain,

Sure to rise up again.

Give the justice due

To the injur'd crew.

Behold, how they carry each vote in the House!

How they point to the Treasury Seat!

With what firm addresses their Sov'reign they meet!

Sir Watkin ceased—the mob made haste, with joy

To draw the coach, and windows to destroy;

But, alas! on the way,

There happen'd a fray,

Where they all ran away,

Not a mortal would stay,

To rescue the coach, or deliver the boy. ———

A H I N T

A HINT TO A GREAT MAN.

ILLUSTRIOUS Minion, to whose mighty rule,
 The Court and Senate bends, tho' late from school*,
 Who with high nose, our abject state surveys,
 Our Commerce, Navy, Constitution, Teas.
 Excuse an humble friend, to either nation,
 For wishing when thou'rt next at calculation ;
 You'd leave out *Prettyman* and *Jenky* big
 With mischief, and call in the learned Pig ;
 His poring snout might find, or cloven paw,
 What *Orde* ne'er weigh'd, or brighter *Rose* foresaw ;
 Confute the merchant's statement, prove thine own,
 And fix sagacious *Rutland* on his throne.

N. B. The reader will excuse rhyme of Teas, it is
 from an Irishman.

E P I G R A M.

THE TWO SECRETARIES.

NO wonder the Premier so sturdy should feel,
 When he deals both in cunning and blows ;
 In the house he depends on his weapon of *Steel* *
 And at home he plays under the *Rose*. †

* Mr. Steel is the whipper-in of the members upon a division.

† Mr. Rose manages the intrigues in Downing-street.

THE FOLLOWING STANZAS WERE WRITTEN BY
THE LATE DAVID GARRICK,

ON THE OPENING OF AN ACADEMY, BY MESS. DUKE
AND HART, FOR THE PURPOSE OF TEACHING
GROWN GENTLEMEN TO DANCE.

MARSEILLES * no more may boast his art,
Which forms the youth of France ;
For you instruct, great Duke and Hart,
Grown gentlemen to dance.

He only bends the pliant twig ;
You strike a bolder stroke ;
You soften rocks, make mountains gig,
And bend the knotted oak !

* A noted French dancing master.

The following curious Specimen of Prose versified (for we cannot give the productions the name of Poetry) are said to have been written by Sir Cecil Wray. Impartiality, however, obliges us to declare, We do not think such puerile compositions could ever have been written by that Gentleman ; his education having been liberal, and his knowledge of language universally admitted.—With this Apology we shall give them to our readers as copied verbatim from the Newspapers.

TO CELIA (NOW LADY WRAY)

ON POWDERING HER HAIR.

EXTEMPORE.

THY locks, I trow, fair maid, :
 Don't never want this aid :
 Wherefore thy powder spare,
 And only comb thy hair.

TO SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY,

PROPOSING A PARTY TO GO A FISHING FOR
 WHITE BAIT.

WORTHY Sir Joe, we all are wishing,
 You'd come with us a White Bait fishing.

ON SEEING A LADY BIRD FLY OFF CELIA'S NECK,
AFTER HAVING PERCHED ON IT FOR MANY
MINUTES.

—I Thought (God blefs my foul !)
Yon lady bird her mole—
I thought—but devil take the thing,
It prov'd my error—took to wing.—

A THOUGHT ON NEW MILK.

OH ! how charming is new milk !
Sweet as fugar, smooth as filk !

FAMILIAR VERSES,
ADDRESSED TO TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN AT
THE HOUNSLOW ACADEMY.

TAKE notice, roguelings, I prohibit,
Your walking underneath yon Gibbet :
Have you not heard, my little ones,
Of *Raw Head and Bloody Bones* ?
How do you know but that there fellow,
May step down quick, and you up swallow ?

VERSES

VERSES ON MY OWN HORSE,

JUST AFTER HUNTING, IN THE MANNER OF
JEB'S HORSE.

WITH aged fire, and youthful vigour strung,
My horse's nerves have made his sinews strong;
The sweat has oil'd his limbs—he's swift of course;
Oh! my brave, my fleet, my hunting horse.

ON CELIA KILLING A FLEA.

THOU great epitome of little death, all hail!
How blest thy fate beneath my Celia's lovely nail.
No more thou'lt skip from sheet to sheet alive and well,
The fair one's nail and finger toll'd thy passing-bell.

N. B. The allusion here to the noise made by the animal's sudden death, is beautifully descriptive of a passing-bell. Sir Cecil's knowledge of ancient history appears from the following:

L O V E.

CYBELE loved Atys, Attes, or Attine,
He was a boy, and took the name of Pine,
Chaste was his heart—inviolatè as mine.

In her Temple, whoever touch'd garlic ne'er enter'd,
 But Bacchus's rites in that Temple were center'd.
 Atys forgot his vow, and such his fatal fate,
 That by himself he made himself *emasculate*.
 So thus the Goddess, with a love like mine,
 In pity turned the said Atys to a Pine.

N. B. It is a known fact, that the Temple of Cybele was never prophaned, that it was opened not by hands, but prayers, and that none were permitted to enter who had tasted garlic. A knowledge of the Heathen Gods gives a Poet command over the most beautiful passages of Prophan History.

ON A BLACK SOW,

WITH A LITTER OF THIRTEEN PIGS.

TO the head of that sow, what a back, chine (*a*'),
 and tail (*b*),
 Here, John, bring to Porkey (*c*) some milk and some
 meal;

(*a*) The chine is always considered the nicest part of the pork; either roasted or boiled, and is monstrous fine eating when Norfolk turkies are in season.

(*b*) The tail of a little roasted pig is a nice morsel.

(*c*) Porkey was the sow's name.

Desire

Desire your mistress, and Patty (d) my cousin,
To come look at the Mother and her baker's (e) dozen.

How sweet is the smell of the straw in her sty! (f)
It is a mixture of oaten, of wheaten, and rye.

Call out my Lord Lungs (g) and his half-brother Billy,
And the Lady in blue that came down in the dilly;
And ask the two men with the grey powder'd wigs,
To come and behold my fine litter of pigs.

What an eye has this fat little creature indeed!

But no wonder at that, 'tis the true Chinese (h)
breed.

(d) Patty is an abbreviation of the Christian name Martha. Patty contains but five letters, and Martha has six.

(e) A baker's dozen is thirteen.

(f) Sty is the name of a place where hogs, pigs, and sows are usually kept. I differed with my friend Sir Joseph, who always kept his hogs without any straw, and they lay on the bare pavement.

(g) My Lord Lungs, so called from the great noise he always makes in the House of Commons. He was once bit by a mad dog, called Bullion, at the Mint, and has never been properly in his senses since that time. I love him very much or I should not have sent him a pig.

(h) China is a great place in the Eastern world, where I have never been in. But I have cups and saucers, and tea, and a Mandarin, and two fire-screens that were actually made there.

This

This black one I'll send to Northumberland's (i)
Duke,

The white one's bespoke by my dear cousin Suke ; (k)
Another must go to Churchill (l), that's settled,
Or Churchill will be most damnably nettled ;
Number four, five and six, and seven and eight,
Must be sent up to Wood's (m), for the Committee
Fete ;

And the man that is killed (n) should certainly dine,
If he had not been kill'd, on the pig number nine.
Eleven and twelve to Chelsea (o) I'll send,
I think to the chaplain, and he'll be my friend.

Thirteen

(i) Northumberland's Duke, is the Duke of Northumberland. His wife was a very good sort of a woman, and wore a fine diamond stomacher at the Castle at Dublin, when the Duke was Lord Lieutenant there.

(k) Cousin Suke is the daughter of my father's sister's brother.

(l) Churchill, once a vender of medicines, now a manufacturer of votes.

(m) Wood's, a place where broth is made of meat and bones ; a chafin-house also for dead constables.

(n) Killed. The term for a body out of which the life has been taken.

(o) Chelsea, a place near Ranelagh, a great burthen to the kingdom, which I mean to have pulled down towards lessening the.

Thirteen my dear wife has told me she means
To dress here at home, with sage (p) chop'd in the
brains;

And the belly (q), she says, shall be stuffed with sweet
things,

With prunes and currants—a dish fit for Kings;

And egg (r) sauce we will have, and potatoes and
butter,

And we'll eat till neither one word more can we ut-
ter.

the national debt. By putting down this place, a parcel of use-
less men will die, and consequently a great saving follow.

(p) Sage chopped in the brains is very common, and if the little
tongue is put among them, it makes the dish better.

(q) Belly is the place which contained the entrails, and, when
stuffed with sweet things, is delicious.

(r) Egg saute is common in Ireland with pigs.

(s) Potatoes, a vegetable shaped something like a turnip, but
more like an apple. They are sold in Covent-Garden, and the Irish
are very fond of them.

IMPROMPTU ON CLORA'S SINGING.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE AUTHOR HAD BEEN
ADMITTED TO THE HONORARY DEGREE OF A. M.

WHO's (t) that—that fet's my heart a bobbing?
With note more sweet than *Red-breast Robbin!*
If *Clora!*—ah, how mighty cruel,
To feed (u) Love's flame with *vocal fuel!*

(t) The *Eroticis*, and *Oxymoron*, are in the first couplet most happily blended; how energetic the interrogation! how illustrative the simple articulised particle—a *bobbing?* The ingenious author, it is said, has often lamented that the measure would not admit of the repetition—a *bobbing, a bobbing*—The effect of which would certainly have been prodigious!

(u) —“*Feed love's flame with vocal fuel!*”] What can be more *apropos*ly opposite, than the finely conceived conflagrating particles of a true lover's heart being blown into a blaze by the irresistible ventilations of an harmonious pipe?

B A G A T E L L E.

ON A FAIR LADY'S SLIPPING HER FOOT INTO A
GARDEN CANAL IN THE VICINITY OF ISLING-
TON SPA.

SEE *Delia* but one false step make,
And pop her foot in yon (x) still lake,
Around her (y) toes, in (z) pretty pride,
The gold and silver fishes glide;

(x) "*Still lake.*"]—The pseudo critics of the day objected to this *Synecdoche*, as rather too extensively decorated for a *cit's* garden; but *Dionysius Haliarnassus*, we trust, would have allowed our Poet to have introduced the *Pacific Ocean* itself, if he had thought proper, as the more lively *hypotyposis* to dignify his subject.

(y) "*Toes.*"]—Here, in true simplicity, the English Baronet evidently excells the most dignified of the ancients: *Briareus*, for example, painted by the latter with a numerical shew of bands, like the *Livery of London* in Common Hall assembled—leaves nothing for the playfulness of fancy to work upon. Not so our bard;—when he delicately speaks of *Delia's toes*, he does not intrusively tell you whether she had *three, four, or five* on the emerged foot: but leaves the anatomical disposition of the *lovely toes* to the reader's own imagination.

(z) "*Pretty pride!*"]—The aliterative beauty of *pretty pride* must strike the most careless peruser.

So *Venus*, dipping in the main,
Drew (a) shell and salt fish in her train !

DAMON,

EX TEMPORE TO DELIA,

ON SEEING TWO CATS PLAY TOGETHER.

SEE *Dely*, *Dely*, charming fair,
How *Puffeys* play upon that chair ;
Then, *Dely*, change thy name to *Wray*,
And thou and I will likewise play.

A D I A L O G U E

CONCERNING A BLADE BONE.

SAYS I one day unto my wife,
I never saw in all my life
Such a *blade bone*. Why so, my dear ?
Says she. The matter's very clear,
Says I, for on it there's no meat
For any body for to eat.

(a) "*Shell and salt fish.*"] This discrimination is deservedly admired by the naturalists, as displaying a *piscatory* knowledge equal to the first-rate broker in *Billingsgate Market* !—In short, it were needless to particularize the poetical beauties of our illustrious author, who is an ornament to the *British Belles Lettres*, and whose works, when more generally read, cannot fail to be generally admired !!!

Indeed

Indeed, my dear, says she, 'tis true,
But wonder not, for you know, you
Can't eat your cake and have it too !

WRITTEN AT SIXTEEN, ON THE RIVER THAMES.

LET the river Isis do what it can,
The river Thame will run as it ran.

It must be remarked, the *Tame* and the Isis joined,
produce the appellation of *Tamefis*, now *Thames*.

ON THE BLOODY TENTH OF MAY.

THIS is a day to riot dear,
This is a day for my small beer,
When constables attack C. Fox,
And constables meet fatal knocks.

EPIGRAMMATIC THOUGHTS.

WHAT is virtue? what is fame?
Fond ideas, empty air ;
Friendship what? a silly name,
Gold alone shall be my care.

C. W.

EXTEM.

EXTEMPORE TO A PORTER.

PORTER fitting on thy sack,
 Late thy sack has fate on thee;
 Lift it once more on thy back,
 That thy strength the world may see.

EXTEMPORE TO A PIG,

WALKING UNDER A RUIN.

FOOLISH Pig! no longer stay,
 O'er thee ruins hangs on high;
 Quickly take thy self away,
 Or thy sudden fate is nigh.

TO COELIA,

IN EXCUSE FOR A CERTAIN ACCIDENT WHICH
 HAPPENED THE AUTHOR IN HER COMPANY.

COELIA do not say, O fie!
 In that *wind* my love has spoke;
 Trust me 'twas an *erring sigh*,
 Thro' a *nether passage* broke.

A C O M P A R I S O N.

SURELY a *woman* to a *mackerel* may
With Justice be compar'd, for they
Are hard to find, and dear when good and sweet,
When bad, they're cheap, and found in ev'ry street.

ON NEW SEATING A PAIR OF SCARLET PLUSH
BREECHES.

THRICE three years, and something more
Have I these plush breeches wore ;
Now forc'd, e'er yet the tenth compleated,
Through too much sitting, to be seated !

AN IDEA ON A PECK OF COALS.

I BUY my *coals* by *p cks*, that we
May have 'em *fresh* and *fresh*, d'ye see !

E P I G R A M S

ON THE REV. DR. PR—TT—MAN'S DUPLICITY.

WHAT shall reward bold Pretty's well-tim'd sense,
For turning *now* an *Irish* evidence ?
An *Irish* *Bish-prick's* the recompence !—

A N O T H E R.

HOW happy, alas ! had it been for poor Pitt,
If *Wyvill*, like *Prettyman*, never had writ !

A N O.

A N O T H E R.

IN vain for random errors of the day,
 'Gainst *thine* shall hosts of witling foes declaim ;
 Whose *honest* face and *faithful* form display,
 Full refutation of his *lying* name !

A N O T H E R.

——*Scelera ipsa nefasque*
Hac Mercede placent——

CRIES *Prettyman*, “ Consider, Sir,
 My sacred cloth, and character.”
 The indignant minister replied,
 “ This ne’er had been, had *Orde* ne’er lyed.”
 The patient Priest at last relented,
 And *all his master wish’d*, invented :
 Then added, with a faint-like whine,
 “ But the next Mitre *must* be mine !”

A N O T H E R.

THAT Pr—tt—man’s so pale, so spare,
 No cause for wonder now affords ;
 He lives, alas ! on empty fare,
 Who lives by eating *his own words*.

A N O.

A N O T H E R.

FAITH in the Church, all grave divines contend,
Is the chief hold when future hopes depend.
How hard then *Britain's* lot !—for who hath *faith*
To credit *half* what Doctor *Pretty* saith ?

A N O T H E R.

(BY SIR CECIL WRAY.)

OH, if I thought that *Pretty* could lye,
I'd his'd him, I would, for my Scrutiny !
My poor Scrutiny ;—My *dear* Scrutiny !
My heart it down sinks—I wish I could die !

A N O T H E R.

(BY SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY.)

LORD *Bacon* hang'd poor *Hog*,
For murd'ring, without pity, man ;
And so should *Pitt*, by *Gog*,
That kill-truth, Doctor *Prettyman*—
For say I will, spite of his wig,
He's far below the *learned Pig*.

A N O T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

SAYS *Wray* to me, which is most witty,
 The learned Pig, or Parson *Pretty* ?
 Says I, I thinks, the latter is more wiser,
 PIGGY tells truth alone ;—but PRETTY lyes, Sir.

A N O T H E R.

(NOT BY THE SAME.)

THREE Parsons for three different Patrons writ,
 For Rockingham, for Portland, and for Pitt.
 The first, in speaking Truth surpass'd :
 The next could write it too—not so the last.—
 The pride of Churchmen to be beat was loth—
 So *Prettyman*'s the opposite to both!

A N O T H E R.

HOW much must Ireland, *Pitt*, and *Pretty* prize,
 Who swears, at all events, to *equal*—*lyes*.

A N O-

A N O T H E R.

——— *In Vino Veritas.* ———

P R E T T Y, the other night, was tripping caught;
 Forgive him, *Pitt*;—he'll not repeat the fault—
 The best may err—misled by wine and youth—
 His Rev'ence drank too hard; and told—*the truth!*
 Ev'n thou, should generous wine o'ercome thy sense,
 May rashly stumble on the same offence.

A N O T H E R.

T H E R E are who think all State affairs
 The worst of wicked worldly cares,
 To mingle with the priestly leaven;
 Yet sure the argument's uncouth—
P r e t t y shall doubly spread the truth,
 A Minister of Earth, and Heaven.

A N O T H E R.

W H I L E modern Statesmen glean from priestly
 tribes,
 Rev'rend *Commis*, and sanctimonious scribes;
 'Tis love of *truth*—yet vain the hope, alas!
 To make this *Holy Writ* for *Gospel* pass.

A N O T H E R.

'GAINST *Pretty's* unholiness vain 'tis to rail;
 With a courtly Divine that's of little avail.—
 What parson, polite, would not virtue offend,
 And maintain a *great* falshood, to save a *great* friend?

A N O T H E R.

IF St. Peter was made,
 Of Religion the head,
 For boldly his master denying;
 Sure *Pretty* may hope
 At least to be Pope,
 For his greater atchievements in lying.

A N O T H E R.

SAYS *Prettyman*, "I'll fib, d'ye see,
 If you'll reward me freely."
 "Lye on, cries *Pitt*, and claim of me
 The Bishopric of E—LYE."

A N O T H E R.

'TIS said the *end* may sanctify the *means*,
 And pious frauds denote a special grace :
 Thus *Pretty's* lye his master nobly screens—
 Himself, good man ! but seeks a *better place*.

A N O T H E R.

“ SONS of Patrick ! (cries Orde) set up shop in
 your bog,
 And you'll ruin the trade of John Bull and Nick Frog.”
 “ That's a lie (replies Pitt) we shall gain by their
 riches ;
 If we wear *Irish Shirts*, they must wear *English Breeches*.”
 “ You both lye (exclaims *Pretty*) but let me lye too :
 And compar'd with my lye, what you say will seem
 true !”

A N O T H E R.

FOR pert malignity observ'd alone,
 In all things else unnotic'd and unknown ;
 Obscurely odious, *Pretty* pass'd his days,
 Till more inventive talents won *our* lays.
 “ Now write, he cries, an Epigram's my pride ;
 Who wou'd have known me, if I ne'er had ly'd ?”

A N O T H E R.

WITH pious wine, and hypocritic snivel,
Our forefathers said, " Tell truth, and shame the
Devil ;"

A nobler way bold Pr—tt—n is trying,
He seeks to *shame* the Devil—by outlying.

A N O T H E R.

MAXIMS, says *Prett.* and adages of old,
Were circumscrib'd, though clever ;
Thus Truth, they taught, *not always* should be told ;
But I maintain, *not ever.*

A N O T H E R.

IN the drama of Congreve, how charm'd do we
read
Of *Spintext* the *Parson*, and *Maskwell* the *Cheat* ;
But in life would you study them closer indeed,
For equal originals—see *Downing-street.*

A N O T H E R.

PITT and Pretty came from College

To serve themselves, and serve the state;
And the world must all acknowledge

Half is done—so half may wait:
For *Pretty* says, 'tis rather new,
When even *half* they say—is true.

A N O T H E R.

GRAND TREATY OF LYING.

THE Devil and *Pretty* a treaty have made,
On a permanent footing to settle their trade;
'Tis the commerce of lying—and this is the law;
The Devil *imports* him all the lyes that are raw;
Which, check'd by no *docket*, unclogg'd with a fee,
The Priest manufactures, and vends *duty free*;
Except where the lye gives his conscience such trouble,

The *internal* expence should have recompence double.
Thus to navigate falsehood no bar they'll devise;
But Hell must become the EMPORIUM of Lyes.
Nay, the Bishops themselves, in pulpit to bark it,
Must supply their consumption, from Satan's *own*
market,

While *reciprocal tribute* is paid for the whole,
In a surplusage *D—mn—g* of P—tt—'s soul.

PROLOGUE TO THE MAID OF HONOUR.

WRITTEN BY THE HON. HENRY PHIPPS.

SPOKEN BY MR. KEMBLE.

THE Maid of Honour—"Pshaw!"—methinks you
cry,

"Maids are a subject for a comedy;

"Mournful or gay, alike they'd furnish sport—

"Russell's half-dozen, or six at Court."

Too long has Comedy to slander grown,
Flatter'd your weakness, to conceal its own:

Has rais'd your mirth, by personal allusion;

Giv'n Error shame, and Innocence confusion;

Has stoop'd, an envious plaudit to create,

To mock the wise, or vilify the great—

Too long the prostituted Muse we've seen

The nurse of Prejudice, and friend of Spleen.

To night, far other scenes we bring to view,

Just thought, chaste humour—in short, something
new:

O'er cloy'd with jests on taxes, earth, air, moon,

Politics, candles, day-light, and balloon;

A good old English author we revive—

Cast Slander off, and bid true Satire live;

Without allusion, lash some gen'ral vice,

Inferious Pow'r, and bragging Cowardice—

Throw

Throw the fool's cap in air—and let it hit them,
Whose hearts appropriate, or heads think 'twill fit
them !

Our author's graver scenes display a mind
By Honour form'd, by virtuous Love refin'd ;
Shew how his heroine deserv'd her name
By wakeful jealousy of maiden fame,
By gen'rous passion, patience of offence,
And ev'ry grace of female excellence.

Fir'd by the subject, the nice bounds of art
His Muse o'erleaps, and rushes to the heart,
Disdains the pedant rules of time and place,
Extends the period, and expands the space ;
From state to state, without a pause, dares run,
Whilst, with a thought, " the battle's lost and won ;"
Impetuous Fancy rides the veering wind,
And actionless Precision lags behind.

As in rich trees the too luxuriant shoots
Weaken the stock, and choak the fairest fruits ;
So wild exub'rance hurts our Author's play,
Which, with a sparing hand, is prun'd away ;
With caution touch'd, and fork'd with timid art,
(Some grafts inserted, to complete each part)
We've plac'd it in this garden of the town,
Where weak, exotic plants have sometimes grown—
Oh—then let Massinger's, like British oaks,
Gain strength from time, unfell'd by critic strokes !

E P I G R A M

ON THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

WRITTEN IN CONSEQUENCE OF HER GRACE'S CAN-
VAS IN SUPPORT OF MR. FOX.

ARRAY'D in matchless beauty Devon's Fair,
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part :
But, Oh ! where'er the *pilferer* comes—beware !
She supplicates a vote, and *steals* a heart.

E P I G R A M.

WHILE you, *Great George*, for knowledge hunt,
And *sharp conductors* change for *blunt*,
The Empire's out of joint ;
Franklin a wiser path pursues,
And all your thunder heedless views,
By sticking to the point.

E P I G R A M

ON THE PHRASE, " KILLING TIME."

BY V O L T A I R E.

[Time is supposed to speak.]

" LORSQUE, pour s'amafer, fans cesse ils s'eventuent

" Ces Messieurs les humains, ils disent qu'ils me-
tuent ;

" Moi, je ne vant de rien

" Mais, ma fois, je m'en venge bien."

" THERE's scarce a point wherein mankind agree

" So well as in their boast of killing me :

" I boast of nothing, but when I've a mind;

" I think I can be even with mankind."

O D E

TO THE PRESENT OMNIPOTENT MINISTER.

GREAT Minister, Pitt ! was I blest with much wit,

In verse all your virtues I'd tell ;

Nor cou'd you declaim, on this favourite theme,

Half so long, or so loud, or so well !

But if you'll admit, great Minister Pitt !

My hearty good will for the deed ;
I'll invoke ev'ry Muse, ev'ry word pick and chuse,
And in praise, your self-praise I'll exceed.

But first, my dear boy—let me here give you joy,
Of a pure and immaculate birth ;
For, from what I can hear, from yourself and else-
where,
I am sure, you're no son of the Earth !

With talents divine, ah ! how would you shine,
Cou'd the Commons their confidence lend ;
But that's no great thing, you've the Lords and the
K——,
And the Commons you sure can suspend !

As to Indian Reform, which has rais'd such a storm,
Lord ! how hotly they handled your Bill !
When I vow and declare, circumstanc'd as we were,
I think, 'twou'd have done us no ill.

Charles Fox, it is true, much more vig'rous than you,
Really meant an efficient measure ;
While you, not in vain, fought effect to refrain,
So your Bill might create no displeasure.

In the midst of your glory, 'tis a damnable story,
 That something shou'd still be a wanting ;
 Tho' 'tis but a trifle, yet Muse fain wou'd stifle,
 That, in place, still for pow'r you're a panting.

Did Bard Hanb'ry survive, perhaps he'd contrive
 Some simile to your situation ;
 And right archly might sing, how Hans Carvel's
 fam'd ring
 Wou'd fit both your finger and station.

Your finger once there, you have nothing to fear,
 Tho' no joy, nor much rest, can ensue ;
 But still you're a-doing, what prevents others wooing,
 And Impotence still prevents you !

What tho' thus disgrac'd, 'tis some comfort at least,
 That the fountain of honour you flow ;
 And by Peerage secure ev'ry burgage tenure,
 Yet continue as pure as the snow.

Jack Robin's rat-catching, 'tis said, was your hatching,
 And sure this was innocent play—
 Had it come from another, 'twould have made a
 damn'd pother,
 But you remain bright as the day ?

If dissembling be truth, dear immaculate youth,
 In a *Pitt*, (not a *swell*) truth is found ;
 But if truth is defin'd, by speaking one's mind,
 In faith I'm afraid we're aground !

But, young innocent quack, I will now state a fact,
 From which you've deriv'd much eclat,
 And still my heart swells, when I think of the Pells,
 By which you've kept Malice in awe !

This, this was a deed, which none e'er can exceed !
 Though, perhaps, on fair calculation,
 We might cry, take the Pell, it will save us from
 hell ;
 With your gift, you have dealt us d——.

TAM TICKLE.

February 27, 1784.

THE SYBIL'S LEAF;

A POLITICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1787.

- Jan.* 14. MR. P—— brought into the House of
—— heads of two bills; one for laying
certain restrictions on the liberty of the
press; and the other for enabling his Ma-
jesty to apply a full moiety of all sums vest-
ed in the public funds, for the immediate
exigencies of the C——n!
- Feb.* 3. Lord De——l tarred and feathered by
an enraged multitude in the North; who
afterwards conveyed his Lordship to the
bottom of one of his own coal-pits, where
he did a month's penance before he was
restored to light!
- 20. Mr. Beauf——y, Member for Y——mouth, was
drowned in a large vat of his own sweet
wine, at his manufactory, Lambeth-marsh!
- Mar.* 12. Earl T——le dislocated his collar-bone, by
tumbling down a lofty flight of back-stairs,
at St. James's!
- 27. Lord V——ll——rs recovered by the Operators
of the Humane Society, after having lain
fifteen

fifteen minutes at the bottom of a basin of gold and silver fish, into which he unfortunately fell, as he was intently admiring the divinities of his own person !

— 30. The Westminster Scrutiny ended, (every procrastinating art being exhausted by the Court party) when Mr. Fox was declared duly elected, by a clear majority of 486 votes !

— 31. Mr. *Hastings* appeared at the bar of the new Court of *East Indian Judicature*, and swore he had made no more than *two thousand pounds* during his long Government at Bengal!—*Major Scott* told the Cryer, that all the *Court fees* had been *previously paid* !

April 1. Was married, and not before, Sir Cecil *W—y*, Bart. to the celebrated Widow *H—b—t*, of St. James's-square ; the ceremony was performed by Dr. *Prettyman* :—'Ere the wanton stocking was thrown by the playful bride-maids, the happy *Cecil's* poetical genius had contrived, that the following couplet, pinned on her pillow, should meet the amorous eye of the beloved, viz.

" The fair that watch'd the poll for me,

" 'Tis fair that I should poll for the.

" C. W."

April

April 10. Yesterday, and not before, the election of a *Mayor of Garret* ended :—Sir Jeffery Dunstan, to the surprize of all Battersea, gave his interest to Lord *Mabon*, whereupon his Lordship was declared duly *elected*, and was chaired by the mob accordingly. Sir Cecil Wray, the opposite candidate, who has miscarried in *every election* in which he has of late been concerned, was so much mortified at the decision, that he fainted away in the arms of a *Chimney Sweeper* ; but was at length brought to himself by being three times *duck'd* in the river Thames !

May 1. A *Tournament* was held this day in the vale of Arezzo, the birth-place of Petrarch, in which a combat took place between Signor Pacchierotti and Signor Savoi ; the cause of the quarrel was a contention for the smiles of Signora *Piozzi*, widow of the late Signor Piozzi—After a severe conflict, at least as long as an Italian Opera of *two acts*, victory was declared in favour of *Pacchierotti*, who demanded the hand of the Lady in marriage :—a due performance of all the *rites*, was adhered to by the bride-groom.

“ Her hand he seiz’d, and to a shady bank,

“ Thick over head with verdant roof imbour’d,

“ He led her *nothing loath* !

May

May 8. A patent passed the *Privy Seal*, creating Sir Richard Perrot a Peer of Great Britain, with the usual string of titles, Earl, Viscount, Baron, and duplicate Baron !—This creation is expected to give great umbrage to the celebrated Devonshire *Rolle* ; who has been waiting night and day in the Premier's lobby, with a genealogical schedule, as long as *Cadwallader's*, to prove, that his pretensions to the dignity are at least *equal* to those of the above named Baronet !

— 14. Yesterday an experiment was made of the Copenhagen mode of punishing criminals, being the first attempt since the Danish system of government has been introduced in England. The notorious RUM Senator was cased in one of his own contract puncheons, and walked by way of spectacle, from the India House to St. James's palace. The ordinary of Newgate being indisposed, he was attended by Dr. Prettyman, who prayed by him all the way with the utmost fervency.

— 28. Mr. Cumberland's Tragedy of the Battle of *Hastings* has had a run against Major Scott's farce of the same name.—The success is declared in favour of the latter, with a majority of three nights !

June

June 4. The mob who collected round Alderman Wilkes, in Moorfields, on Sunday morning last, to hear his sermon, declare he is very little inferior to the noted *black field*-preacher.—It was observable he repeated an entire chapter from the book of Kings, save the 45th verse, which he skipped!

— 15. The 74 *gun ship* which the Earl of Lonsdale has presented to Government, was this day launched at high wind, from off a hill in Cumberland. It is the first ship of war that ever was constructed on the *Air Balloon* principle. Commodore Johnstone was to have had the command of this vessel, had he not differed with the noble Earl. Lord Hood, has, however, recommended a Captain who has practised the mode of managing *puffs* under his Lordship, and of course is qualified for the *airy* expedition.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM ADMIRAL PITT, TO
MR. SQUIRT, SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY,
DATED TREASURY, IN SAFETY BAY, FEB. 13,
1784.

S I R, -

THE fleet being in a great want of supplies, and from the letters I had received expecting the same daily to arrive, I sailed with the squadron under my command, in hopes of falling in with them, as also to frustrate a design I learnt Count Rupee had formed of intercepting them, and to which end he was cruizing with the whole of his fleet.

Early in the day of the 12th we fell in with our succours, and in the same moment espied from our mast-head the Count bearing down. We immediately prepared for action, covering the transports with the ordnance stores on board, with the whole line.

I signified to the officers and men the importance of the contest we were about to engage, by informing them, that did the Count succeed in his attempt of cutting off the supplies, nothing less than the destruction of his Majesty's fleet, and with it the loss
of

of our national consequence and security must follow.

During our preparations for action, the Prince of St. Alban's fleet, under the command of Admiral Grosvenor, appeared in the Offing. Count Rupee's squadron hauled the wind, and lay too, waiting the coming up of the Prince of St. Alban's, who was on board the Admiral's ship.

At five in the afternoon the Prince sent a flag, with a message, signifying, that though he should secure to us the supplies now sent, yet unless his Majesty would give up to him the sovereignty of our seas, and suffer a commander of his nominating to have the direction of the fleet now under my command, he would immediately join Count Rupee against his Majesty's forces. I sent for answer, that I should communicate this message to the Lords of the Admiralty, and would, soon as received, forward him the answer. On which the several fleets returned to their respective stations.

It is not for me to advise on a matter of such importance, but cannot avoid mentioning, that the whole of our crew are ready to support his Utopian Majesty, and his people, in their inestimable rights and privileges against this formidable alliance. —And though the united fleets may out-number us,

the

the justice of our cause, and the assistance of the Almighty, are sufficient to overthrow any host of foes.

I am, S I R,

Your obedient servant,

W. P I T T.

S H I P N E W S E X T R A O R D I N A R Y.

ON Saturday the 14th of February, 1784, at 1 P.M. the Fox, commanded by *Commodore Blackbeard*, was towed into the *Race of Portland*, in great distress. She had fallen in with the enemy's fleet that morning, and had for some time kept up a smart *running-fight*; but an unlucky *Stink-pot*, from one of the enemy's small craft, had raked her *fore* and *ast*, and threw the whole crew into disorder. From that moment the men deserted their quarters, and every thing was in confusion. In this condition it was found necessary to tack about, and proceed for *King's-Arms Creek*, in order to get fresh provisions, and to repair damages: the Fox being at this time extremely *foul* in her *bottom*, and of course going very heavily.

The following is an Extract of a Letter from an officer on board the Fox, giving an account of the preceding Transactions.

“ OUR ill success during our late cruize, is
 “ attributed to several causes. In the first place,
 “ though we had our full complement of men, yet
 “ the crews had not received any wages since the
 “ month of December : add to this, that we were
 “ poorly victualled, and badly supplied with ord-
 “ nance stores ; notwithstanding which, such was
 “ the rashness and obstinacy of *Commodore Blackbeard*,
 “ that, contrary to all advice, and without the
 “ smallest prospect of success, he insisted on our
 “ bearing down to engage the enemy’s fleet, because,
 “ forsooth, he had pledged himself to some of his
 “ bottle companions at a tavern meeting so to do.

“ As soon as we hove in sight, we perceived that
 “ the enemy were before-hand with us, having
 “ taken possession of our *old* anchoring ground,
 “ where they lay in a strong position, safely
 “ moored with springs upon their cables. In this
 “ situation it was impracticable to force them, and
 “ it was soon observed that our fire could make no
 “ impression on the enemy’s line. The Commodore
 “ exerted

“ exerted himself as much as possible ; and I be-
 “ lieve, during the whole action, the SPEAKING
 “ TRUMPET was never out of his hand ; but, alas !
 “ it was to very little purpose, for so great was the
 “ noise and confusion, that scarce one word could
 “ be heard distinctly. However you will probably
 “ see at full length in the news-papers, what was
 “ intended to be spoken ; and people you know should
 “ be judged by their intentions.

“ Our ship is now in such a *filthy condition*, from
 “ the effects of the enemy’s STINK POTS, that we
 “ are more like a *dung barge* than a man of war ; and
 “ there is such a *devilish* stench on board, that I
 “ suppose we shall be obliged to perform a sort of
 “ quarantine, as if we had come from *Mahon*, or
 “ some port up the Levant, and had the plague on
 “ board.

“ In my private opinion, the *Fox* (though for-
 “ merly a *prime* sailer) has never steered well since
 “ last spring, when *Commodore Blackbeard* forced him-
 “ self into the command of the combined fleets—
 “ On that occasion he went to the King’s Yard,
 “ and of his own authority, without any leave from
 “ the Admiralty, ordered the ship to be taken into
 “ dock and *raised* ; as also to have an entire set of
 “ new sails.—After this, when the ship came out of
 “ dock, she was found to be so *crack*, so high in the
 “ water,

“ water, so loaded with her upper works, and to
 “ spread such a deal of canvas, that the most ex-
 “ perienced mariners cautioned the Commodore
 “ against going to sea in her, as he must be in
 “ imminent danger of foundering or *oversetting*.
 “ Commodore Blackbeard, however, paid so little
 “ regard to the advice of his *prudent friends*, that he
 “ swore by G—d he would undertake (without
 “ shifting a sail, or cracking a rope) to conduct her
 “ safe to the EAST INDIES.—Adieu ! my dear friend,
 “ God send us peace ! for we are not likely to gain
 “ any thing by war.—Pray offer my best respects to
 “ our good friends at the *St. Albans*.”

A POLITICAL RECEIPT BOOK,

FOR THE YEAR 1784.

HOW TO MAKE A PREMIER.

TAKE a man with a great quantity of that sort of
 words which produces the greatest effect upon the
many, and the least upon the *few*: mix them with a
 large proportion of affected candour and ingenuouf-
 ness, introduced in a haughty and contemptuous
 manner. Let there be a great abundance of falshood
 concealed under an apparent disinterestedness and
integrity; and the two last be the most professed,
 when

when the former is most practised. Let his engagements and declarations, however solemnly made, be broken and disregarded, if he thinks he can procure afterwards a popular indemnity for illegality and deceit. He must subscribe to the doctrine of passive obedience, and to the exercise of patronage, independent of his approbation ; and be careless of creating the most formidable enemies, if he can gratify the personal revenge and hatred of those who employ him, even at the expence of public ruin and general confusion.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF STATE.

TAKE a man in a violent passion, or a man that never had been in one ; but the first is the best. Let him be concerned in making an ignominious peace, the articles of which he could not comprehend, nor cannot explain. Let him speak loud, but yet never to be heard ! and to be the kind of man for a Secretary of State, when nobody else will accept of it.

HOW TO MAKE A PRESIDENT.

TAKE a man who all his life loved office, merely for its emoluments ; and when measures, which he had approved, were evidently unfortunate, let him be notorious for relinquishing his share of the respon-

responsibility of them, and be stigmatized for political courage in the period of prosperity and cowardice, when there exists but the appearance of danger.

HOW TO MAKE A CHANCELLOR.

TAKE a man of great abilities, with a heart as black as his countenance. Let him possess a rough inflexibility, without the least tincture of generosity or affection, and be as manly as oaths and ill-manners can make him. He should be a man who will act politically with all parties, hating and deriding every one of the individuals which compose them.

HOW TO MAKE A MASTER OF THE ORDNANCE.

TAKE a man of a busy meddling turn of mind, with just as much parts as will make him troublesome, but never respectable. Let him be so perfectly callous to a sense of personal honour, and to the distinction of public fame, as to be marked for the valour of insulting where it cannot be revenged; † and if a case should arise, where he attempts to injure reputation, because it is *dignified* and *absent*, he should possess *discretion* enough to *apologise*, and to *recant* afterwards, if it is *dictated* to him to do so,

† “What care I for the K——’s Birth day?”

notwithstanding any previous declared resolutions to the contrary. Such a man will be found to be the most fit for servitude, in times of disgrace and degradation.

HOW TO MAKE A TREASURER OF THE NAVY.

TAKE a man composed of most of the ingredients necessary to enable him to attack and defend the very same principles in politics, or any party or parties concerned in them, at all times, and upon all occasions. Mix with these ingredients a very large quantity of the root of interest, so that the juice of it may be always sweet and uppermost. Let him be one who avows a pride in being so necessary an instrument for every political measure, as to be able to *extort* those honours and emoluments from the *weakness* of a Government, which he had been deliberately *refused*, at a time when it would have been honourable to have obtained them.

HOW TO MAKE A LORD OF THE TREASURY.

TAKE the most stupid man you can find, but who can make his signature, and from ignorance in every thing, will never contradict you in any thing : he should not have a brother in the church, for if he has, he will most probably abandon or betray you.

you. Or, take a man of fashion, with any sort of celebrity; if he has accustomed himself to arguments, though the dullness can only be measured by the length of them, he will serve to speak *against time*, with a certainty, in that case, of never being answered.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

TAKE a pleading *Country Attorney*, without passions, and without parts. Let him be one who will seize the first opportunity of renouncing his connections with the first man who draws him out of obscurity, and serves him.—If he has no affections or friendships, so much the better; he will be the more ready to contribute to his own advantage. He should be of a temper so pliable, and a perseverance so inflexible, as to lead his master into trouble, difficulties, and ruin, when he thinks he is labouring to overcome them. Let him be a man who has cunning enough, at the same time, to prey upon, and deceive frankness and confidence, and who, when he can no longer avail himself of both, will sacrifice even his character in the cause of treachery, and prefer the interests resulting from it to the virtuous distinctions of honour and gratitude.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY AT WAR.

TAKE a man that will *take any thing*. Let him possess all the negative virtues of being able to do no harm, but at the same time can do no good; for they are qualifications of a courtly nature, and may in time recommend him to a situation something worse, or something better.

HOW TO MAKE A WARDROBE-KEEPER, OR
PRIVY-PURSE.

TAKE the most supercilious fool in the nation, and let him be in confidence in proportion to his ignorance.

HOW TO MAKE A SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF THE
ORDNANCE.

TAKE a Captain in the Navy, as being the most acquainted with the *Army*; he should have been a few years at sea, in order to qualify him for the direction and management of works *ashore*; and let him be one who will sacrifice his connections with as much ease as he would renounce his profession.

HOW TO MAKE A PEER.

TAKE a man with, or without parts, of an ancient or new family, with one or with two boroughs at his command, previous to a dissolution.—Let him renounce all former professions and obligations, and engage to bring in your friends, and to support you himself.—Or,

TAKE the *Country Gentleman* who the least expects it, and particularly let the honour be conferred when he has done nothing to deserve it.

HOW TO MAKE SECRET INFLUENCE.

TAKE a tall ill-looking man, with more vanity, and less reason for it, than any person in Europe.—He should be one who does not possess a single consolatory private virtue, under a general public detestation. His pride and avarice should increase with his prosperity, whilst they lead him to neglect and despise the natural claims of indigence in his own family. If such a man can be found, he will easily be made the instigator as well as the instrument of a cabal which has the courage to do mischief, and the cowardice of not being responsible for it ; convinced that he can never obtain any other importance than that to be deprived from the execution of purposes

evidently pursued, for the establishment of tyranny upon the wreck of public ruin.

LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PEARSON having been at the trouble to have the Lobby furnished up for *anti-debates*, most of the Members, whose harangues are *too learned* to be understood within the House, and who therefore adjourn to explain to each other what they could not otherwise make comprehensible, have determined on fitting up a little library of select compositions. Such of them who have a genius for the *Belles Lettres*, mean to present their own works in *manuscript*: and as all men have not a *literary* turn, those who are distinguished by their eminence in *painting*, will contribute their aid in decorating the Lobby, according to that particular *forte*!

The following is a SCHEDULE of a Part of the PAINTINGS, &c. in Question.

A view of the Cave of Famine; a *lean ghastly figure* placed as a centinel at the entrance.—*Motto from Churchill*, by

Mr. Macdonald.

Judas

Judas Iscariot in the act of *betraying*.—A sketch in charcoal.

Mr. John Robinson.

St. Dunstan relating his interview with the Devil.
—A copy.

Sir R. Hill.

Two Dutch Gamblers quarrelling at *All Fours*.—
After the manner of *Teniers*.

Hon. K——b S——r.

A Sadler's-Wells Rope-dancer, balancing an *empty*
pitcher on his chin.

Lord H—b—n—b—ke.

The Polish Dwarf speaking through a trumpet,
with an intention to pass for the *Irish Giant*.

Capt. J. L——l.

A Miser cutting up a *Naval Flag*, and converting
it into *Money Bags*.

Sir Thomas Franklin.

M A N U S C R I P T S.

My own private Memoirs, interspersed with several *witty* sayings of mine.—Together with the story of the Dutchman and Owl, which occasioned Wilberforce to laugh, and spit the hot soup in Jenkinson's face. Also my intrigues in the Opera-House gallery.

By Mr. Villiers.

A Word to the *Cabinet Council*; with the parable of the *Wise Men* of Gotham. Also the Secret History of Sir Robert Walpole's Buckskin Breeches-maker; with Anecdotes of my own *Washerwoman*, and other *important* matters. To which will be added, the Story of the *Cat* and the *Bull*; and the Art of making *Toddy*.

Lord Nugent.

A Supplement to Lord Chesterfield's Hints on *Politeness*. Also *marginal* Notes to the Complete Farrier; and Instructions how to manage a Kennel of Hounds.

Sir G. P. Turner.

Rules by which a Man may raise himself and Family to *Grandeur*; differing in essentials from the other work with this *title*.

Lord Viscount N-v-lle.

A Parallel between a British Senator and a Chinese King; in which the management of *hogs* will be opposed to the art of *plowing*; a ceremony which some Eastern Sovereigns are obliged to go through, before they can be admitted to govern. To which will be added, *sceptical doubts*, whether *grunting* has not always been found useful in *oratory*.

Sir Joseph Mawbey.

D R A W.

DRAWINGS.

A Representation of *Jack the Painter* setting fire to
Portsmouth Dock-yard. *The Watchman asleep.*

Lord Hood.

An action between *two Dutch fishing boats*, and a
King's frigate, in thick *fog*; which may be mistaken
for the *smoke* of guns; and the boats, consequently,
for *ships of war*.—This piece is highly *prized*.

Captain Macb—r.

My own portrait. The spectators are desired not
to tear away the *writing* under it; as several persons
may else fancy it is meant for either the *Gog*, or
Magog, of Guildhall.

Sir Watkin Lewis.

A Greek father baptizing an *Hebrew* in the river
Jordan.

Sir Sampson Gideon.

The popular *Pinetti*, stripping the *shirt off* the back
of an Englishman, and leaving him *naked*.

Mr. Pitt.

M A N U S C R I P T S.

AN Account of a *Soldier* who was seized with a *lock-jaw*, and had a *pension* in consequence granted to him. With several remarkable feats which this extraordinary person performed, not in the "Tented Field," but near Palace-yard, where he long underwent *drill*, by command of his superior Officer, Lord *Shelburne*.

Col. *Barre*.

A Treatise on *grave aspects*; with the means I used to *look wise* when I saw *Pitt* the morning after I came into office; on which he told me, that it was a shame I ever should have been called "*Peggy*" by my school-fellows at *Eton*.—Also a relation of the *apprehensions* I was under, the three first official interviews I had with *Mulgrave*: and the tormenting sensations I felt, on his detecting me in the anti-room, standing upon a chair before a *looking-glass*.

Mr. *W. W. Grenville*.

A serious discourse on the folly of *principle*; in which is proved, that *servility* and *accommodation*, are more necessary to the welfare of a state, than *shining abilities*, and a *disinterested* mind. A beautiful engraving of my own head is inserted in this work.

J. *Robinson*.

Poetical

Poetical Effusions, consisting of an Epigram on a Poached Egg. A *Sonnet*, upon Lady *Wray*, taking Rowley's herb snuff. The celebrated *Eulogium* on Hard Dumplings, for which I had the prize, when I went to school in Yorkshire: with marginal notes, written to render it *comprehensible* to Sir *Watkin Lewis*, to whom it is addressed. The *Acrostic* on the Bear, which Lord Percy sent from America to Northumberland House, is included; with several other ingenious compositions, too *tedious* to mention.

Sir Cecil Wray.

N. B. *Pearson* will not suffer this last work to have a place with the other productions, till the writer's pretensions for sending it are better founded; it is therefore, for the present, deposited in the *great-coat* closet.

THE FOLLOWING SQUIB WAS HANDED ABOUT
DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD SHEL-
BURNE, WHEN HE WAS NEGOTIATING THE
PEACE.

A WELL DREST MINISTER IS A NATIONAL BENEFIT.

IT was remarked that the Premier wore a suit on the birth-day, supposed to have been sent him from Paris by Fitzherbert and Oswald, of a mixed colour, orange and blue, which so changed, that viewing it in one light, it appeared *orange*, in another quite *blue*; and his Lordship so contrived it, that by shuffling about and bowing, he made those whom he pleased should think so, it was either the one colour or the other.

“ It is *orange*, by the Lhard,” exclaims the Lord Advocate, as he stood on the Earl’s left hand.

“ Pardon me,” says the Commander in Chief, “ it is *true blue*; you don’t observe it, my Lord, in the light that I do.” The General stood rather concealed behind the Premier, and leaning neither to the one side nor the other.

“ Be it so,” replied the Lord Advocate—“ orange or blue, it is all one to me.”

“ It

“ It is perfectly immaterial, indeed,” says the Commander in Chief; “ there is only a slight *shade of difference.*”

This was not the only dispute in the drawing-room on the colour of the Premier’s coat. With his usual address, he kept up the whole day his *blue* grins, and his *orange* grins, playing them off with great success from his masked battery, according as he directed his attack on Whigs or Tories, Courtiers or Country Gentlemen.

Boquets were in fashion on the birth-day. The Premier is always well drest. His bosom was so open as it always is, and he wore a small *branch*, or rather a *sprig of manufactured olive*; the season is an excuse for counterfeits; it was ingeniously made by Carberry, and so resembled nature as to deceive a set of bulls and bears who stood gaping behind.—“ *Olive!* by heavens, it is *genuine olive!*” exclaimed the leader of the troop, a Bull.

“ ’Tis tiffany,” says a Bear, “ rank tiffany “ gummed.”

“ I say it is peace,” says the Bull—mark how the noble Lord smiles on the Duchy of Lancaster.

Now the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster was on his Lordship’s right hand, and the manager of the Bill of Reform on his left, so that he looked like Janus with the double-face: on the one hand
here

Here was a proof of his willingness to reward his friends; on the other there was a scourge for his enemies, peace or war—in *utrumque paratus*. But whether it was peace or war, it was not easy to determine; for the smiles of the peace-side, and the frowns on the war-side were so equally distributed! that the bulls and bears knew not what to do; but as the Minister was well dressed, and wore an olive branch, fictitious or natural, the bulls got the better of the bears, and the funds rose two *per cent*.

Such is the benefit of wearing a changing-coloured coat, trimmed with olive.

POLITICAL QUADRILLE;

OR, THE NATIONAL CARD-PLAYERS.

AMERICA.

I Believe I shall *play alone*; no, *I will call a King*. I can't lose the *game*; I have *three matadores* in my *band*.

KING OF FRANCE.

You did well to call me, for I am *strong* in every *suit*; besides, I know how to *finesse* the *cards*, and value myself upon playing *all the game*.

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND.

I wish I had not played that *double game*; I have not got a *Trump* now, yet I *shuffled* well. Oh, I am a *beast*! I wish I had not been *forced to play*; I shall lose all my *fish*.

KING OF SPAIN.

What did you call me for! I shan't get a *trick*. You know how the *last game* went with me.

IRELAND.

I ask leave. Do you *give me*? I shall *play alone*, if you *force me*.

SCOTLAND.

I *itch* to play, but I have no *King*.

KING OF ———.

I never have *luck*, when the *curse of Scotland* is in my *hand*; but in the first *deal* of this *pool* I have made some errors; yet come, the *pool*'s not gone, let's have a *new pack*; I'll try what *they* will do.—Aye, this is something like; I have a *strong suit* now, without a *KNAVE* among them.

KING

KING OF PRUSSIA.

Am-I *oldest*? Oh! I *pass*.

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

I have only a *Queen* in my *hand*, so I will *pass* too ;
or if nobody chuses to take my cards, I'll play any
Gentleman at *put*, or you, Mynheer, at *Dutch rubbers*.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Some advise me to *play*, others to let it alone.
What shall I do? I'll e'en stand by 'till I see *time to*
cut in; but I will first play with the *Pope* a game at
cribbage, and try if I can *lurch* him.

THE POPE.

Ponto Falls.

A P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E

TO THE REV. DR. ROBERTSON, OCCASIONED BY
HIS HISTORY OF AMERICA.

[THE author of the following verses states a comparison between the elegant Historian to whom they are addressed, and Livy. Both writers are distinguished by the music of their periods, and their skill in pathetic description. The Roman historian is also eminent for his attachment to the cause of liberty. Nor is there any reason to apprehend, from the writings of the English historian, that his principles are opposite. Yet the history he has promised of British America, is, in this respect, become exceedingly critical. Therefore the author of the following epistle, anxious for the fame of a writer whom he respects, and for a cause which he thinks equitable, hopes he has not transgressed against propriety, in hazarding what has the appearance of an admonition. The verses were written some time ago, and are now offered to the public with the greatest deference.]

SOFT as the gentle dews of even
Descending from the gate of Heaven,
Commission'd timely to dispense
On earth, their healing influence,

Reviving

Reviving many a pensive flower,
 That suffered by the noon-tide hour :
 Like dews or soft descending snows,
 Thy tuneful elocution flows.—
 What words of pow'r, what lucky spell
 Could make the Muse impart her shell,
 And yield thee that immortal lore
 She to the Paduan dealt of yore ; *
 Yield to thy hands the golden key,
 That opes the fount of melody ?

Nor only thine the tuneful art,
 Thine too the power to melt the heart.—
 Yet, teacher of the times to come,
 Why would'st thou mitigate the doom,
 Or veil th' indeliable disgrace,
 The portion of that lawless race,
 Iberia's unrelenting brood,
 Who drench'd their fangs in Indian blood ?

Ye natives of the western wild,
 Where Nature with indulgence smil'd,

* *She to the Paduan dealt of yore.*]—Livy was born at Padua ;
 was highly esteem'd by Augustus, and was appointed by his re-
 commendation tutor to Claudius. He wrote his history during his
 residence at Rome.

By Oronoko's rapid streams,
 Or where the Orrellano gleams
 Far seen, from Andes' lofty brow,
 In many a wilderness below ;
 Or ye who pac'd the Cuban shores,
 And where the chaff'd Atlantic roars
 'Mid Carribæan Isles ; to you
 I give my tears : a tribute due,
 Due for your griefs—and the disgrace
 Incurr'd by our rapacious race.

Blameless amid Elyfian climes,
 Remote from Europe and her crimes
 Peaceful ye liv'd ; till from afar
 The minister of impious War,
 By Av'rice prompted, swoln with pride
 The Iberian plow'd the western tide.

Ah me ! what prodigies foretold
 A period to your age of gold !
 What awful indications rose
 Prophetic of approaching woes !
 Fearful ye saw the mountain quake,
 Saw the foreboding islands shake,
 Pale inauspicious suns arise,
 Direful eclipses veil your skies,
 Your skies exhibit fields of blood,
 While voices from the roaring flood,

With

With rumours, signs, and visions drear,
Warn'd you of desolation near.

No more beneath the citron grove,
Warbling the melodies of love,
Will ye in blameless pastime gay,
Enjoy your inoffensive day.
The fable hours are on the wing ;
Soon will your vallies cease to sing ;
Soon will the voice of Weeping rise,
And Imprecation rend the skies.

The Spoilers come ! Will ye receive
Them kindly ? And their need relieve ?
Ah me ! in other guise will they
Your hospitable aid repay ?
O foul of manners ! foul of heart !
Ne'er will th' inhuman crew depart,
Ne'er till they spoil the peaceful shade ;
Bare, unprovok'd, the deadly blade ;
With carnage heap the reeking shore,
And steep their hands in Indian gore.—
No ! never can repenting Spain
Palliate her crime ; efface the stain
Contracted by the blood she spilt ;
Or expiate her enormous guilt.

Nor yet invidious will the Muse,
The guerdon of renown refuse,

Purchas'd.

Purchas'd by merit : but with joy
 Would every tuneful note employ,
 One Spaniard to redeem, and name
 Las Casas, genuine heir of Fame.
 Full many a faintly tear he shed,
 While the poor captive Indian bled.
 Anxious to save the placid race,
 And shield Iberia from disgrace,
 He strove with many a gentle art
 To mitigate the rigid heart—
 Alas ! th' insatiate love of gain
 Had fear'd the rigid heart of Spain.

Thou who shalt speak to future times,
 Abhorrent of inhuman crimes,
 Wipe from thy page one stain, the fame
 To men of execrable name
 Given rashly ; and with censure due,
 Condemn that foul flagitious crew,
 By whom no gen'rous tear was shed !
 By whom th' unpitied Indian bled.

Historian of surpassing skill,
 To guide our feelings by thy will,
 There a more arduous task abides,
 To paint the tempests and the tides
 Of faction ; and the mutual rage
 Of brethren that erce conflict wage.—

And

And can Britannia's sons, possess'd
 With frenzy, stab a brother's breast ?
 With unbecoming stupor gaze,
 Nor grieve while kindred cities blaze ?
 Their hands in bloody carnage steep,
 While widows mourn and orphans weep ?
 Or, why, indeliable disgrace !
 Will they provoke the savage race ?
 Their brethren wantonly expose,
 The prey of unrelenting foes ;
 Nor feel one soft emotion rise,
 While shrieks and wailings pierce the skies ?

Ah ! who is she, of hellish brood ?
 I see her garments dropping blood ;
 With livid fire her eye-balls glare,
 A serpent hisses in her hair ;
 Behold her reeking dagger gleams ;
 Earth trembles as the fury screams !
 Fierce Civil Rage avaunt ! too well
 We know thee, progeny of Hell.

Why would not Britain gently bind,
 In cords of love the willing mind ?
 Reclaiming with indulgence mild,
 If trespassing, the recreant child ;
 Proud of her offspring, and their zeal
 For freedom and a public weal !

If bold in active virtue, they
 Enjoy the vivifying ray
 That holy liberty imparts,
 And feel her spirit in their hearts,
 Powerful their birth-right to defend,
 Why should they even to Britain bend ?
 Because their fathers boldly dar'd
 Encounter unknown perils, bar'd
 Their bosom to the stormy blast,
 Plow'd, undismay'd, the billowy waste,
 And scorned the rage of winds and waves,
 Were they to be accounted slaves ?
 Because the howling desert wild
 By them like blooming Eden finil'd,
 And dreary wastes, where serpents lay
 Sequester'd from the eye of day,
 By them the yellow harvest bore,
 And Culture's lovely raiment wore,
 Where many a thriving city rose,
 Were they to be accounted foes ?

As thou would'st prize immortal fame,
 Be careful of their growing name ;
 Else will the Muse lament—for dear
 Is freedom to the Muse—that e'er
 She fed thee with ambrosial showers,
 Receiv'd thee in her blissful bowers ;

And

And gave thee of the blooms that blow,
 Where Aganippe's fountains flow,
 Or may with rigorous command
 Reclaim from thy reluctant hand,
 Her gift misus'd, the golden key
 That opes the fount of melody.

The time will come, prophetic Muse!
 If right I scan thy radiant hues,
 When justice and the arts shall reign,
 In climes beyond the Atlantic main;
 There Freedom shall abide, and Truth
 Shall flourish in immortal youth.
 No Gothic Lord, no despot there
 To forge the galling fetter dare;
 But thence deliv'ers of mankind,
 To heal their wounds, their chains unbind,
 Heroes shall issue, and cast down
 Despots and sceptres of renown.

Thou who shall speak to future times
 Forgive the boldness of my rhymes,
 Anxious in every glorious line,
 To link the Paduan's fame with thine.
 Like his thy elocution flows,
 Gentle as soft descending snows:
 Like him, thou hast the winning art
 To captivate and melt the heart:

And

And O ! like him, defend the cause
 Of Freedom and her righteous laws.
 For he, even when Octavius rul'd,
 In Virtue's lore maturely school'd,
 Spake the bold language of the free,
 Proud of his Patavinity. *
 Nor could Octavius scorn the page, †
 Instructive of a recreant age ;

* *Proud of his Patavinity.*]—Livy was charged with *patavinity* by the critics of his own time. It is somewhat singular, however, that they have given us no distinct explanation of the term. This obscurity has occasioned many disputes among later critics. As Livy was born at Padua, and not at Rome, some writers have apprehended, that the charge of *patavinity* related to his use of provincial phrases, and forms of speech unusual among other elegant authors.—Our critics again have maintained, and among them are persons of considerable name, that the term *patavinity* related to Livy's political principles. The city of Padua was warmly attached to the side of freedom ; and consequently embraced the interests of Pompey. Livy, educated in these sentiments, expressed them in his works. Those who paid court to the Cæsar, considered this, it is said, as a blemish ; and accounting for these prepossessions of the historian by his habits of thinking contracted in his native city, they termed their charge *patavinity*.

† *Nor could Octavius scorn the page.*]—It appears from Tacitus, that Livy had so highly extolled the character of Pompey, in that part of his history which is now lost, that Augustus, when he read it, called him a Pompeian. “ Titus Livius eloquentiæ et fidei præclarus in primis Cn. Pompeium tantis laudibus tulit, ut Pompeianum Augustus eum appellaret ; neque id amicitie eorum officium.”

ANNAL. L. IV. cap. 34.

Nor griev'd to hear him boldly praise
 The principles of former days ;
 To hear him with persuasive art,
 The priv'leges of men assert.

A P A R O D Y

ON "BLEST AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS IS HE."

BY THE HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

DRUNK as a dragon fure is he,
 The youth that dines or sups with thee ;
 And sees and hears thee, full of fun,
 Loudly laugh, and quaintly pun.

'Twas this first made me love my dose,
 And rais'd such pimples on my nose ;
 For while I fill'd to every toast,
 My health was gone, my senses lost.

I found the claret and champagne,
 In flame my blood, and mad my brain ;
 The toast fell fault'ring from my tongue,
 I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge and sickness rise ;
 The candles danc'd before my eyes ;
 My sight grew dim, the room turn'd round,
 I tumbled senseless on the ground !

L O R D

L O R D G——'s D I A R Y.

L O R D *Melcombe's Diary* has become so universal a theme of polite criticism, that it seems many of our young courtiers intend to follow the example, by keeping a register of such parts of their conduct as they think most *worthy* of being transmitted to posterity. The following specimen of this new mode of *Miscellaneous Memoir*, though well known in the fashionable world, may perhaps be new to our country correspondents.

L O R D G——'s D I A R Y, DURING THE FIRST WEEK
OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

May 20. WENT down to the House—sworn in—odd faces—asked Pearson who the new people were—he seemed cross at my asking him, and did not know—I took occasion to inspect the water-closets.

N. B. To tell Rose, that I found three cocks out of repair—did n't know what to do—lent my name at the *Duke of Queensberry's*—dined at *White's*—the pease tough—*Lord Apsley* thought they ought to be boiled in steam—*Villiers* very warm in favour of *hot water*—*Pitt* for the new

mode—and much talk of *taking the sense* of the club—but happily I prevented matters going to extremity.

May 21. Bought a tooth-pick case, and attended the Treasury Board—nothing at the House but swearing—rode to *Wilberforce's* at Wimbledon—*Pitt*, *Thurlow*, and *Dundas*, *water-sucky*—we all wondered why perch have such large mouths, and *Wilberforce* said they were like *Mulgrave's*—red champagne rather ropy—away at eight—*Thurlow's* horse started at a wind-mill—he off—N. B. To bring in an Act to encourage water-mills—*Thurlow* home in a *dilly*—we after his horse—children crying, *Fox for ever!*—*Dundas* stretching to whip them—he off too.

22. Sick all day—lay a-bed—*Villiers* bored me.

23. *Hyde-Park*—*Pitt*—*Hamilton*, &c.—Most of us agreed it was right to bow to Lord *Delaval*—*Pitt* won't to any one, except the new *Peers*—Dined at *Pitt's*—*Pitt's* soup never salt enough—Why must *Prettyman* dine with us?—*Pitt* says, to-day he will not support Sir *Cecil Wray*—*Thurlow* wanted to give the old toast—*Pitt* grave—probably his is the reason for letting *Prettyman* stay.

24. Hou'e

24. House—Westminster Election—we settled to always make a noise when *Burke* gets up—we ballotted among ourselves for a *sleeping Committee* in the Gallery—*Steele* always to call us when *Pitt* speaks—Lord *Delaval* our dear friend!—*Private* message from *St. James's* to *Pitt*—He at last agreed to support *Sir Cecil*.
25. *Bankes* won't vote with us against *Grenville's* Bill—English obstinacy—the *Duke of Richmond* teazes us—nonsense about consistency—what right has *he* to talk of *it*?—but must not say so. *Dundas* thinks worse of the Westminster business than—but too hearty to indulge absurd scruples.
26. Court—*King* in high spirits, and attentive rather to the Duke of *Grafton*—*Queen* more so to Lord *Camden*—puzzles us all—So it is possible the *Duke of Richmond* will consent to leave the *Cabinet*!—Dinner at *Dundas's*,—too many things awkwardly served—Joke about *Rose's* thick legs, like *Robinson's*, in flannel.

S T A T E - P A P E R,

PICKED UP AT THE DOOR OF WESTMINSTER-
 ABBEY ON SUNDAY LAST, AND SUPPOSED TO
 HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED FROM
 THE SERMON-CASE OF THE REV. DR. PRETTY-
 M—N.

HINTS TO OUR EDITORS.

1. TO write down every idea of a *Parliamentary Reform*; but representing Mr. Pitt at the same time determined to support that measure as a *man* and a *Minister*!

2. To be cautious of saying any thing in favour of the once sacred mode of *Trial by Jury*!

3. To offer up daily incense at the *too variable* shrine of his Grace the *Duke of Richmond*.

4. To prepare the way for the *Marquis of Lansdown's* return to the Cabinet, by strewing it with the most grateful flowers of paragraphical panegyric.

5. To continue the well-rung changes on the *odious*;—*infamous*!—*exccrable*!—*infernal*!— and most *d-mn-ble* COALITION.

6. To accuse *Charles* of every possible crime under Heaven; and to strip Lord *North* of every private virtue he may possess!

7. Never

7. Never to lose sight of the ear tickling epithets *amiable ! —enlightened !—most excellent !—admirable !—intelligent !—all-worthy !—Heaven-inspired !* &c. &c. when you have occasion to mention our *unbackbied Chancellor of the Exchequer*.

8. Take a run at *Lord Howe*, for not shewing a disposition to resign the Admiralty in favour of the new *Marquis of Bucks* !

9. Studiously avoid using the word *Commutation*, and speak of *windows* as seldom as possible !

10. Give the *India Directors* an occasional *dry dressing*, reminding them, that they have no authority yet from *Governor Hastings* to lord it over the King's Minister !

For fear it should be indispensably necessary, after all, to offer *Charles* a responsible post in Administration, prepare him for the overture, by hinting, that a man of such talents must always be acceptable, provided he will condescend to shake off his *beggarly connections* !

STATE OF POOR OLD ENGLAND.

AT THE END OF THE YEAR 1784.

<i>PUBLIC Spirit,</i>	—	Reviving.
<i>The People,</i>	—	Still oppressed.
<i>Manufactures,</i>	— —	Drooping.
<i>Poverty,</i>	— —	Universal.
<i>The Constitution,</i>	—	Much impaired.
<i>The C—,</i>	—	Every way contemptible.
<i>The Bench of Bishops,</i>	—	Fat and lazy.
<i>The Bar,</i>	— — —	Rapidly declining.
<i>Women,</i>	—	{ Flocking to the standard of Infidelity.
<i>Men,</i>	— —	{ Daily disgracing human nature.
<i>The Ministry,</i>	—	{ Trying once more to hum the nation.
<i>The Westminster Scrutiny,</i>		{ Voted infamous by all parties.
<i>The Whigs,</i>	—	{ Maintaining a just cause, and good spirits.
<i>The Tories,</i>	—	Dismayed.
<i>The K—,</i>	— —	With <i>one</i> eye just opened.
<i>The Queen's Picture,</i>		{ Set in brilliants by Mrs. Hastings.

[The

[The following SCRAP was picked up near the door of the
YOUNG MAN, in June, 1784.]

HINTS FROM MR. PRETTYMAN THE COMMIS,
TO THE PREMIER'S PORTER.

TO admit *Mr. Wilberforce*, although *Mr. P—* should be even engaged with the Southwark agents, fabricating means to defeat *Sir R. Hotham—Wilbe* must have *two bows!*—*Atkinson* to be shewn into the *anti-chamber*—he will find *amusement* in reading *Lazarillo de Tormez*, or the *Complete Rogue*—If *Lord Apſley* and *Mr. Perceval* call from the Admiralty, they may be ushered into the room where the large *looking-glasses* are fixed,—in that case they will not regret waiting.—Don't let *Lord Mahon* be detained an instant at the door, the *pregnant* young Lady opposite, having been sufficiently *frightened* already!—*Jack Robinson* to be shewn into the study, as the *private papers* were all removed this morning.—Let *Lord Lonsdale* have *my Lord!* and *your Lordship!* repeated in his ears as often as possible; the apartment hung with *garter blue* is proper for his reception!—The other *new Peers* to be greeted only plain *Sir!* that they may remember their late *ignobility*, and fee new gratitude to the *benefactor of honours!* you may, as—

if upon recollection, address some of the last list, *my Lord!*—and ask their *names*—it will be pleasing to them to sound out their own *titles!*—Lord *Elliot* is to be an exception, or he will tediously go through every degree of his dignity in giving an answer!—All letters from *Berke'ey-square* to be brought in without mentioning Lord *Shelburne's* name, or even *Mr. Rose's*;—the *Treasury messenger* to carry the *red box* as usual to *Charles Jenkinson* before it is sent to *Buckingham house*.—Don't blunder a *second* time and question Lord *Mountmorris* as to the life of a *hackney chairman!*—it is wrong to judge by *appearances!*—Lord *G—b—m* may be admitted to the *library*,—he can't *read*, and therefore won't damage the books!

E X T E M P O R E

TO A LADY OF TORY PRINCIPLES, APPEARING
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DUBLIN, WITH
AN ORANGE LILLY IN HER BREAST, ON KING
WILLIAM'S BIRTH-NIGHT.

BY THE LATE JOHN ST. LEDGER, ESQ.

THOU little Tory, why the jest,
Of wearing Orange in thy breast ;
When that same breast betraying shews,
The whiteness of the rebel rose.

E P I G R A M.

ON CHATTERTON.

ALL think, now Chatterton is dead,
His works are worth *preserving* !
Yet no one, when he was alive,
Would keep the bard from *starving*.

Oxford, Sept. 29, 1782.

The following ODE was found among the papers of Counsellor D—; it is supposed to have been written by a Dry Salter in the neighbourhood of Oxford; and it was devoutly to be wished, that the poor Counsellor had followed the advice it contains, as he would not then have starved himself to death with cold last February. If it be not too long, or too dull for your purpose, you will oblige several of your admirers by giving it a place; and among the rest,

TOBY TASTELESS.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE, PARAPHRASED FROM HORACE, AND ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND JOE D—.

“Mihi est propositum in taberna mori.” *Vet. Car.*

— * GOOD friend, be ca'm. Why shouldst thou fret,

Because the nation runs in debt,

And taxes grow on taxes?

Do, prithee, wait till time and tide

And nostrum for the ill provide,

And † North his hand relaxes?

Hor. car. xi. lib. 11.

* Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes

Hirpine Quinti, cogisset Adria

Divisus objecto, remittas

Querere—

† The reader will perceive from this, and the two following stanzas, that the epistle was written before the late changes in the fighting

What is't to thee, if on the sea,
 At *hide and seek* our Admirals play
 With wags of France and Spain;
 Or if our merry Generals choose,
 On rebel soil, at *fast and loose*
 To spend a whole campaign?

Tut! thou art safe, man, never fear;
 The Yankees cannot sure *this year*,
 To Britain waft their fighters;
 Thou know'st *one Arnold* t'other day,
 Smother'd the rogues, like eels in hay,
 And burnt their rotten lighters.

† I note, besides, in thee, dear Joe,
 And faith I'm griev'd to find it so,

fighting and political world. For the rest the author seems to have considered Great Britain under the idea of an apple in a cyder-press, and the Premier, as the man at the screw. The thought is not a bad one, by the same token that his Lordship, when he left work, did not suffer the engine to relax; but gave it in it's strained state to a fresh man, who drew it a little tighter, and gave it to a third, who will probably soon give it to a fourth, who will give it to a fifth, and so on *ad infinitum*, until the poor apple be not only drained of its pulp, but utterly annihilated.

† —nec trepides in usum
 Proscantis ævi pauca.

A Ineak

A sneaking love of gold :

'Twere worth a groat to know how first

Avarice, so free a bosom curst —

I fear me thou grow'st old. *

But shall I tell thee how I heard

A Bishop, † with a sapient beard,

This folly once deride ?

He said, indeed, he prov'd it too,

That Nature's *real* wants were few,

And easily supply'd.

* Avarice being generally esteemed the vice of old age ; whether from the perverseness of human nature, which gives increasing value to wealth, while it is every moment becoming of less consequence, or that nature

“ ——— as it grows again towards earth,

“ Is dull and heavy, fashioned for the journey.”

As my library is unfortunately out at pawn at present, I cannot with sufficient accuracy determine.

† By your leave, Master Editor, here must be some mistake in this place. The doctrine you speak of, could not come from a Bishop : not because they are not contented with a little ; not because they are not unsolicitous of pomp and power ; not because they are not wholly free from avarice, — but because that none of them wear beards. *Printer's Devil.*

Then

Then damn it—s'blood thou makes one swear :
 Why all this toil to split a hair,
 And swell a useless heap ;
 When thou might'st glide along at ease,
 No bairns to breed, no wife to please,
 And live, like me, dog cheap ?

† Believe me, Joe, youth wanes apace :
 And see already every grace
 On tip-toe to be gone ;
 For hoary age, with wrinkl'd mien,
 That scares each charm as soon as seen,
 Is hobbling briskly on.

Oh ! then adieu to soft delights,
 To careless days, and amorous nights,
 And hours of sweet repose ;
 Anxiety succeeds, and pain
 That shuts the languid eye in vain,
 Nor rest nor slumber knows.

‡ Dost thou repine, man ? mark the rose,
 At morn with vernal tints it glows,

† ————— fugit retro
 Levis juvenas, et ducor, ardiâ
 Pellente lascivos amores
 Canitia, facilemque fomnum.

‡ Non semper idem floribus est honor
 Vernis.—

And

And breathes its sweets around ;
At eve behold it pale and dead,
Its beauty lost, its fragrance fled,
And withering on the ground.

* Mark too the morn : now full and fair
She shines, and earth, and sea, and air
Smile in the yellow gleam ;
Anon her glories disappear,
And not a star that gilds the sphere,
But yields a brighter beam.

Then, prithee cease the impatient strain ;
I blush to hear a man complain
That life expires too soon.
What's life ? A bubble of an hour ;
False as the wind ; frail as the flower,
And changeful as the Moon.

† Why wilt thou then with boundless schemes,
Disjointed as a sick man's dreams,
Perplex thy bounded mind ;
And, grasping at the future hour,
Let slip the present from thy power ?
Oh, impotent and blind !

* — nequi uno Luna rubens nitet
Vultu. —

† — Quid æternis minorem
Cœlestis animum fatigas ?

Say,

Say, should'st thou an Ephemera spy,
 Would'st thou not laugh till either eye
 Swam joyously in tears ;
 To hear the silly insect say,
 I quit the pleasures of *to-day*,
 To toil for *future* years ?

'That silly insect, Joe, art thou ;
 I know it by thy wrinkled brow—
 But come, of this no more :
 † Be once a man, forego thy cares,
 Kick Lyttleton on Coke down stairs,
 And meet me at the *Boar*—

Where idly lolling on this bench,
 I with my pipe, thou with thy wench—
 For thou, old boy, I know,
 Though past the hey-day of thy youth,
 Hast still, cum pace, a colt's tooth—
 What ! have I touch'd thee, Joe ?

† Cur non sub altâ vel platano, vel hac,
 Pinu jacentes sic temere, et rosa
 Canos odorati capillos
 Potamus uncti ?

Well then, no wench : thou with thy glass,
We'll toast the minutes as they pass,

 Regardless of the Scot :
Run o'er the tricks at school we play'd ;
How oft we chas'd the parson's maid,
 —Odzookers ! I'd forgot.

And how at Coll, we ran our race ;
Nor like the present babes of grace,
 In thumbing musty lore.

No books, but magazines we read,
At barbarous Latin shook our head,
 And voted Greek a *bere*.

Thou too, because thou lov'st the tale,
Shalt tell, how once, brim full of ale,
 From street to street we ran ;
Tumbled old women down for fun,
Made beadles, Pro's, and Proctors run,
 And frighten'd the Vice-Can.

† And, while the merry jest goes round,
Solicitude, in bumpers drown'd,
 Shall cease her gloomy reign ;
Joy to the cheek her glow impart,
Unclouded Hope possess the heart,
 And Fancy rule the brain.

† ————— Dissipat Evius
Curas edaces.——

Thus shall we cheat one night of care,
 And life, dear Joe, has much to spare ;
 Then happiest he, who knows
 With love or wine, with mirth or play,
 To whirl the lingering hours away,
 Imbittered least with woes.

But I grow serious. * Waiter, ho !
 More wine here, quick. Enough ; so, so !
 Now fill the other pipe ;
 But do not, if you heed your pate,
 Bring such mundungas as of late,
 † Of oak leaves rotten-ripe.

And you my jolly host, do you,
 Step out and bid the *wandering Jew*,
 Hie hither with his organ ;
 But charge the rogue, upon his life,
 To leave his misbegotten wife,
 I'd rather see a gorgon.

* ——— Quis puer ocyus
 Restinguet arduentes calerni
 Pocula prætereunte lymphâ ?

† Quis deviam scortum eliciet domo
 Lyden ? aburna, die age, cum lyra
 Maturesc.

Her long, lank locks, before, behind,
 Point, like a weather-cock, the wind ;
 And then her hollow squinters,
 Glare from their sockets, fierce and red,
 Like candles in an afs's head,
 Or meteors in hard winters.

No. I'll have none—But come, my friend, *
 Zounds ! must I chatter without end,
 Like any daw or parrot ?
 Look ! I have wine and music too,
 The devil's in't if all won't do,
 To draw thee from thy garret.

And while old Isaac grinds a tune,
 We twain, as brisk as bees in June,
 And heedless of his frumps ;
 Will give a boundless loose to joy,
 And nimbly stir our stumps, my boy,
 And nimbly stir our stumps.

* ————— incomptum Lacænæ
 More comam religata nodum.

I M P R O M P T U

ON MISS SEWARD'S LOUISA.

BY MR. HAYLEY.

TWO names, the pride of English song,
 Divided sway posselt ;
 Two lovely rivals, they have long
 Rul'd ev'ry gentle breast.

Where is the heart that EMMA's pain
 Has not with pity fill'd ?
 At ELOISA's fiery strain,
 What bosom has not thrill'd ?

To match these soul-subduing names,
 Behold a third appears !
 With all their force LOUISA claims
 Our praise, our love, our tears.

O Sensibility ! sweet power !
 To thee, thou friend of earth !
 And Genius, thou bright paramour,
 These sisters owe their birth.

Immortal as their parents, these
 Shall foil base Envy's arms,
 And, like the sister Graces, please
 By their congenial charms.

Like

Like them this triple group shall reign,
 As archetypes of art,
 And to the end of time maintain
 The homage of the Heart.

Eartham, May 15.

CONSISTENCY OF THE PATRIOTIC ALDERMAN.

WHAT! Liberty W—ks! of Oppression the
 Hater!

Call'd a Turncoat! a Judas! a Rogue! and a Trai-
 tor!

What has made all our patriots so angry and fore?
 Has W—kes done that now, which he ne'er did
 before;

Consistent was John all the days of his life!

For he lov'd his best friend as he lov'd his own wife:

In his actions he always kept self in his view;

Though false to the world, to John W—kes he was
 true.

THE DELAVALIAD.

WHY, says an indignant Poet, should Mr. ROLLE alone, of all the geniuses that distinguish the present period, be thought the only person of worth or talents enough to give birth and name to an immortal effusion of divine poesy? He questions not that great man's pretensions; far from it; he reveres his ancestry; adores his talents, and feels something hardly short of idolatry towards his manners and accomplishments.—But still, why such profusion of distinction towards one, to the exclusion of many other high characters? Our Poet professes to feel this injustice extremely, and has made the following attempt to rescue one deserving man from so unmerited an obloquy. The reader will perceive the measure to be an imitation of that which has been so deservedly admired in our immortal bard, in his play of “*As You Like It*.”

From the East to the Western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind;
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Thro' all the world bears Rosalind, &c. &c.

This kind of verse is adopted by the poet to avoid any appearance of too servile an imitation of the ROLLIAD. He begins,

YE Patriots all, both great and small,
 Resign the palm to *Delaval*;
 The virtues would'st thou practice all,
 So in a month did *Delaval*.
 A patriot first both stout and tall,
 Firm for the day was *Delaval*.
 The friend to Court, where frowns appal,
 The next became good *Delaval*.—
 Wilt thou against oppression bawl,
 Just so did valiant *Delaval*!
 Yet in a month, thyself enthrall,
 So did the yielding *Delaval*:
 For *Fox* and Freedom wilt thou call,
 Thus did the clam'rous *Delaval*;
 Yet give to both, a dangerous fall,
 So did reflecting *Delaval*.
 If resignations good in all,
 Why, so it is, in *Delaval*:
 For, if you p— against a wall,
 Just so you may, 'gainst *Delaval*:
 And if with foot you kick a ball,
 E'en so you may—a *Delaval*.
 'Gainst *Influence* wouldst thou vent thy gall,
 Thus did the patriot *Delaval*:
 Yet servile stoop to Royal call,
 So did the loyal *Delaval*.
 What friend to Freedom's fair-built hall,
 Was louder heard than *Delaval*?

Yet who the *Commons* rights to maul,
 More stout was found than *Delaval*?
 —'Gainst Lords and Lordlings would'st thou brawl,
 Just so did he—*Sir Delaval*:
 Yet on thy knees, to honours crawl,
 Oh! so did he—*Lord Delaval*.
 An evil sprite possessed *Saul*,
 And so it once did *Delaval*.
 Music did soon the sense recall
 Of Israel's King, and *Delaval*.
 Saul rose at David's vile cat-call,
 —Not so the wiser *Delaval*.
 'Twas money's sweetest *sol, la, fa*,
 That cheer'd the sense of *Delaval*—
 When royal pow'r shall install,
 With honours new Lord *Delaval*;
 Who won't say—the *mirac'lous* hawl,
 Is caught by faithful *Delaval*.
 'Gainst rapine would'st thou preach like *Paul*,
 Thus did religious *Delaval*.
 Yet screen the scourges of *Bengal*,
 Thus did benignant *Delaval*.
 To future times recorded shall,
 Be all the worths of *Delaval*:
 E'en *Ossian*, or the great *Fingal*,
 Shall yield the wreath to *Delaval*.
 From Prince's court to cobbler's stall,
 Shall sound the name of *Delaval*:

For neither sceptre nor the awl,
 Are strong and keen as *Delaval*—
 Some better praise than this poor scrawl,
 Shall sing the fame of *Delaval*:
 For sure no song can ever pall,
 That celebrates great *Delaval*:
 Borne on all fours, the same shall sprawl,
 To latest time—of *Delaval*:
 Then come, ye Nine, in one great squall,
 Proclaim the worths of *Delaval*.

F I N I S.

The annotations of the learned are expected.

V I V E L E S C R U T I N ! ! !

—BUT what says my good Lord *Bishop of London* to this same *Westminster scrutiny*—this daily combination of rites, *sacred* and *prophane*! ceremonies *religious* and *political*, under his hallowed roof of St. Anne's church, Soho? Should his Lordship be unacquainted with this curious process, let him know it is briefly this:—At 10 o'clock the *Higb Bailiff* opens his inquisition in the vestry for the *perdition of votes*, where he never fails to be honoured with a crouded auditory;—at 11 o'clock the *Higb Priest* mounts his rostrum in the church for the *salvation of souls*, without a single *body* to attend him; even his corpulent
 worship

worship the *clerk*, after the first introductory *amen*, filing off to the vestry, to lend a hand towards reaping a *quicker harvest*!—The alternate vociferations from Church to Vestry, during the different services, were found to cross each other sometimes in responses so apposite, that a gentleman who writes short-hand was induced to take down part of the church-medley dialogue of one day, which he here transcribes for general information on a subject of such singular importance, viz.

HIGH BAILIFF.—I cannot see that this *here feller* is a just vote.

CURATE.—“ *In thy sight no man living shall be justified.*”

Mr. Fox.—I despise the pitiful machinations of my opponents, knowing the just cause of my electors must in the end prevail!

CURATE.—“ *And with thy favourable kindness shalt thou defend him as with a shield!*”

WITNESS.—He swore d———n to him if he did not give Fox a plumper!

CLERK.—“ *Good Lord deliver us!*”

Mr. M-RG-N.—I stand here as counsel for Sir Cecil Wray.

CURATE.—“ *A general pestilence visited the land, Serpents and FROGS defiled the ho'y temple.*”

Mr. PH—PS.—Mr. High Bailiff, the audacity of that fellow opposite to me would almost justify my chastising him in this sacred place; but I will content myself with rolling his heavy head in the neighbouring kennel.

CURATE.—“ *Give peace in our time, O Lord!*”

SIR CECIL WRAY.—I rise only to say thus much, that is concerning myself—tho' as for the matter of myself, I don't care, Mr. High Bailiff, much about it.

Mr. Fox.—Hear! hear! hear!

CURATE.—“ *If thou shalt see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, thou shalt surely help him!*”

SIR CECIL WRAY.—I trust—and I dare say—at least I hope I may venture to think—that my Right Hon. Friend—I should say *enemy*, fully comprehends what I have to offer in my own defence.

CURATE.—“ *As for me, I am a worm, and no man; a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people! fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread overwhelmed me!*”

HIGH

HIGH BAILIFF.—As that *feller there*, says he did not vote for Fox, who did he poll for?

CURATE.—“BARABBAS!—*now Barabbas was a robber!*”

LAUREAT ELECTION.

HASTY SKETCH OF WEDNESDAY'S BUSINESS, AT
THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.

IN consequence of the late general notice communicated through the channel of the public prints, of an *open election* for the vacant office of *Poet Laureat* to their Majesties, on the terms of probationary compositions, a considerable number of the most eminent characters in the fashionable world, assembled at the *Lord Chamberlain's office*, Stable-yard, St. James's, on Wednesday last, between the hours of twelve and two, when Mr. *Ramus* was immediately dispatched to Lord Salisbury's, acquainting his Lordship therewith, and soliciting his attendance to receive the several candidates, and admit their respective tenders. His Lordship arriving in a short time after, the following Noblemen and Gentlemen were immediately presented to his Lordship by *John Calvert, junr. Esq;* in quality of Secretary to the office. *James Ely, Esq.* and Mr. *Samuel Betty*, attending also as first and se-

cond clerks, the following list of candidates was made out forthwith, and duly entered on the roll, as a preliminary record to the subsequent proceedings.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Markham, Lord Archbishop of York.

The Right Hon. Edward Lord Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

The Right Hon. Robert Earl Nugent, of the kingdom of Ireland.

The Right Hon. Harvey Redmond Viscount Mountmorris, ditto.

The Right Hon. Constantine Lord Mulgrave, ditto.

Sir George Howard, K. B.

Sir Cecil Wray, Baronet.

Sir Joseph Mawbey, ditto.

Sir Richard Hill, ditto.

The Rev. William Mason, B. D.

The Rev. Thomas Warton, ditto.

The Rev. George Prettyman, D. D.

Pepper Arden, Esq; Attorney General to his Majesty.

Michael Angelo Taylor, Esq; M. P.

James M'Pherson, Esq. ditto.

Major John Scott, Esq ; ditto.

Nath. Wraxhall, Esq; ditto.

William Hayley, Esq;

Arthur Murphy, Esq;

Richard Cumberland, Esq;

Monf.

Monf. Le Mefurier, Membre du Parlement, d'Angleterre.

Monf. Le Texier, Lecteur des Comedies.

The feveral candidates having taken their places at a table provided for the occafion, the Lord Chamberlain in the politeft manner fignified his wifh that each candidate would forthwith recite fuch fample of his poetry, as he came provided with for the occafion ; at the fame time moft modeftly confeffing his own inexperience in all fuch matters, and intreating their acquiefcence therefore in his appointment of his friend, *Mr. Delpini* of the Haymarket Theatre, as an active and able affeffor on fo important an occafion. Accordingly *Mr. Delpini* being immediately introduced, the feveral candidates proceeded to recite their compositions, according to their rank and precedence in the above lift—both his Lordfhip and his affeffor attending throughout the whole of the readings with the profoundeft refpect, and taking no refrefhment whatfoever, except fome China-oranges and bifeuit, which were alfo handed about to the company, by *Mr. John Secker*, Clerk of the Houfehold, and *Mr. William Wife*, Groom of the Buttery.

At half after five the Readings being compleated, his Lordfhip and *Mr. Delpini* retired to an adjoining chamber ; *Mrs. Elizabeth Dyer*, keeper of the Butter and Egg office, and *Mr. John Hook*, Deliverer of Greens, being admitted to the candidates with feve-

ral other refreshments suitable to the fatigue of the day. Two Yeomen of the Mouth, and a Turnbroacher attended likewise; and indeed every exertion was made to conduct the little occasional repast that followed, with the utmost decency and convenience; the whole being at the expence of the Crown, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary on the part of *Mr. Gilbert*.

At length the awful moment arrived, when the *Detur Digniori* was finally to be pronounced on the busy labours of the day—never did Lord Salisbury appear to greater advantage—never did his assessor more amazingly console the discomfitures of the failing candidates—every thing that was affable, every thing that was mollifying, was ably expressed by both the Judges, but poetical ambition is not easily allayed. When the fatal *fiat* was announced in favour of the Rev. Thomas Warton, a general gloom overspread the whole society—a still and awful silence long prevailed. At length Sir Cecil Wray started up, and emphatically pronounced—*a scrutiny ! a scrutiny !* A shout of applause succeeded—in vain did the incomparable Buffo introduce his most comic gestures—in vain was his admirable leg pointed horizontally at every head in the room—a scrutiny was demanded—and a scrutiny was granted. In a word, the Lord Chamberlain declared his readiness to submit the productions of the day to the inspection of the public,

lie, reserving nevertheless, to himself and his assessor, the full power of annulling or establishing the sentence already pronounced. It is in consequence of the above direction, that we shall now proceed to insert the said PROBATIONARY VERSES, *de die in diem*, commencing with those, however, which are the production of such of the candidates as most vehemently insisted on the right of appeal, conceiving such priority to be in justice granted to those, whose public spirit has given so lucky a turn to this poetical election. According to the above order, the first composition that we lay before the public, is the following

IRREGULAR ODE.

No. I.

THE WORDS BY SIR CECIL WRAY, BART.

THE SPELLING BY MR. GROJAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HARK! hark!—hip! hip!—hoh! hoh!

What a mart of bards are a finging!

Athwart,—across,—below,

I'm sure there's a dozen a dinging!

I hear sweet Shells, loud Harps, large Lyres—

Some, I trow, are tun'd by 'Squires,—

Some by Priests, and some by Lords:—while JOE and I

Our *bloody hands* hoist up, like meteors on high!

Yes, Joe and I

Are em'lous!—Why?

It is because great CÆSAR, you are clever—
Therefore we'd sing of you for ever !

Sing—sing—sing—sing—

God save the King !

Smile then CÆSAR, smile on *Wray* !

Crown at last his *poll* with bay !—

Come, oh ! bay, and with thee bring

Salary, illustrious thing !—

Laurels vain of Covent Garden,

I don't value you a farding !

Let sack my soul cheer,

For 'tis sick of small beer ;

CÆSAR ! CÆSAR ! give it—do ;

Great CÆSAR giv't all—for my Muse 'doreth you !

Oh fairest of the Heavenly Nine,

Enchanting *Syntax*, Muse divine ;

Whether on *Phœbus*' hoary head,

By blue ey'd *Rhadamanthus* led,

Or with young *Helicon* you stray,

Where mad *Parnassus* points the way ;—

Goddeſs of *E'lyſium*'s hill,

Deſcend upon my *Pœan*'s quill.—

The light Nymph hears—no more

By *Pegasus*' meand'ring ſhore,

Ambroſia, playful boy,

Plumbs her *je ne ſcai quoi* !

I mount !

I mount !—I mount ;—
 I'm half a *Lark*—I'm half an *Eagle* !
 Twelve stars I count—
 I see their dam—she is a *Beagle* !
 Ye Royal little ones,
 I love you flesh and bones—
 You are an arch rear'd with immortal stones !
Hibernia strikes his harp ;
 Shuttle, fly ! woof ! web ! warp !
 Far, far, from me and you,
 In latitude North 52.—
 Rebellion's hush'd,
 The Merchant's flush'd !—
 Hail awful *Brunswick*, *Saxe Gotba* hail !
 Not *George*, but *Louis*, now shall turn histail !
 Thus, a-far from mad debate,
 Like an old wren
 With my good hen,
 Or a young gander,
 Am a bye-stander,
 To all the peacock pride, and vain regards of state !—
 Yet if the laurel prize,
 Dearer than my eyes,
 Curs'd *Warton* tries,
 For to suprise,
 By the eternal God, I'll SCRUTINIZE !

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No. II:

O D E

ON THE NEW-YEAR.

BY LORD M——VE.

S T R O P H E.

O FOR a Muse of Fire,

With blazing thumbs to touch my torpid lyre !

Now, in the darksome regions round the pole,

Tygers fierce, and Lions bold,

With wild affright would see the snow hills roll,

Their sharp teeth chattering with the cold,—

But that Lions dwell not there—

Nor beast, nor Christian—none but the *White Bear* !

The white Bear howls amid the tempest's roar,

And listening whales swim headlong from the shore ;

ANTISTROPHE (BY BROTHER HARRY)

Farewel awhile, ye summer breezes ;

What is the life of man ?

A span !

Sometimes it thaws, sometimes it freezes,

Just as it pleases !

If Heaven decrees, fierce whirlwinds rend the air,

And then again (behold !) 'tis fair !

Thus

Thus peace and war on earth alternate reign :
 Auspicious GEORGE, thy powerful word
 Gives peace to FRANCE and SPAIN,
 And sheathes the martial sword !

STROPHE II. (BY BROTHER CHARLES.)

And now gay HOPE, her anchor dropping,
 And blue-eyed Peace, and black-eyed Pleasure,
 And Plenty, in light cadence hopping,
 Fain would dance to WHITEHEAD's measure.
 But WHITEHEAD now in death reposes,
 Crown'd with laurel ! crown'd with roses !
 Yet we with laurel crown'd his dirge will sing,
 And thus deserve fresh laurels from the King.

No. III.

O D E

BY SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY, BART.

STROPHE.

HARK ! to yon heavenly skies,
 Nature's congenial perfumes upwards rise !
 From each throng'd sty
 That saw my gladsome eye,
 Incense, quite smoaking hot, arose,
 And caught my *seven sweet senses*—by the nose.

A I R,

A I R.

[Accompanied by the LEARNED FIG.]

Tell me, dear muse, oh ! tell me pray,

Why JOEY's fancy frisks so gay ?

Is it !—you flut it is—some *holy—holiday* !

[*Here muse whispers I,—Sir Joseph.*

Indeed ! Repeat the fragrant sound !

Push love and loyalty around,

Through Irish, Scotch, as well as British ground !

C H O R U S.

For this BIG MORN

GREAT GEORGE was born !

The tidings all the Poles shall ring !

Due homage will I pay,

On this, thy native day,

GEORGE, *by the grace of God, my rightful KING* !

AIR—WITH LUTES.

Well, might my dear lady say,

As lamb-like by her side I lay,

This, very, very morn :

Hark ! JOEY, hark !

I hear the lark,

Or else it is—the sweet *Sowgelder's* horn !

ANTISTROPHE.

Forth, from their flyes, the bristly victims lead ;

A score of Hogs, flat on their backs, shall bleed.

Mind

Mind they be such, on which good Gods might feast?
 And that
 In lilly fat,
 They cut fix inches on the ribs, at least !

DUET—*with Marrow-bones and Cleavers.*

Butcher and *Cook* begin !
 We'll have a royal greasy chin !
 Tit bits, so nice, and rare,
 Prepare ! Prepare !
 Let none abstain,
 Refrain !
 I'll give 'em pork in plenty—cut and come again !

R E C I T A T I V E.

Hog ! Porker ! Roaster ! Boar-stag ! Barbicue !
 Cheeks ! Chines ! Crow ! Chitterlines ! and Hafe-
 let new !
 Springs ! Spare-ribs ! Saufages ! Sous'd-lugs ! and
 Face !
 With Piping-hot Pease-pudding plenteous Place !
 Hands ! Hocks ! Hams ! Haggifs ! with high seas'n-
 ing fill'd !
 Gammons ! Green Griskins ! on Gridirons grill'd !
 Liver ! and Lights ! from Plucks that moment
 drawn,
 Pigs puddings ! black, and white ! with Canterbury
 Brawn !

T R I O,

T R I O.

Fall too

Ye royal Crew!

Eat! Eat! your bellies full! pray do!

At treats I never winces;

The *Q—n* shall say,

Once in a way.

Her maids have been well cramm'd,—her young ones
din'd like Princes!

FULL CHORUS — *accompanied by the whole HOGGERY.*

For this BIG MORN

GREAT GEORGE was born!

The tidings all the Poles shall ring!

Due homage will I pay,

On this, thy native day,

GEORGE, *by the grace of God; my rightful KING!!!*

No. IV.

O D E

BY SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

HAIL pious muse of faintly love,

Unmix'd, unstain'd with earthly dross!

Hail muse of *Methodism*, above

The royal Mews at Charing-Cross!

Behold

Behold both hands I raise,
Behold both knees I bend ;
Behold both eye-balls gaze !

Quick, muse, descend, descend !
Meek Muse of *Madden*, thee my soul invokes—
Oh point my pious puns, oh sanctify my jokes !

II.

Descend, and, oh ! in mem'ry keep—
There is a time to wake—a time to sleep—
A time to laugh—a time to cry—
The *Bible* says so—so do I !—
Then broad awake, oh, come to me !
And thou my *Eastern star* shalt be !

III.

MILLER, bard of deathless name,
MOSES, wag of merry fame ;
Holy, holy, holy pair !
Hearken to your vot'ry's pray'r,
Grant, that like Solomon's of old,
My faith be still in *Proverbs* told ;
Like his, let my religion be
Conundrums of divinity ;
And oh ! to mine, let each strong charm belong,
'That breathes falacious in the *wife man's* song ;
And thou, sweet bard, for ever dear
To each impassion'd, love-fraught ear,
Soft luxuriant ROCHESTER !

Descend,

Descend, and ev'ry tint bestow,
 That gives to phrase, its ardent glow ;
 From thee, the willing *Hill* shall learn
 Thoughts that melt, and words that burn :
 Then smile, oh, gracious smile on this petition !
 So *Solomon*, gay *Wilmot*, join'd with thee,
 Shall shew the world, that such a thing can be
 As, strange to tell ! a *virtuous coalition*.—

IV.

Thou too, thou dread and awful shade,
 Of dear departed WILL. WHITEHEAD,
 Look through the blue ætherial skies,
 And view me with propitious eyes !
 Whether thou most delight'st to loll
 On *Sion's* top, or near the *Pole* !
 Bend from thy *mountains*, and remember still,
 The wants and wishes of a lesser *Hill* !
 Then like *Elijah*, fled to realms above,
 To me, thy friend, bequeath thy hallow'd cloak,
 That by its virtue Richard may improve,
 And in *thy habit* preach, and pun, and joke !

V.

The Lord doth give—The Lord doth take away ;
 Then good *Lord Salisbury* attend to me,
 Banish these sons of *Belial* in dismay ;
 And give the prize to a true *Pharisee* :
 For sure of all the scribes that Israel curst,
 These *scribes* poetic, are by far the worst.

To thee, my *Sampson*, unto thee I call,—
Exert thy *jaw*—and straight disperse them all—
So as in former times, the *Philistines* shall fall!

Then as 'twas th' beginning,

So to th' end't shall be:

My muse will ne'er leave singing,

'The LORD of SALISBURY!!

D U A N,

IN THE TRUE OSSIAN SUBLIMITY.

BY MR. MACPHERSON.

DOES the wind touch thee, O Harp?

Or is it some passing Ghost?

Is it thy hand,

Spirit of the departed *Scrutiny*?

Bring me the Harp, pride of CHATHAM!

Snow is on thy bosom,

Maid of the modest eye!

A song shall rise!

Every foul shall depart at the sound!!!

The wither'd thistle shall crown my head!!!!

I behold thee, O King!

I behold thee sitting on mist!!!

Thy form is like a watery cloud,

Singing in the deep like an oyster!!!!

Thy face is like the beams of the setting moon!

Thy

Thy eyes are of two decaying flames !

Thy nose is like the spear of ROLLO ! ! !

Thy ears are like three bossy shields ! ! !

Strangers shall rejoice at thy chin !

The ghosts of dead Tories shall here me

In their airy Hall !

The wither'd thistle shall crown my head !

Bring me the Harp,

Son of CHATHAM !

But thou, O King ! give me the lance ! !

No. V.

MR. MASON having laid aside the more noble subject for a Probationary Ode, viz. the Parliamentary Reform, upon finding that the Rev. Mr. *Wyvil* had already made a considerable progress in it, has adopted the following.—The argument is simple and interesting, adapted either to the harp of *Pindar*, or the reed of *Theocritus*, and as proper for the 4th of June, as any day of the year.

It is almost needless to inform the public, that the University of Oxford has earnestly longed for a visit from their Sovereign, and in order to obtain this honour without the fatigue of forms and ceremonies, they have privately desired the master of the Stag-hounds, upon turning the flag out of the cart, to set his head in as straight a line as possible, by the map
towards

towards Oxford; which probably, on some auspicious day, will bring the Royal Hunt to the walls of that city. This expedient, conceived in so much wisdom, as well as loyalty, makes the subject of the following

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

I.

O! green rob'd Goddess of the hallow'd shade,
 Daughter of Jove, to whom of yore
 Thee, lovely Maid, LATONA bore,
 Chaste virgin, Empress of the silent glade;
 Where shall I woo thee?—Ere the dawn,
 While still the dewy tissue of the lawn
 Quivering spangles to the eye,
 And fills the soul with nature's harmony!
 Or 'mid that murky groves monastic night,
 The tangling net-work of the woodbine's gloom,
 Each zephyr pregnant with perfume,—
 Or near that delving dale, or mossy mountain's
 height.

II.

When *Neptune* struck the scientific ground,
 From *Attica's* deep-heaving side,
 Why did the prancing horse rebound,
 Snorting, neighing all around,
 With thundering feet and flashing eyes,—
 Unless to shew how near allied,
 Bright science is to exercise.

III.

If then the *horse* to Wisdom is a friend,
Why not the *bound* ! why not the *horn* !
While low beneath the furrow sleeps the corn,
Nor yet in tawney vest delights to bend !

For *Jove* himself decreed,
That *Dian*, with her sandall'd feet,
White ankled Goddess pure and fleet,
Should, with every Drydad lead,
By jovial cry o'er distant plain,
To *England's Athens*, *Brunswick's sylvan train* !

IV.

Diana, Goddess all-discerning !
Hunting is a friend to learning !
If the stag, with hairy rose,
In Autumn ne'er had thought of love !
No buck with swollen throat the does
With dapple fides had try'd to move,—
Ne'er had *England's King*, I ween,
The Muse's seat, fair *Oxford* seen !

V.

Hunting thus is learning's friend !
No longer, Virgin Goddess, bend
O'er *Endymion's* roseate breast ;—
No longer vine-like, chastly twine
Round his milk-white limbs divine !
Your brother's car rolls down the East—

The

The laughing hours bespeak the day ;
With flowery wreaths they strew the way !
Kings of Sleep ! ye mortal race !

For *George* with *Dian*, 'gins the Royal chace !

VI.

Visions of bliss, you tear my aching sight,
Spare, O spare your poet's eyes !
See every gate-way trembles with delight,
Streams of glory streak the skies !

How each College sounds

With the cry of the hounds !

How *Peckwater* merrily rings !

Founder, Prelates, Queens, and Kings,—

All have had your hunting-day !—

From the dark tomb then break away !

Ah ! see they rush to *Friar Bacon's* tower,

Great *George* to greet and hail his natal hour.

VII.

Radcliffe and *Wolsey*, hand in hand,

Sweet gentle shades their take their stand,

With *Pomfret's* learned Dame ;—

And *Bodley* join'd by *Clarendon*,

With loyal zeal together run,

Just arbiters of fame !

VIII.

That fringed cloud sure this way bends,—

From it a form divine descends,—

Minerva

Minerva's self ;—and in her rear,
 A thousand saddle steeds appear !
 On each she mounts a learned son,
 Professor, Chancellor, or Dean ;
 All by hunting madness won,
 All in *Dian's* liv'ry seen.
 How they despise the tim'rous *Hare*,
 Give us, they cry, the furious *Bear* ;
 To chase the *Lion* how they long,
 The *Rhinoceros* tall, and *Tyger* strong.
 Hunting thus is learning's prop,
 Then may hunting never drop ;
 And thus an hundred *Birth-days* more,
 Shall Heav'n to *George* afford its capacious store.

No. VI.

THOUGH the following *Offianade* does not immediately come under the description of a *Probationary Ode* ;—yet as it appertains to the nomination of the *Laureat*, we class it under the same head. We must, at the same time, compliment Mr. *Macpherson* for his spirited address to Lord — on the subject. The following is a copy of his letter.

My Lord,

I take the liberty to address myself immediately to your lordship, in vindication of my political character, which I am informed is most illiberally attacked
 by

by the foreign gentleman, whom your Lordship has thought proper to select as an assessor on the present scrutiny for the office of Poet Laureat to his Majesty. Signor Delpini is certainly below my notice—but I understand his objections to my *Probationary Ode* are two—first, its conciseness; and next, its being in *prose*. For the present I shall wave all discussion of these frivolous remarks; begging leave, however, to solicit your Lordship's protection to the following *Supplemental Ode*, which I hope, both from its *quantity* and its *style*, will most effectually do away the paltry, insidious attack of an uninformed reviler, who is equally ignorant of British poetry and of British language.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and faithful servant,

J. M A C P H E R S O N.

THE SONG OF SCRUTINARIA.

HARK! 'Tis the dismal sound that echoes on thy roof, O *Cornwall*; hail! double face sage! Thou worthy son of the chair-borne *Fletcher*! The great Council is met to fix the seats of the Chosen Chiefs, their voices resound in the gloomy Hall of Rufus, like the roaring winds of the Cavern—Loud were their cries for *Rays*, but thy O *Foxan*, enter the

K

wall

walls like the torrent that gush from the Mountain-side. *Cornwall* leaped from his throne and screamed—The Friends of *Gawelfo* hung their Heads——How were the mighty fallen!—Lift up thy face, *Dundaffo*, like the brazen shield of thy chieftain! Thou art bold to confront disgrace, and shame is unknown to thy brow,—but tender is the youth of thy Leader; who droopeth his head like a faded Lilly—leave not *Pitto* in the day of defeat, when the Chiefs of the Counties fly from him like a herd from the galled Deer.—The friends of *Pitto* are fled. He is alone—he layeth himself down in despair, and sleep kniteth up his brow.—Soft were his dreams on the green bench.—Lo! the spirit of *Jenky* arose, pale as the mist of the morn,—twisted was his long lank form—his eyes winked as he whispered to the child in the cradle. “Rise, he sayeth—arise, bright babe of the dark closet! The shadow of the Throne shall cover thee, like wings of a hen, sweet Chicken of the back-stair brood! Heed not the Thaners of the Counties; they have fled from thee, like Cackling Geese from the hard bitten Fox; but will they not rally and return to the charge?—Let the host of the King be numbered: they are as the sands on the barren shore.—There is *Powno*, who followeth his mighty leader, and chaceth the stall-fed stag all day on the dusty road.—There is *Howards*, great in arms, with the beaming star on his spreading breast—Red is the
scarf

scarf that waves over his ample shoulders—Gigantic are his strides on the terrace, in pursuit of the royal footsteps of lofty *Georgio*.

No more will I number the flitting shades of *Jenky*; for behold the potent spirit of the blackbrowed *Jackoo*.—’Tis the *Ratten Robinso*, who worketh the works of darkness! Hither I come, saith *Ratten*—Like the mole of the Earth; deep Caverns have been my resting Place, the ground *Rats* are my food.—Secret minion of the Crown, raise thy soul! Droop not at the spirit of *Foxan*. Great are thy toes in the fight of the many tongued war—Shake not thy knees, like the leaves of the aspen on the misty hill—the doors of the Stairs in the postern are locked, the voice of thy foes is as the wind, which whistleth through the vale; it passeth away like the swift cloud of the night.

The breath of *Gwelfo*, stilleth the stormy seas.—Whilst thou breathest the breath of his nostrils, thou shall live for ever.—Firm standeth thy heel in the Hall of thy Lord. Mighty art thou in the fight of *Gwelfe*, illustrious leader of the friends of *Gaelfo*! great art thou, O lovely imp of the inferior closet! O lovely Guardian of the Royal Junto!

No. VII.

BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

I.

INDITE, my Muse! *indite! subpoena'd* is thy lyre!
The praises to *record*, which *rules of Court* require!

'Tis thou, O *Clio*! Muse divine,

And best of all the *Council Nine*,

Must *plead* my *cause*!—Great HATFIELD'S CECIL
bids me sing,—

The tallest, fittest man, to walk before the King!

II.

Of *Salisbury's Earls* the First, (so tells th' historic page)
'Twas Nature's will to make most wonderfully fage;

But then, as if too lib'ral to his mind,

She made him crook'd before, and crook'd behind.*

'Tis not, thank Heav'n! my *Cecil*, so with thee;

Thou last of *Cecils*, but unlike the first;

Thy body bears no mark'd deformity:—

The Gods *decreed*, and *judgment was reversed*!

For veins of Science are like veins of Gold!

Pure, for a time, they run;

They end as they begun,—

Alas! in nothing but a heap of mould!

* Rapin observes that Robert Cecil, the First Earl of Salisbury, was of a great genius, and tho' crooked before and behind, Nature supplied that defect with noble endowments of mind.

III.

Shall I, by eloquence controul,
Or *challenge* send to mighty ROLLE

Whene'er on Peers he vents his gall?

Uplift my hands to pull his nose,
And twist and pinch it, 'till it grows

Like mine, aside, and small?

Say, by what *process* may I once obtain
A *verdict*, Lord, nor let me *sue* in vain!

In Commons, and in *Courts* below,

My *actions* have been try'd,—

There *clients*, who pay most *you know*,

Retain the strongest side!

True to these *terms*, I preach'd in politics for *Pitt*,
And *Kenyon's law* maintain'd against his Sov'reign's
writ!

What tho' my father be a porpus,

He may be moved by *Habeus Corpus*,—

Or by a *call*, whene'er the State,

Or *Pitt* requires his vote and weight,—

I tender *bail* for Bootle's *warm* support,

Of all the plans of Ministers and Court!

IV.

And Oh! should *Mrs. Arden* bless me with a child,
A lovely boy, as beauteous as myself, and mild;

The little *Pepper* would some caudle lack:

Then think of *Arden's* wife,

My pretty *Plaintiff's* life,

The best of candle's made of best of sack

Let thy decree

But favour me,

My *bills* and *briefs*, *rebutters* and *detainers*,

To *Archy* I'll resign

Without a *fee* or *fine*,

Attachments, *replications* and *retainers* !

To *Juries*, *Bench*, *Exchequer*, *Seals*,

To *Chanc'ry Court*, and *Lords*, I'll bid adieu :

No more *demurrers* nor *appeals* ;

My *writs of error* shall be judg'd by you !

V.

And if perchance great *Dr. Arnold* should retire,

Fatigu'd with all the troubles of *St. James's Choir* ;

My *Odes* two merits shall unite :

‡ *BEARCROFT*, my friend,

His aid will lend,

And set to music all I write !

Let me, then, *Chamberlain*, without a *flaw*,

For *June* the *Fourth* prepare,

The praises of the *King*,

In *legal lays* to sing,

Until they rend the air,

And prove my equal fame in *poesy* and *law* !

‡ This Gentleman is a great performer upon the *Piano Forte*, as well as the *Speaking Trumpet*, and *Jew's Harp*.

No. VIII.

BY W——M W—X—LL, ESQ. M. P.

I.

MURRAIN seize the House of Commons,
 Hearse catarrh their windpipes shake,
 Who, deaf to travell'd Learning's summons,
 Rudely cough'd whene'er I spake !
North, nor *Fox's* thund'ring course,
 Nor e'en the Speaker, tyrant, shall have force
 To save thy walls from nightly breaches,
 From *Wraxall's* votes, from *Wraxall's* speeches.
Geography, terraqueous maid,
 Descend from globes to statesmen's aid !
 Again to heedless crowds unfold
 Truths unheard, tho' not untold :
 Come, and once more unlock this vasty world—
 Nations, attend ! the *map* of *Earth's* unfurl'd.

II.

Begin the song, from where the Rhine,
 The Elbe, the Danube, *Wefer* rolls—
Josepb, nine circles, forty seas are thine—
 Thine, twenty million souls—
 Upon a marish flat and dank
 States, Six and One,

Dam the dykes, the seas embank,
Maugre the Don!

A gridiron's form the proud Escorial rears,
While South of Vincent's Cape anchovies glide;
But, 'ah! o'er Tagus, once auriferous tide,
A priest-rid Queen, Braganza's sceptre bears—
Hard fate! that Lisbon's Diet-drink is known
To cure each crazy *constitution* but her own.

III.

I burn, I burn, I glow, I glow,
With antique and with modern lore;
I rush from Bosphorus to Po,
To Nilus from the Nore.

Why were thy pyramids, O Egypt! rais'd
But to be measur'd, and be prais'd?

Avaunt, ye Crocodiles! your threats are vain!

On Norway's seas, my soul, unshaken,
Brav'd the Sea-Snake and the Craken;

And shall I heed the River's scaly train?

Afric, I scorn thy Alligator band!

Quadrant in hand

I take my stand,

And eye thy moss-clad needle, Cleopatra grand!

O, that great Pompey's pillar were my own!

Eighty-eight feet the shaft, and all one stone!

But hail, ye lost Athenians!

Hail also, ye Armenians!

Hail

Hail once ye Greeks, ye Romans, Carthaginians !
 Twice hail ye Turks, and thrice ye Abyffinians !
 Hail too, O Lapland, with thy squirrels airy !
 Hail, Commerce-catching Tipperary !
 Hail, wonder-working Magi !
 Hail Ourang-Outang ! Hail ! Anthropophagi !
 Hail, all ye cabinets of every state,
 From poor Marino's Hill, to Catherine's empire
 great !
 All, all have chiefs, who speak, who write, who
 seem to think,
Carmarthens, Sydneys, Rutlands, paper, pens, and ink.

IV.

Thus, through all climes, to earth's remotest goal,
 From burning Indus to the frizzling Pole,
 In chaifes, and on floats,
 In dillies, and in boats,
 Now on a camel's native stool,
 Now on an afs, now on a mule,
 Nabobs, and Rajahs have I seen ;
 Old Bramin's mild, young Arabs keen ;
 Tall Polygars,
 Dwarf Zemindars,
 Mahomed's tomb, Killarney's lake, the fane of Am-
 mon,
 With all thy kings and queens, ingenious Mr. SAL-
 MON !

Yet vain the majesties of wax,

Vain the cut velvet on their backs—

GEORGE, mighty GEORGE, is flesh and blood—

No head he wants of wax or wood;

His heart is good!

(As a King's shou'd)

And every thing he says is understood.

No. IX.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR, ESQ. M. P. ONLY
SON OF SIR ROBERT TAYLOR, KNIGHT, AND
LATE SHERIFF ; ALSO SUB-DEPUTY, VICE
CHAIRMAN TO THE IRISH COMMITTEE, WELCH
JUDGE ELECT, &c. &c.

HAIL, all hail, thou natal day,

Hail the very half hour, I say,

On which great GEORGE was born!

Tho' scarcely fledg'd, I'll try my wing,—

And tho', alas, I cannot sing,

I'll *crow* on this illustrious morn!

Sweet bird, that chirp'st the note of folly,

So pleasantly, so drolly!—

Thee oft, the stable-yards among,

I woo, and emulate thy song!

Thee

The e, for my emblem still I chose !
 Oh ! with thy voice inspire a *Chicken of the muse* !

II.

Thee too my *fluttering* muse invokes,
 Thy guardian aid I beg,
 Thou great ASSESSOR, fam'd for jokes,
 For jokes of face and leg !
 So may I oft' thy stage-box grace,
 (The first in beauty as in place)
 And smile, responsive to thy changeful face !
 For say, renowned mimic, say,
 Did e'er a merrier croud obey
 Thy laugh-provoking summons,
 Than with fond glee, enraptur'd sit,
 Whene'er with *undesigning wit*,
 I entertain the Commons ?
 Lo ! how I shine St. Stephen's boast !
 There first of *Chicks*, I rule the *roast* !
 There I appear,
 Pitt's *Chanticleer*,
 The *Bantam Cock* to oppositions !
 Or like a *hen*,
 With watchful ken,
 Sit close and hatch—the Irish Propositions !

III.

Behold, for this great day of pomp and pleasure,
 The House adjourns, and I'm at leisure !
 If *thou* art so, come, muse, of sport,

With a few rhymes,
 Delight the times,
 And coax the Critic Buffo, and enchant the Court !
 By Heaven she comes !—More swife than prose,
 At her command, my metre flows !
 Hence ye weak warblers of the rival lays !
 Avaunt ye Wrens, ye Goslings, and ye Pies !
 The *Chick of Law* shall win the prize,
 The *Chick of Law* shall peck the bays !
 So, when again the State demands our care,
 Fierce in my laurel'd pride, I'll take the Chair !
 GILBERT, I catch thy bright invention,
 With somewhat more of *sound retention* ! *
 But never, never on thy *prose* I'll border—
Verse, lofty sounding *Verse*, shall “ *Call to Order* !”
 Come, sacred Nine, come, one and all,
 Attend your fav'rite Chairman's call !
 Oh ! if I well have chirp'd your brood among,
 Point my keen eye, and tune my brazen tongue !
 And hark ! with Elegiac graces,
 “ I beg that gentlemen may take their places !”
 Didactic muse, with measur'd state,
 Be thine to harmonize debate !
 Thine, mighty CLIO, to resound from far,
 “—The door, the door !—the bar, the bar !”

* No reflections on the organization of Mr. Gilbert's brain, is intended here ; but rather a pathetic reflection on the continual Diabetes of so great a member !

Stout *Pearson* damns around, at her dread word ;—
 “ Sit down,” cries *Clementson*, and grasps his silver
 sword !

IV.

But lo ! where Pitt appears, to move
 Some new resolve of hard digestion !

Wake then, my muse, thy gentler notes of love,
 And in persuasive numbers, “ *put the Question.*”
 The Question’s gain’d—the Treasury Bench rejoice !
 “ All hail, thou *least* of men, (they cry) with
 mightiest voice !”

—Blest sounds ! my ravish’d eye surveys
 Ideal Ermins, fancied Bays !

Rapt in St. Stephen’s future scenes,

I sit perpetual Chairman of *the Ways and Means*.

Cease, cease, ye Bricklayer-Crew, my fire to praise,
 His mightier offspring claims impartial lays !

The Father climb’d the ladder, with a hod,

The Son, like *General Jackoo*, jumps alone, by God !

No. X.

I R R E G U L A R O D E,

BY MAJOR JOHN SCOTT, M. P. &c. &c.

I.

WHY does the loitering sun retard his wain,
 When this glad hour demands a fiercer ray?
 Not so he pours his fire on Delhi's plain,
 To hail the Lord of Asia's natal day.
 There in mute pomp and cross-legg'd state,
 The *Rajah Poots* MOHAMMED SHAH await.

There *Malabar*,

There *Bisnagar*,

There *Oude* and proud *Babar*, in joy confederate!—

II.

Curs'd be the clime, and curs'd the laws that lay
 Insulting bond, on George's sovereign sway.
 Arise, my soul, on wings of fire,
 To God's anointed, tune the lyre;
 Hail, George, thou all-accomplish'd King!
 Just type of him who rules on high!
 Hail! inexhausted, boundless spring
 Of sacred truths and Holy Majesty!
 Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,
 Thou well built, worthiest, best of men!
 Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad,—
 Thy Pages view thee, and are aw'd.

Lo!

Lo ! how thy white eyes roll !
 Thy whiter eye-brows stare !
 Honest soul !
 Thou'rt witty as thou'rt fair !

III.

North of the Drawing-Room, a closet stands ;
 The sacred nook, St. James's Park commands !
 Here in sequester'd State, great GEORGE receives,
 Memorials, Treaties, and long lists of thieves !
 Here all the force of sov'reign thought is bent,
 To fix Reviews, or change a Government !
 Heav'ns ! how each word with joy *Carmarthen* takes !
 Gods ! how the lengthen'd chin of *Sidney* shakes !
 Blessing and blest'd the sage associates see,
 The proud, triumphant league of incapacity:
 With subtle smiles,
 With innate wiles,
 How do thy tricks of state, great GEORGE, abound ?
 So in thy Hampton's mazy ground,
 The path that wanders
 In meanders,
 Ever bending,
 Never ending,
 Windīng runs the eternal round.
 Perplex'd, involv'd, each thought bewilder'd moves,
 In short, quick turns the gay confusion roves ;
 Contending themes the embarrass'd listener baulk,
 Lost in the Labyrinths of the devious talk !

IV. Now

IV.

Now shall the Levee's ease thy soul unbend,
 Fatigu'd with Royalty's severer care ;
 Oh ! happy few ! whom brighter stars befriend ;
 Who catch the chat, the witty whisper share.
 Methinks I hear,
 In accents clear,
 Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear.
 " What ?—what !—what !
 " Scott !—Scott !—Scott !
 " Hot !—hot !—hot !
 " What ?—what !—what !"

Oh ! fancy quick ! Oh ! judgment true !
 Oh ! sacred oracle of regal state !
 So hasty and so generous too !
 Not one of all thy questions will an answer wait !
 Vain, vain, oh muse, thy feeble art,
 To paint the beauties of that head and heart !
 That heart, where all the virtues join !
 That head, that hangs on many a sign !

V.

Monarch of mighty *Abion*, check thy talk !
 Behold the *Squad* approach, led on by *Palk* !
 Old *Barwell*, *Cal*!, *Vanfittart* form the band !
 Lord of Britannia !—let them kiss thy hand !
 For, *sniff* ! * rich Eastern odours scent the sphere !
 'Tis Mrs. *Hastings*' self brings up the rear !

* Sniff is a new interjection for the sense of smelling.

Gods !

Gods ! how her diamonds flock
 On each unpowder'd lock !
 On every membrane see a topaz clings !
 And, lo ! her joints are fewer than her rings !
 Illustrious Dame ! on either ear,
 The *Munny-Begun's* spoils appear.
 Oh ! Pitt, with awe behold that precious throat,
 Whose necklace teems with many a future vote ;
 Pregnant with *burgage* gems, each hand she rears ;
 And lo ! depending *questions* gleam upon her ears.
 Take her, great GEORGE, and shake her by the hand,
 'Twill loose her jewels, and enrich thy land.
 But oh ! reserve one ring for an old stager,
 The *ring* of future marriage for Her *Major* !

No. XI.

O D E,

FOR THE NEW-YEAR'S DAY,

BY SIR GREGORY PAGE TURNER, BART. M. P.
 LORD WARDEN OF BLACKHEATH, AND RANGER
 OF GREENWICH-HILL, DURING THE CHRIST-
 MAS AND EASTER HOLIDAYS.

S T R O P H E.

O DAY of high career,
 First of a month,—nay more—first of a year ;
 A *monarch day*, that hath indeed no peer !

Let

Let huge *Buzaglios* glow
 In ev'ry corner of the isle,
 To melt away the snow :
 And like to *May*,
 Be this month gay ;

And with her at hop—step—jump, play ;
 Dance, grin and smile !

Ye too, ye *Maids of Honour*, young and old,
 Shall each be seen,

With a neat *warming* patentiz'd *machine* !
 Because, 'tis said, that *chastity* is cold !

A N T I S T R O P H E.

But ah ! no roses meet the fight ;
 Nor *yellow* buds of *saffron* hue,
 Nor *azure* blossoms of *pale blue*.

Nor tulips, pinks, &c. delight.

Yet on fine *tiffany*, will I

My genius try,
 The spoils of *Flora* to supply,
 Or say my name's not GREGO—RY !

An *artificial* Garland will I bring,
 That *Clement Cottrell* shall declare,

With courtly air,
 Fit for a Prince, fit for a KING !

E P O D E.

Ye *millinery* fair,
 To me, ye muses are ;

Ye

Ye are to me *Parnassus'* MOUNT !
 In you, I find an *Aganippe* FOUNT !
 I venetrate your *muffs*,
 I bow and kiss your *ruffs*.
 Inspire me, O ye *Sisters* of the *frill*,
 And teach your votarist how to *quill* !
 For oh !—'tis true indeed,
 That he can scarcely read !—
 Teach him to *flounce*, and disregard all quippery,
 As crapes and blonds, and such like frippery ;
 Teach him to *trim* and *whip* from side to side,
 And *puff* as long as puffing can be tried.
 In *crimping* metaphor, he'll dash on,
 For *point* you know is out of fashion.
 O crown with bay his *tete*,
 Delpini, arbiter of fate !
 Not at the trite conceit, let witlings sport,
 A PAGE shou'd be a *Dangler* at the court.

No. XII.

I R R E G U L A R O D E,

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HARRY DUNDAS,
 TREASURER OF THE NAVY, &c. &c. &c.

HOOT ! hoot away !

Hoot ! hoot away !

Ye lawland Bards ! wha' are ye aw ?

What

What are your fangs ? what aw your lair to boot ?
 Vain are your thoughts the prize to win,
 Sae dight your gobs, and stint your senseless din;
 Hoot ! hoot awaw ! hoot ! hoot !
 Put oot aw your Attic feires ;
 Burn your lutes, and brek your leyres ;
 A looder, and a looder note I'll strike :
 Na watter drawghts fra' Helicon I heed,
 Na wull I mount your winged steed,
 I'll mount the Hanoverian horse, and ride him whare
 I leike.

II.

Ye lairdly fowk ! wha from the coortly ring,
 Coom ! lend your lugs, and listen wheil I sing !
 Ye canny maidens tee ! wha aw the wheil,
 Sa sweetly luik, sa sweetly smeile ;
 Coom hither aw ! and roond me thrang,
 Wheil I lug oot my peips, and g' ye a canty sang.
 Weel faur his bonny bleithsome hairt !
 Wha, gifted by the Gods abuin,
 Wi' meickle taste, and meickle airt,
 Fairst garr'd his canny peipe to lilt a tune.
 To the sweet whuffel join'd the pleesan drane,
 And made the poors of mufic aw his ain.
 On thee, on thee, I caw—thou deathless spreight !
 Doon fra thy thrane, abuin the list sa breicht,
 Ah ! smeile on me, instruct me hoo to charm ;
 And, fou as is the baug beneath my airm,

Inspire

Inſpire my faul, and geide my tunefome tongue.

I feel, I feel, thy poo'r divine ;

Lawrels ! keſt ye to the groon'd ;

Aroon'd my heed, my country's pride I tweine ;

Sa fud a Scottiſh baird be croon'd,

Sa fud gret GEORGE be fung.

III.

Fra hills, wi' heathers clad, that ſneilan bluin

Speite o' the northern blaiſt ;

Ye breether bairds ! deſcend, and hither coom :

Let irka ane his baugpipe bring,

That ſounds fa ſweetly, and fa weel ;

Sweet ſounds ! that pleaſe the lugs o' ſic a king ;

Lugs that in muſick's ſounds ha' mickle taſte.

Then, hither haſte, and bring them aw,

Baith your muckle peipes and ſmaw ;

Now, laddies ! lood blow up your chanterſ ;

For, luik ! whare, cled in claies fa leel,

Canny *Montroſe's* ſon leads on the ranters,

Thoo, *Laird o' Graham* ! by manie a cheil a lor'd,

Wha boaiſts his native fillabeg reſtor'd ;

I croon thee maifter o' the ſpwort ?

Bid thy breechleſs loons advance,

Weind the reel, and wave the daunce ;

Noo they rant, and noo they lowp,

And noo they ſhew their brawny dowp ;

And wheel I wat, they pleaſe the laſſes o' the Court.

Sa in the guid buik are we tauld,
 Befoor the halie ark,
 The guid King David, in the days of auld,
 Daunc'd, like a wuid thing, in his fark ;
 Wheil Sion's dowgthers ('tis wi' tham I speak't)
 Aw heedless as he strack the sacred strain,
 Keek'd, and lawgh'd,
 And lawgli'd, and keek'd,
 And lawgh'd, and keek'd again.
 Scarce could they keep their watter at the feight,
 Sa mickle did the king their glowran eyne delight.

IV.

Anewh ! anewh ! noo haud your haund !
 And stint your spowrts awee :
 Ken ye, whare clad in eastian spoils so brave,
 O'ersheenan aw the lave ;
 He cooms, he cooms !
 Aw hail ! thoo Laird of pagodas and lacks !
 Weel coud I tell of aw thy mighty awks ;
 Fain wad my peipe, its loodest note,
 My tongue , its wunfome poo'rs, devote
 To gratitude and thee ;
 To thee, the sweetest o' thy ain parfooms,
 Orixa's preide, sud blaze ;
 On thee, thy gems of purest rays,
 Back fra' this haund, their genuine feires sud shed,
 And *Rumbold's* crawdle vie wuth *Hastings'* bed.

But

But Heev'n betook us weil ! and keep us weise !
 Leike thunder, burstan at thy dreed command ;
 " Keep, keep thy tongue," a warlock cries,
 And waves his gowden waund.

V.

Noo, laddies ! gi' your baugpipes breeth again ;
 Blaw the loo'd, but solemn, strain ;
 Thus wheil I hail with hairt-felt pleasure,
 In Majesty sedate,
 In pride elate,
 The smuith cheek's Laird of aw the treeasure :
 Onward he stalks in froonan state ;
 Na fuilish smiles his broos unbend,
 Na wull he a bleithfeme luik on aw the lasses lend.
 Hail to ye, lesser lairds ! of mickle wit ;
 Hail to ye aw, wha in weise cooncil sit,
 Fra' *Tommy Toonsend* up to *Wally Pitt* !
 Weel faur your heeds ! but noo na mair
 To ye maun I the sang conseine ;
 To nobler sleights the muse expands her wing.
 'Tis he, whase eyne and wit sa brightly sheine,
 'Tis GEORGE demands her care ;
 Breetons ! boo doon your heeds, and hail your king ;
 See ! whare with Atlanean shoulder
 -Amazing each beholder,
 Beneath a tott'ring empire's weight,
 Full six feet high he stands, and therefore—great ;

VI. Come

VI.

Come then, aw ye poors of vairse !
 Gi' me great GEORGE's glories to rehearse ;
 And as I chaunt his kingly awks,
 The list'nan warld fra' me fall lairn
 Hoo swuift he rides, hoo slow he walks,
 And weel he gets his Queen wi' bairn.
 Give me, with all a Laureat's art to jumble,
 Thoughts that soothe, and words that rumble !
 Wisdom and Empire, Brunswick's Royal line,
 Fame, Honour, Glory, Majesty divine !
 Thus, croon'd by his lib'ral hand,
 Give me to lead the choral band ;—
 Then, in high-sounding words, and grand,
 Aft fall my peipe swell with his princely name,
 And this eternal truth proclaim :—
 'Tis GEORGE, Imperial GEORGE, who rules BAIR-
 TANNIA's land !

No. XIII.

PINDARIC, BY THE RIGHT HON. HERVEY REDMOND,
 LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRIS, OF CASTLE
 MORRIS, OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, &c. &c.

I.

AWAKE, Hibernian lyre, awake,
 To harmony thy strings attune,
 O *tache* their trimbling tongues to *spake*
 The glories of the fourth of June.
 Auspicious morn !
 When George was born,

To grace (by deputy) our Irish throne,
 North, south, *aist*, west,
 Of kings the best,

Sure now he's *aquall'd* by himself alone !

Throughout the astonish'd globe so loud his fame will
 ring,

Te Dii them *silves* shall *bare* the strains, the drum
 shall sing.

II.

Sons of Fadruig, * strain your throats,
 In your native Irish lays,

Sweater than the screech-owl's notes ,

Howl aloud your sov'reign's praise.

Quick to his hallow'd fane be led

A milk-white BULL, on soft potatoes fed,

His curling horns and ample neck

Let wreaths of verdant shamrock deck ;

And perfum'd flames, to *raice* the sky,

Let fuel from our bogs supply ;

Whilst we to George's health, a'en till the bowl runs
 o'er,

Rich *frames* of Uisquebaugh and sparkling Whiskey
 pour.

III.

Of dithlefs fame immortal henns,

A brave and patriotic band,

Mark where Ierne's *Voluntares*,

Array'd in bright disorder stand.

* Ancient name given to St. Patrick.

The lawyers' corps, red fac'd with black,
 Here drive the martial merchants back,
 Here Sligo's bold brigade advance,
 There Lim'rick's legions sound their drum,
 Here Galway's gallant squadrons prance,
 And Cork Invincibles are overcome,
 The Union firm of Coleraine,
 Are scatter'd o'er the warlike plain,
 While Tipperary Infantry pursues
 The Clognikelty horse, and Ballyshannon blues ;
 Ah ! should renowned Brunswick chuse,
 (The warlike Monarch loves reviews)

To see these heroes in our Phoenix fight,
 Once more amidst a wond'ring crowd,
 Th' enraptur'd prince might cry aloud ,
 " Oh ! Amherst, what a heav'nly fight !" †
 The loyal crowd with shouts should rind the skies,
 To bare their Sov'reign make a Speech so wise.

IV.

These were the bands mid tempests foul,
 Who taught their master, somewhat loth,
 To grant (Lord love his lib'ral soul !)
 Commerce and constitution both.

† The celebrated speech of a Great Personage, on reviewing the Camp at Cox-heath, in the year 1779, when a French invasion was apprehended ; the report of which animating apostrophe is supposed to have struck such terror into the breasts of our enemies, as to have been the true occasion of their relinquishing the design,

How

How Pace restor'd,
 This gracious Lord
 Would *tache* them as the scriptures say,
 At *laiste*, that if
 The Lord doth give,
 The Lord doth likewise take away.
 Fradom like this who *iver* saw !
 We will, hinceforth, for *iver* more,
 Be after making *iv'ry* law,
 Great Britain shall have made before. ||

V.

Hence, loath'd monopoly,
 Of av'rice fowl, and navigation bred,
 In the drear gloom,
 Of British Custom-house Long-room,
 'Mong'ft cockets, clearances, and bonds unholy,
 Hide thy detested head.
 But, come thou Goddess, fair and free,
 Hibernian reciprocity !
 (Which *manes*, if right I take the plan,
 Or ilse the traity Divil burn !
 To get from England all we can ;
 And give her nothing in return !)
 Thee, JENKY, skill'd in courtly lore,
 To the *seivate* lip'd William bore,
 He Chatham's son (in George's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain)

|| The Fourth Proposition.

Of garish day-light's eye afraid,
 Through the postern-gate convey'd,
 In close and midnight cabinet,
 Oft the *ſacret* lovers met.
 Haſte thee, nymph, and quick bring o'er
 Commerce from Britannia's ſhore,
 Manufactures, arts, and ſkill,
 Such as may our pockets fill,
 And, with thy left hand, gain by ſtealth,
 Half our Siſter's envied wealth,
 'Till our iſland ſhall become
 Trade's complete *imporium*, †
 Theſe joys, if reciprocity can give,
 Goddeſs, with thee henceforth let Paddy live !

VI.

Next to great George he peerleſs Billy ſung ;
 Hark ! he *ſpakes*, his mouth he opeſ,
 Phraſes, periods, figures, tropes,
Strame from his millifluous tongue.
 O ! had he crown'd his humble ſuppliant's hopes,
 And given him near his much lov'd-Pitt,
 Beyond the limits of the bar to fit,
 How with his praifes had the St. Stephen's rung !
 Though Pompey boaſt not all his patron's pow'rs,
 Yet oft have kind Hibernia's Peers
 To *rade* his *ſpaaches* lent their ears,
 So in the Senate, had his tongue, for hours,

† Vide Mr. Orde's Speeches.

Foremoſt

Foremost, amid the youthful yelping pack,
That crow and cackle at the Premier's back,
A flow of Irish rhétorick let loose,
Beneath the *Chicken* scarce, and far above the *goose*.

No. XIV.

BY LORD THURLOW, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF
GREAT-BRITAIN.

CHORUS.

Accompanied with Speaking Trumpets.

HURLY-burly, blood and thunder,
This is a day, ye Gods, for wonder !
This is a day for fun and drinking,
This is a day for damning, sinking;
For this day big George was born,
At twenty-three minutes past two in the morn.

RECITATIVE.

*Accompanied with double basses, except the tenth line, that
with a Squeaking Pig.*

And if he had not, there it matter'd
Billy Pitt would ne'er have chatter'd.

And *Dundas* in Scottish Phrase,
 As well as *Sidney*, no more would blaze
 In sounds ne'er understood,
 Therefore might be bad or good.—
 Ha ! Who interrupts me in this ode ?
Quarme, the little, by the Lord ;
 D——n, Why on me attend ?
 “ My Lord, a message now the Commons send ; ”
 “ Bid them come in, call them, call, call,
 May the Devil take them, one and all ;
 Little *Peppy* is below the bar,
 Whose glory needs no echoing car ;
 For in battle, or in profing,
 He's ne'er afraid to pop his *Nose* in.”

A I R,

TUNE, *The Devil's a dancing.*

As on the Woolfack now I sit,
 George I think of, who for wit,
 In gracious plentitude has shewn
 A deal, tho' not high flown,
 And when I hear,—I praise the day,
 His father was born, but no more can say.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Bishops I hate, and all their clan,
 Lawyers too—save one.

A Soldier

A Soldier also, he's a prig,—
 I am not mistaken, damn my wig :
 All together I do despise,
 The King and Chancellor are only wise !
 I am only happy with my Tit,
 Who for the *Bar* was never fit ;
 She hears me rave, she hears me swear,
 She thinks—but never calls me bear.
 Zounds, hilloa ! accor'd my lyre !
 My Ode is *animated* fire !
 Play up good music ! tho' I am heavy,
 E'en let it be to *Dainty Davy* !
 For I ne'er was taught to sing,
 Except by office—" God save the King !"
 Chorus-fingers, and fingers of chorus, enter ;
 And shake the earth unto its center !

C H O R U S.

Hurly-burly, &c. &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Westminster and Lincoln Halls resounds
 With cursed Lawyers' throats that know no bounds.
 Money ! money ! is all their aim,
 Sack alone I wish to gain !
 A butt, a butt, as *Runnington* big,
 With, or without, his gown and wig !
 Who is as round as the gallon keg,
 And never yet has seen his leg !

But why, my Muse, why descend ?
Inspire my pen, and vigour lend !
The day's my own ! shout ! huzza ! sack ! shout !
While I'm in, the Devil may care who's out !

C H O R U S.

Hurly-burly, blood and thunder ! &c. &c.

* No. XV.

I R R E G U L A R O D E,

BY EDWARD LORD THURLOW, LORD HIGH CHAN-
CELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

DAMNATION seize ye all,
Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall ;
Fired with ambitious hopes in vain,
The wreath, that blooms for other brows, to gain.
Is Thurlow yet so little known ?
By G--d I swore, while George shall reign,
The Seals, in spite of changes, to retain,
Nor quit the woolfack, till he quits the throne.

And

And now, the bays for life to wear,
 Once more, with mightier oaths, by G--d I swear,
 Bend my black brows, that keep the peers in awe,
 Shake my full-bottom'd wig, and give the nod of
 law.

II.

What ? * tho' more sluggish than a toad,
 Squat in the bottom of a well ;
 I too, my gracious Sovereign's worth to tell,
 Will rouse my torpid genius to an Ode.
 The toad a jewel in his head contains ;
 Prove well the rich production of my brains,
 Nor will I court with humble plea,
 Th' *Aenian* maids to inspire my wit ;
 One mortal girl is worth the *Nine* to me ;
 The prudes of *Pindus* I resign to *Pitt* ;
 His be the classic art, which I despise ;
ThurLOW on Nature, and himself relies.

III.

'Tis mine to keep the conscience of the King ;
 To me each secret of his heart is shown :
 Who then, like me, shall hope to sing
 Virtues to all, but me, unknown ?

* This simile of myself I made the other day, coming out of Westminster Abbey. Lord Uxbridge heard it. I think, however, that I have improved it here by the turn which follow.

Say, who, like me, shall win belief
 To tales of his paternal grief :
 When civil rage, with slaughter dyed
 The plains beyond th' Atlantic tide ?
 Who can like me, his joy attest,
 Though little joy his looks confest,
 When Peace, at *Conway's* call restor'd,
 Bade kindred nations sheath the sword !
 How pleas'd he gave his people's wishes way,
 And turn'd out *North*, when *North* refus'd to stay !
 How in their sorrows sharing too, unseen,
 For *Rockingham* he mourn'd, at *Windsor* with the
 Queen ?

VI.

His bounty too, be mine to praise,
 Myself the example of my lays.
 A *Teller* in reversion I,
 And unimpair'd I vindicate my place,
 The chosen subject of peculiar grace,
 Hallow'd from hands of *Burke's* œconomy :

† I cannot here withhold my particular acknowledgements to my virtuous young friend, Mr. Pitt, for the noble manner in which he contend'd on the subject of my reversion, that the most religious observance must be paid to the *Royal pr mise*. And I am personally the more obliged to him, as in the case of the *Auditors of the Imprest* the other day, he did not think it necessary to shew any regard whatsoever to a *Royal Patent*.

And

For † so his royal word my Sovereign gave ;
 And sacred have I found that word alone,
 When not his Grandfire's *Patent*, and his own
 To *Cardiff*, and to *Sondes*, their posts could save.
 Nor should his chastity be here unsung,
 That chastity, above his glory dear ;
 † But *Harvey*, frowning, pulls my ear,
 Such praise, she swears, was satire from my tongue.

V.

Fir'd at her voice, I grow prophane,
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
 To THURLOW's lyre more daring notes belong.
 Now tremble every rebel soul !
 While on the foes of GEORGE I roll
 The deep-ton'd execrations of my song.
 In vain my brother's piety, more meek,
 Would preach my kindling fury to repose ;
 Like *Balaam's* ass, were he inspir'd to speak,
 'Twas vain ! resolv'd I go to curse my Prince's foes.

VI.

“ Begin ! Begin ! ” fierce *Harvey* cries,
 See ! the *Whigs*, how they rise !

† I originally wrote this line,

But *Harvey* frowning, as she hears, &c.

It was altered as it now stands, by my d--mn'd Bishop of a brother, for the sake of an allusion to *Virgil*.

————— *Cynthus aurem*

Vellis, et admonuit.

What, petitions present !

How *teize* and *torment* !

D—mn their bloods, d—mn their hearts, d—mn
their eyes.

See yon sober band,

Each his note in his hand !

The Witnessees they, whom I brow beat in vain ;
Unconfus'd they remain.

Oh ! d—mn their bloods again !

Give the curses due

To the factious crew !

Lo ! *Wedgwood* too, waves his § *Pitt-pots* on high !

Lo ! he points where the bottoms yet dry,

The *Visage Immaculate* bear !

Be *Wedgwood* d—mn'd, and double d—mn'd his ware.

D—mn *Fox*, and d—mn *North* ;

D—mn *Portland's* mild worth ;

D—mn *Devon* the good,

Double D—mn all his name ;

D—mn *Fitzwilliam's* blood,

Heir of *Rockingham's* fame.

§ I am told that a scoundrel of a potter, one *Mr. Wedgwood*, is making 10,000 *sitting-pots*, and other vile utensils, with a figure of *Mr. Pitt*, in the bottom ; round the head is to be a motto,

We will spit,

On *Mr. Pitt*.

And other such damn'd rhymes suited to the uses of the different vessels.

D—mn

D—mn *Sheridan's* wit,
 The terror of *Pitt*;
 D—mn *Loughborough*, my plague—wou'd his *bag-pipe*
 were spilt !
 D—mn *Derby's* long scroll,
 Fill'd with names to the brims ;
 D—mn his limbs, d—mn his soul,
 D—mn his soul, d—mn his limbs.
 With *Stormont's* curs'd din,
 Hark ! *Carlisle* chimes in,
 D—mn *them* ; d—mn all the partners of their sin.
 D—mn them, beyond what mortal tongue can
 tell ;
 Confound, sink, plunge them all to deepest, blackest
 Hell !

I R R E G U L A R O D E,

FOR MUSIC, BY THE REV. DR. PRETTYMAN.
THE NOTES, (EXCEPT THOSE WHEREIN LATIN IS
CONCERNED) BY JOHN ROBINSON, ESQ.

RECITATIVE, BY DOUBLE VOICES.

- (a) HAIL to the *Lyar*, whose all persuasive strain,
Waked by the master touch of art,
And prompted by th' inventive brain,
(b) Winds its sly way into the easy heart.

(a) "Hail to the lyar."] It was suggested to me that my friend the Doctor, had here followed the example of Voltaire, in deviating from common Orthography. *Lyar* instead of *Lyre*, he conceives to be a reading of peculiar elegance in the present instance, as it puts the reader in suspense between an inanimate and a living instrument. However, for my own part, I am rather of opinion that th's seeming mis-spelling arose from the Doctor's following the same well known circumspection which he exercised in the case of Mr. Wedgwood, and declining to give his ode *under his hand*; preferring to repeat it to Mr. Delpini's *Amanuensis*, who very probably may have committed that and similar errors in orthography.

(b) "Winds its sly way," &c.] A line taken in great part from Milton. The whole passage (which it may not be unpleasant to recall to the recollection of the reader) has been closely imitated by my friend Prettyman in a former work.

- "I under a fair pretence of friendly ends
"And well-plac'd words of glozing court'ry,
"Exited with reasons not unplaussible,
"Wind me into the easy hearted man,
"And hug him into snares. COMUS.

SOLO.

SOLO.

(c) Hark ! do, I hear the golden tone
 Responsive now ! and now alone !
 Or does my fancy rove ?
 Reason-born conviction, hence—
 And frenzy-rapt be ev'ry sense,
 With the *Untruth* I love.
 Propitious FICTION, aid the song !
 Poet and Priest to thee belong.

SEMI-CHORUS.

(d) By thee inspir'd, e'er yet the tongue was glib,
 The Cradle infant lis'd the nurs'ry fib ;
 Thy vot'ry in maturer youth,
 Pleas'd he renounc'd the name of truth,
 And often dared the specious to defy,
 Proud of the expansive, bold, uncovered lie.

(c) "Golden tone," &c.] The epithet may seem at first more proper for the instrument, but it applies here with great propriety to the sound. In the strictest sense, what is golden sound but the sound of gold ? and what could arise more naturally in the writer's mind upon the present occasion !

"Frenzy rapt," &c.] Auditis ? An me ludit amabilis Infania?

(d) By thee inspir'd," &c.] In the first manuscript :

"While yet a cradle child he conquered shame,

"And lisped in fables, for the fables came.

See POPE.

AIR.

A I R.

Propitious FICTION hear !
 And smile, as erst thy father smiled
 Upon his first-born child,

(I thy sister dear)

When, the nether shades among,
 (c) Sin from his forehead sprung.

FULL CHORUS.

Grand deluder ! arch impostor !
 Countervailing *Orde* and *Foster*,
 Renown'd divine !
 The palm is thine :
 Be thy name or sung, or *hiss*,
 Alone it stands CONSPICUOUS FABULIST !

RECITATIVE.

For the celebrated female singer from Manchester.
Symphony of flutes—pianissimo.

Now in cotton robe array'd
 Poor Manufacture, tax-lamenting maid,
 Thy story heard by her devoted wheel,
 Each busy founding spindle hush'd—

(c) " Sin from his forehead sprung."]

" A goddess armed

" Out of thy head I sprang."

See MILTON'S Birth of Sin.

FUGE.

FUGUE.

Now dreading Irish rape,
Quick shifting voice and shape—

DEEP BASE, *from Birmingham.*

With visage hard, and furnace flush'd,
And black hair'd chest, and nerve of steel,
The sex chang'd list'ner stood
In furly penfive mood.

AIR, *accompanied with double bassoons, &c.*

While the promise-maker spoke
The anvil missed the wonted stroke;
In air suspended hammers hung,
While *Pitt's* own frauds came mended from that
tongue.

AIR.

Sooth'd with the sound the priest grew vain,
And all his tales told o'er again,
And added hundreds more;
By turns to this, or that, or both,
He gave the sanction of an oath,
And then the whole fore-swore.
"Truth," he sung, was toil and trouble,
"Honour but an empty bubble"—

Glo'ster's.

Glo'ster's aged—*London* dying—
 Poor, too poor, is simple lying !
 If the lawn be worth thy wearing,
 Win, oh ! win it, by thy swearing.

FULL CHORUS REPEATED.

Grand deluder ! Arch impostor, &c.

PART II.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

ENOUGH the parents' praise—see of deceit,
 The fairer progeny ascends !
Evasion, nymph of agile feet,
 With half veil'd face ;
Profession, whisp'ring accents sweet
 And many a kindred fraud attends ;
 Mutely dealing courtly wiles,
 Fav'ring nods, and hope-fraught smiles,
 A fond amusive tutelary race,
 That guard the faith of Kings, and of Kings

FRIENDS,

But chiefly thee I woo, of changeful eye,
 In courts, y'clept *Duplicity* ;
 Thy fond looks on mine imprinting,
 Vulgar mortals call it squinting—

Baby,

Baby, of art and int'rest bred,
 Whom, stealing to the back-stairs' head,
 In fondling arms—with cautious tread;
 (f) Wrinkle, twinkle *Jenky* bore,
 To the baize-lin'd closet door.

A I R.

Sweetest nymph, that liv'it unseen
 Within that loved recess—
 Save when the closet councils press,
 And juntos speak the thing they mean;

(f) “Wrinkle, twinkle, &c.”] It must have been already observed by the sagacious reader, that our author can coin an epithet as well as a fable. Wrinkles are as frequently produced by the motion of the part, as by the advance of age. The head of the distinguished personage here described, though in the prime of its faculties, has had more exercise in every sense than any head in the world. Whether he means any allusion to the worship of the rising sun, and imitates the Persian priests, whose grand act of devotion is to turn round: or whether he merely thinks that the working of the head in circles will give an analogous effect to the species of argument in which he excels, we must remain in the dark; but certain it is that whenever he reasons in public, the *capita* and wonderful part of his frame I am alluding to, is continually revolving upon its axis; and his eyes, as if dazzled with rays which dart on him exclusively, twinkle in their orbs at the rate of sixty twinkles to one revolution. I trust I have given a rational account, and not far-fetched, both of the wrinkle and twinkle in this ingenious compound.

Tell

Tell me, ever busy power,
 Where shall I trace thee in that vacant hour?
 Art thou content, in the sequestered grove,
 To play with hearts and vows of love?
 Or, emulous of prouder sway,
 Dost thou to list'ning Senates take thy way?
 Thy presence let me still enjoy
 With *Rose*, and the lie-loving boy.

A I R.

(g) No rogue that goes
 Is like that *Rose*,
 Or scatters such deceit:
 Come to my breast—
 There ever rest—
 Associate counterfeit!

(g) "No rogue that goes," &c.] The candid reader will put no improper interpretation on the word *rogue*. Pretty *rogue*, dear *rogue*, &c. are terms of endearment to one sex; pleasant *rogue*, witty *rogue*, apply as familiar compliments to the other. Indeed *facetious rogue* is the common table appellation of this gentleman in Downing street.

P A R T III.

L O U D S Y M P H O N Y.

BUT lo ! what throngs of rival bards !
More lofty themes ! more bright rewards !

See—— a new Apollo fit !

Pattern and arbiter of wit !

The laureat wreath hangs graceful from his wand !

Begin, he cries, and waves his whiter hand.

'Tis *George's* natal day—

Parnassian Pegasus away—

Grant me the more glorious steed

Of royal *Brunswick* breed—

I kneel, I kneel,

And at his snowy heel,

Pindaric homage vow ;

He neighs ; he bounds ; I mount ; I fly—

The air-drawn crozier in my eye,

The visionary mitre on my brow.

Spirit of Hierarchy exalt the rhyme,

And dedicate to *George* the lie sublime.

A I R F O R A B I S H O P.

(b) Hither, brethren, incense bring

To the mitre giving King.

(b) “ Hither brethren,” &c.] When this ode is performed in Westminster Abbey (as doubtless it will be) this air is designed for the Rev. or rather the Right Rev. author. The numerous bench (for there will hardly be more than three absentees) who will begin the chaunt of the subsequent chorus from their box at the right hand of his most sacred Majesty, will have a fine effect both on ear and eye.

Praise

Praise him for his first donations,
 Praise him for his best translations,
 Benefices, dispensations.

By the powers of a crown,
 By the many made for one,
 By a monarch's awful distance,
 Rights divine, and non-resistance—
 Honour, triumph, glory give—

Praise him in his might,
 Praise him in his height ;
 The mighty, mighty height of his prerogative !

RECITATIVE BY AN ARCHBISHOP.

Orchestras, of thousands strong,
 With Zadock's zeal each note prolong—

Prepare !

Prepare !

(*Pause.*)

Bates gives the animating nod—
 Sudden they strike—unnumber'd strings
 Vibrate to the best of Kings—

Eunuchs, Stentors, double bases,
 Lab'ring lungs, inflated faces,

Bellows working,

Elbows jerking,

Scraping, beating,

Roaring, sweating,

Thro' the old Gothic roofs be the chorus rebounded,
 'Till echo is deafened, and thunder dumb-founded.

And

And now another pause—and now another nod,
—All proclaim a present God.

(i) BISHOPS AND LORDS OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

George, submissive Britain sways !

Heavy Hanover obeys ;

Proud Ierne's volunteers ;

Abject Commons, prostrate Peers—

All

(i) “ Lords of the Bed-chamber,” &c.] Candour obliges us to confess that this designation of the performers, and in truth the following stanza, did not stand in the original copy, delivered into the Lord Chamberlain’s office. Indeed Signor Delpini had his doubt as to the legality of admitting it, notwithstanding Mr. Rose’s testimony that it was actually and *bona fide* composed with the rest of the ode, and had only accidentally fallen into the same drawer of Mr. Pitt’s bureau in which he had lately mislaid Mr. Gibbins’s note. Mr. Bank’s testimony was also solicited to the same effect ; but he had left off vouching for the present session. Mr. Pepper Arden, indeed with the most intrepid liberality engaged to find authority for it in the statutes at large : on which Signor Delpini, with his usual terseness of repartee, instantly exclaimed, Ha ! ha ! ha ! However the difficulty was at length obviated by an observation of a noble Lord, that in the case of the King versus Atkinson, the House of Lords had established the right of judges to amend a record, as Mr. Quarme had informed his Lordship immediately after his having voted for that decision.

Here end Mr. Robinson’s notes.

“ A present God,
“ Heavy Hanover,
“ Abject Commons,” &c.

The

All proclaim a present God—

(On the necks of all he trod)

A present God,

A present God.

Hallelujah !

The imitation will be obvious to the classical reader.

———*Præfens divus habebitur*

Augustus, abjectis Britannis,

Imperio, gravibusque Persis.

HOR.

All the editors of Horace have hitherto read *abjectis Britannis*. Our author, as found a critic as a divine, *suo periculo*, makes the alteration of a single letter, and thereby gives a new and peculiar force to the application of the passage.—N. B. *Abjectis*, in the author's understanding of the word, means that precise degree of submission due from a free people to monarchy. It is further worthy remark, that Horace wrote the ode alluded to, before Britain was subjected to an absolute sway; and consequently the passage was meant as a prophetic compliment to Augustus. Those who do not think that Britain is yet sufficiently *abjectis*, will regard the imitation in the same light. We shall close this subject by observing how much better GRAVIBUS applies in the imitation than in the original; and how well the untruth of Ierne's volunteers joining in the deification exemplifies the dedicatory address of the *lie SUBLIME*.

[We are sorry that the preceding composition does not come out under the immediate direction of the Rev. Author; but he affects concealment, as well in the publication as in the writing—perhaps from false modesty, or perhaps from the persuasion that his disavowal of a performance will be a leading proof of its authenticity.]

No.

No. XVII.

WE have been favoured by the official correspondent, who has continued with so decided and flattering a preference, to communicate to us every flower and sprig of the poetical *Bouquet*, which has been produced on the prolific subject of the Laureatship—with the following duplicate Ode, on the part of the Right Hon. *Viscount Mountmorris*. The reasons of this double diligence on the part of his Lordship, after so admirable a display of his talents, as was exhibited in his former production, are explained in the following letter from himself to a noble Lord.

MY LORD,

BEING informed from undoubted authority, that the learned *Pierrot*, whom your Lordship has thought proper to nominate to the dignity of your Assessor, knows no language but his own; it seemed to me probable he might not understand *Irish*. Now as I recollect my last Ode to have proceeded on the orthography of that kingdom, I thought his entire ignorance of the tongue, might, perhaps, be some hindrance to his judgment upon its merit.—On account of this unhappy ignorance, therefore, on

M

the

the part of the worthy *Buffo*, of any language but *Italian*, I have taken the liberty to present your Lordship, and him, with a second Ode, written in *English*; which I hope he will find no difficulty in understanding, and which certainly has the better chance of being perfectly correct in the true English idiom; as it has been very carefully revised and altered by my worthy friend, Mr. *Henry Dundas*.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's devoted servant,

MOUNTMORRIS.

PROBATIONARY ODE,

BY THE RIGHT HON. HARVEY REDMOND MORRIS,
LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRIS, OF THE KING-
DOM OF IRELAND.

I.

YE gentle nymphs who rule the song,
Who stray *Theffalian* groves among,
With forms so bright and airy ;
Whether you prize *Pierian* shades,
Or less refined, adorn the glades,
And wanton with the lusty blades,
Of fruitful *Tipperary* ;

}

Whether

Whether you sip Aonia's wave,
 Or, in thy streams, fair *Liffy*, lave ;
 Whether you taste ambrosial food,
 Or think *potatoes* quite as good,
 Oh, listen to an *Irish* Peer,
 Who has woo'd your sex for many a year !

II:

Gold ! thou bright benignant power,
 Parent of the jocund hour !
 Say, how my breast has heav'd with many a storm,
 When thee I worshipp'd in a *female* form !
 Thou, whose high and potent skill,
 Turns things and persons at thy will !
 Thou, whose omnipotent decree,
 Mighty as Fate's eternal rule,
 Can make a wife man of a fool,
 And grace e'en loathed deformity ;
 Who straitness gives to her that's crooked,
 And *Grecian* grace to those that's hooked ;
 Who smooths the mount on *Laura's* back,
 And wit supplies to those that lack :
 Say, and take pity on my woes,
 Record my throbs, recount my throes ;
 How oft I sigh'd,
 How oft I dy'd,
 How oft dismiss'd
 How seldom kiss'd.

How oft, fair *Phyllida*, when thee I woo'd,
With cautious foresight, all thy charms I view'd!

O'er many a sod,

How oft I trod,

To count thy acres o'er!

Or spent my time,

For marle or lime, *

With anxious zeal to bore!

How *Cupid* then—all great and powerful fate,

Perch'd on the vantage of a rich estate;

When for his darts, he us'd fair spreading trees,

Ah! *who* cou'd fail, that shot with shafts like these!

* When Lord Mountmorris went down into the country, some years ago, to pay his addresses to a Lady of large fortune, whose name we forbear to mention, his Lordship took up his abode for several days in a small public-house in the neighbourhood of her residence, and employed his time in making all proper enquiries, and prudent observations upon the nature, extent, and value of her property:—he was seen measuring the trees with his eye, and was at last found in the act of boring for marle; when being roughly interrogated by one of the lady's servants, to avoid chastisement, he confessed his name, and delivered his amorous credentials. The amour terminated, as ten thousand others of the noble Lord's have done,

III. Oh,

III.

Oh, sad example of capricious fate !

Sue *Irishmen* in vain ?

Does *Pompey*'s self, the proud, the great,

Fail e'en a maid to gain !——

What boots my form so tall and slim,

My leg so stout—my beard so grim ;

Why have I *Alexander*'s bend,

Emblem of conquest never gain'd ?

A nose so long—a back so strait,

A Chairman's mien—A Chairman's gait !

Why wasted ink to make orations,

Design'd to teach unlist'ning nations !

Why have I view'd th' ideal Clock, (a)

Or mourn'd the visionary hour,

Griev'd to behold, with well bred shock,

The fancy'd pointer, verge to four ?

M 3

Then

(a) An allusion is here made to a speech published by the noble Lord, which, as the title-page imports, was intended to have been spoken ; in which his Lordship, towards the conclusion, gravely remarks—" Having, Sir, so long encroached upon the patience of
" the House, and observing by the clock that the hour has become
" so excessively late, nothing remains for me, but to return my
" sincere thanks to you, Sir, and the other Gentlemen of this
" House, for the particular civility, and extreme attention, with
" which I have been heard :—the interesting nature of the occa-
" sion

Then with a bow, proceed to beg
 A general pardon on my leg ;
 “ Lament that to an hour so late,”
 “ ’Twas mine to urge the grave debate,”
 “ Or mourn the rest, untimely broken !”
 All this to say, all this to do,
 In form so native, neat, and new,
 In speech *intended* to be spoken !
 But fruitless all, for neither here or there
 My leg has yet obtain’d me *place*, or *fair* !

IV.

Pompeys there are of every shape and size ;
 Some are the great y’clep’d, and some the little ;
 Some with their deeds that fill the wond’ring skies,
 And some on Ladies’ laps, that eat their victual !
 ’Tis *Morris*’ boast—’tis *Morris*’ pride,
 To be to both allied ;
 That of all the various *Pompeys*, he
 Forms one complete *epitome* ;——

“ son, has betrayed me into a much greater length than I had any
 “ idea originally of running into ; and if the casual warmth of the
 “ moment, has led me into the least personal indelicacy towards any
 “ man alive, I am ever ready to beg pardon of him and this House,
 “ Sir, for having so done.”

Prepar’d

Prepar'd alike fierce faction's host to fight,
 Or thankful, stoop, *official crumbs* to bite ;
 No equal to himself on earth to own,
 Or watch, with anxious eye, a *Treasury-bone* !
 As Rome's fam'd Chief, imperious, stiff, and proud,
 Fawning as curs, when supplicating food ;
 In him their several virtues all reside,
 The peerless Puppy, and of Peers the pride !

V.

Say, Critic *Buffo*, will not powers like these,
 E'en thy refin'd fastidious judgment please !

A common *Butt* to all mankind,

'Tis my hard lot to be ;

O let me then some justice find,

And give the BUTT to me !—

Then, dearest D'EL,

Thy praise I'll tell,

And with *unprostituted* pen,

In *Wharton's* pure and modest strain,

Unwarp'd by Hope, unmov'd by Gain,

I'll call thee “ best of husbands,” and “ most chaste
 of men.”

Then from my pristine labours I'll relax,

*Then will I lay the Tree unto the * Ax !*

Of all my former grief,

Resign the bus'ness of the anxious chace,

And for past failures, and for past disgrace,

Here find a snug relief!—

The vain pursuit of female I give o'er,

And, Hound of Fortune, scour the town no more!

IT is with infinite regret that we have to inform our readers, that the *Poetical Olimpie*, which has been so long held on the subject of the Laureatship, is now put a final period to, and that by authority which defies resistance, and imposes silence upon criticism. The following is an account of the circumstance.

LAST Sunday se'nnight, being the 17th of the present month, Anno Domini, 1785, just as his M—— was ascending the stairs of his gallery to attend di-

* This line is literally transcribed from a speech of Lord Mountmorris's, when candidate some years ago for the representation of the city of Westminster.

vine worship at WINDSOR, he was surprised by the appearance of a little, thick, squat, red-faced man, who in a very odd dress, and kneeling upon one knee, presented a piece of paper for the royal acceptation. His M— amazed at the sight of such a figure in such a place, had already given orders to a beefeater to dismiss him from his presence ; when by a certain hasty spasmodic mumbling, together with two or three prompt quotations from Virgil, the person was discovered to be no other than the Rev. Mr. *Thomas Wharton*, himself, dressed in the official vesture of his professorship ; and the paper which he held in his hand being nothing else but a fair written petition, designed for the inspection of his M——. Our Gracious S——— made up for the seeming rudeness of the first reception, by a hearty embrace on recognition ; and the contents of the petition being forthwith examined, were found to be pretty nearly as follow :—We omit the common place compliments generally introduced in the exordia of these applications, as “relies upon your Majesty’s well known clemency ;” “convinced of your Royal regard for the interest of your subjects ;” “penetrated with the fullest conviction of your wisdom and justice,” &c. &c. which, though undoubtedly very true, when considered as addressed to George the Third, *might*, perhaps, as matters of mere form, be applied to a Sovereign,

vereign, who neither had proved wisdom or regard for his subjects in one act of his reign,—and proceed to the substance and matter of the complaint itself.

It sets forth, “ That the petitioner, Mr. *Thomas*,
 “ had been many years a maker of poetry, as his
 “ friend Mr. *Sadler*, the pastry-cook of Oxford, and
 “ some other creditable witnesses could well evince ;
 “ that many of his works of fancy, and more parti-
 “ cularly that one which is known by the name of
 “ *Criticisms upon Milton*, had been well received by the
 “ learned ; that thus encouraged, he had entered the
 “ list, together with many other great and respecta-
 “ ble candidates, for the honour of a succession to
 “ the vacant *Laureatship* ; that a decided return had
 “ been made in his favour by the officers calculated
 “ to judge ; namely, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of S. and
 “ the learned *Signor Delpini*, his Lordship’s worthy
 “ coadjutor ; that the Signor’s delicacy, unhappily
 “ for the petitioner like that of Mr. *Corbett*, in the
 “ instance of the Westminster election, had inclined
 “ him to the grant of a SCRUTINY ; that in conse-
 “ quence of the vexatious and pertinacious perse-
 “ verance on the part of several gentlemen in this ille-
 “ gal and oppressive measure, the petitioner had been
 “ severely injured in his spirits, his comforts, and
 “ his interest : that he had been for many years en-
 “ gaged

“ gaged in a most laborious and expensive under-
 “ taking, in which he had been honoured with the
 “ most liberal communications from all the Univer-
 “ sities in Europe ; to wit, a splendid and most cor-
 “ rect edition of the *Poemata Minora*, of the immor-
 “ tal Mr. *Stephen Duck* ; that he was also under po-
 “ sitive articles of literary partnership with his bro-
 “ ther, the learned and well known Dr. *Joseph*, to
 “ supply two pages per day in his new work,
 “ now in the press, entitled his *Essay on the life and*
 “ *writings of Mr. THOMAS HICKATHRIFT* ; in
 “ both of which great undertakings, the progress
 “ had been most essentially interrupted by the great
 “ anxiety and distress of mind, under which the pe-
 “ titioner has, for some time, laboured, on account
 “ of this inequitable scrutiny ; that the petitioner is
 “ bound by his honour, and his engagement, to pre-
 “ pare an Ode for the birth-day of her most gracious
 “ Majesty, which he is very desirous of executing
 “ with as much poetry, perspicuity, and origina-
 “ lity, as are universally allowed to have characteri-
 “ zed his last effusion, in honour of the Natal Anni-
 “ versary of his Royal Master’s sacred self ; that
 “ there are but six months to come for such a pre-
 “ paration, and the petitioner has got no farther
 “ yet than “ *Hail Muse !*” in the first stanza, which
 “ very much inclines him to fear he shall not be

“ able to finish the whole in the short period above-
 “ mentioned, unless his M— should be graciously
 “ pleased to order some of his Lords of the Bed-
 “ chamber to assist him, or should command a ter-
 “ mination to the vexatious enquiry now pending.
 “ In humble hopes that these several considerations
 “ would have their due influence with his M——,
 “ the petitioner concludes with the usual prayer,
 “ and signed himself as underneath, &c. &c.

“ THO. WHARTON, B. D. &c. &c.”

Such was the influence of the above admirable ap-
 peal on the sympathetic feelings of M——, that
 the sermon, which we understand was founded upon
 the text, “ *Let him keep his tongue from evil, and his
 lips that they speak no untruth;*” and which was *not*
 preached by Dr. Prettyman, was entirely neglected,
 and a message instantly written, honoured by the
 sign Manual, and directed to the office of the Right
 Hon. Lord Sydney, secretary for the home depart-
 ment, enjoining an immediate redress for Mr. Thomas,
 and a total suspension of any further proceedings
 in a measure which (as the energy of royal eloquence
 expressed it) was of such unexampled injustice, ille-
 gality and oppression as that of a *scrutiny after a fair poll,*
and a decided superiority of admitted suffragers. This mes-
 sage,

sage, conveyed as its solemnity well required, by no other person than the honourable young *Tommy* himself, secretary to his amazing father, had its due influence with the court; the noble Lord broke his wand; Mr. *Delpini* executed a *Chaconne*, and tried at a *Somerſet*; he grined a grim obedience to the mandate, and calling for pen, ink and paper, wrote the following letter to the Editor:

“ *Monſieur,*

“ On vous requis, you are hereby commandie not to pooblifh any more of de *Ode Probationaire*—*mon cher ami*, *Monſieur George le Roi* fays it be ver bad to vex *Monſieur le petit Homme* avec le grand paunch—*Monſieur Wharton*, any more vid ſcrutinée; je vous commande derefore to finife—Que le Roi fo it loué—God ſave de King! mind vat I fay—ou le grand *George* and le bon Dieu damn votre ame & bodie, vos jambes & vos pies, for ever and ever—pour jamais.

“ Signed,

“ DELPINI.”

PARODY.

P A R O D Y.

A F R A G M E N T :

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM.

Sunt et mihi carmina.

VIRG.

I.

'T WAS at the Grocer's Feast, for India won
By Chatham's beardless son,
Aloft, in luscious state,
The virgin Statesman fate
On barley-sugar throne.
Fat Aldermen were plac'd around,
Their brows with spreading antlers bound,
(So City Spouses should be crown'd)
The gentle Grenville by his side
Sat, like a purfy Dutchman's bride,
And two vast chairs contain'd his vast backside !
Welcome, welcome, welcome guests !
Eat while ye may,
Eat while ye may,
Eat while ye may !
Ne'er will ye more behold such feasts !

II. The

II.

The God-like Prettyman hard by,
 Amid the festive band,
 At once began to sing, and lie :—
 The lies, the notes, ascend as high
 As themes like his demand !
 The song began from Temple's toil,
 Who left his Stowe's enchanting soil,
 (Strong Coalition's pow'r to foil !)
 Guy Vaux's dark disguise the Peer bely'd—
 Up the back-stairs unseen he hied,
 When he to George's closet prest,
 To share the sorrows of his royal breast :
 Then issued forth the dread command—
 “ *Prelates, defend your King !—Arm, arm, Bed-
 chamber Band !* ”

The list'ning Cits admire the sound !
 “ Another *Buckingham !* ” they shout around—
 “ Another *Buckingham !* ” the plaistered roofs re-
 bound !
 With ravish'd ears
 Young Billy hears :
 And says, “ A fig
 “ For ev'ry Whig ! ”
 A-kance his Chaplain leers !

III. The

III.

The praise of *Arden* next the Bard enraptured sung !

O glorious eloquence of *Arden's* tongue !

Lo, where the legal wonder comes !

“ Waiters, a fresh supply of plumbs !”

With more than mortal grace

He shews his noseless face !—

Ah nose !—of far more worth than *Rollo's* thumbs !

Pepper, in the blood-stain'd field,

Having *Rollo's* rage repell'd !—

Heroes never mind their noses ;—

Both his thumbs great *Rollo* loses !

Devon's glory

Flies before ye !

Triumph, Pepper !—*Rollo*, yield !

Sooth'd with the sound, the youth grew vain !

Scarce with'd his friend a nose again !

And thrice his triumphs he renew'd o'er Freedom's
prostrate strain !

The Secretary sourly smil'd,

To see such pertness in his child !

And while he North and Fox defy'd,

Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride !

IV.

Prophetie, he foreshows
 The *modern Phæbus*' woes.
 He sung Sir Cecil, matchless bard,
 By Westminster Electors
 Scouted, scouted, scouted, scouted!
 Spite of all his great Protectors,
 His gratitude's reward.
 Deserted in his utmost need,
 In vain he seeks to rear his head;
 In vain he seeks to scrutinize,
 E'en Murphy does not back his lies.
 All melancholy sat the angry Boy,
 Revolving in his mind
 The fickle temper of *John Bull*;—
 Nor now to sweetmeats felt inclin'd,
 Nor eat his belly-full.

V.

The rev'rend Lyrist joy'd to see,
 That Love was in the next degree;
 But, ah!!! — —
 — — —
 — — — — —

DESUNT, CÆTERA.

O D E

ODE TO HIS MAJESTY,

ON THE DEATH OF

W. WHITEHAED, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

BY A POOR POET.

WILL. WHITEHEAD, Sire, hath wish'd the
world *good night*—

Pray who shall fabricate your *next Year's Ode* ?
As I most laudably can *read* and *write*,
Let *me* the line with GEORGE'S *virtues*, load !

My Muse's wings, just like a flying coach, [far !
Shall mount you from this earth, good Lord ! how
Up to your favourite GEORGIAN STAR,
And bring you down again as found's a *roach* !

God blefs you, Sire, take my advice and try,—
I know my trade (I'm sure on't) well enough ;
None shall work *cheaper* for you, Sire, than I,
Nor in the *tuneful work* put *better stuff* !

Sire, if you'll me LAUREAT, I declare
I'll *chaunt* you, if you do but take the air ;
And if it should your Royal humour suit,
I'll sing your *horse to boot* !

Or if you *hunt*—the *chace* shall swell my *breath*,—
I'll bring you *in* for ever at the *death* ;

And

And swear the huntsmen, with the rabble-rout
That follow *Majesty*, were *all thrown out* !

Then will I laud the *King*, the *flag*, the *grounds*,
And finging, make more noise than all the *HOUNDS*,
To shew you I'm no *niggard* in my way,
I'll also put in verse your *Royal speeches* ;
And of *FAME'S TEMPLE* fill a thousand niches,
With the rare things that you shall *sing* or *say* !

To recommend my politics—I glory
In being what folks call a red hot Tory ;—
Ev'n from my soul, I hate *CHARLES FOX*,
More than a *beauty* doth *small pox* !

Damn Liberty that *ropes* a *KING*,
And makes him like a *BULL* at ring.—
Subjects are mules, are asses, humble hacks,
All born with *saddles* on their backs !

But, *Sire*, perchance you've been *be-rhym'd* so long,
Your *Royal ear* is *sick* of *BIRTH-DAY SONG* !
In this case, you'll be *better serv'd* by *NONE* ;
For order me the * *SALARY* and *WINE*,
I'll whisper to *APOLLO* and the *Nine*,
And so contrive to let the *Ode alone* !

* The Laureat's annual gratuity is One Hundred Pounds a year, and a *BUTT* of *SACK*.

A N E P I T A P H

ON W. W—TE—D, ESQ. INTENDED FOR HIS MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BENEATH this stone a Poet Laureat lies,
 Nor great, nor good, nor foolish, nor yet wise ;
 Not meanly humble, nor yet swell'd with pride,
 He simply liv'd—and just as simply died :
 Each year his Muse produc'd a Birth-day Ode,
 Compos'd with flattery in the usual mode :
 For this, and but for this, to G——'s praise,
 The Bard was pension'd, and receiv'd the Bays.

N E W C O A L I T I O N S.

WHEN foes like oil and vinegar unite,
 Which are wrong principles, and which are right ?
 When Piety and Blasphemy agree,
 Can there a stranger Coalition be !
 O best of Kings ! cries W—kes, for ever live !
 Subjects like W—kes, says G——, kind Fortune give !
 Such blessed pray'r, and sweet ejaculation,
 Must surely tend to edify the nation !
 Party will cease, and Faction's brawl must end,
 When the kind M—r—ch calls the Rebel friend.

THE

THE FOLLOWING ROUGH DRAFT OF A POLITICAL CODICIL TO A GREAT MAN'S WILL, WAS ACCIDENTALLY FOUND, JULY 1784, NEAR THE PARK-GATE OF LUTON HOO.

IN addition to my former will and testament, I bequeath to the *Premier*, the only spark of *patriotism* in my possession ; because he appears to have been neglected in this article, by his independent father ; and I do not think he will employ it any more than myself, to the *inconvenience* of the *Crown*.—I would leave him my *contempt* for the *House of Commons* in its *virtual capacity*, were it not, that he already possesses an ample share of that commanding quality !

I relinquish my *greatness of soul* to the Earl G---w---r : trusting that he can find *room* for it in his own breast !

I resign to Lord Weym—b my *courtly servility*. He stands, it is true, more in need of my *independence*, but the small share that remains with me of that virtue, I mean to dispose of more at large !

To Lord C——n I leave my *consistency* ; as he will use it with *œconomy*, it will probably serve him the duration of the present Ministry.—I leave him also my *opinion*, because he has none of his own ; should this part of my boon fall short, I humbly recommend
him

him to the bounty of Lord Sydney, who has a larger stock of *self-opinion*, than any other man in Christendom!

I leave to the *Harwich Member*, a manuscript containing the *Secret Memoirs* of *Jonathan Wild the Thief Catcher*, which I request may be bound by way of *Introduction* to his own life. I bequeath him also my *Duplicity*, as he must have exhausted his own in the *faithful* service of his late *noble* master!

I bequeath to the *majority of the House of Lords*, including the *new Peers*, my *Independence*. It is a trifling portion, but I doubt not, they will make a little go a great way.

To the *House of Commons*, I give my *credulity*, that the further promises of the Minister may be attended to, and with so firm a belief, that when next he pledges himself, *there shall be no dissolution* of Parliament, a reliance may still be placed on his word, and the *House* be again deceived!

I bequeath to the *People of England*, as the best legacy in my power, my *insensibility*;—it will enable them to bear with temper, the yoke of *prerogative*, which I laboured unsuccessfully to effect!

B——TE.

I M-

I M P R O M P T U

TO THE HON. MRS. DAMER, ON SEEING HER
CUPID CATCHING A BUTTERFLY.

BY J. T———LL, ESQ.

DAMER! thy satire just we own,
For now, alas! mankind are grown
The foplings of an hour!
Yet simpering fons of fashion view
The clay, more ductile far than you,
Confess fair Beauty's power!
The antient Cupid shot his dart,
Unerring thro' each manly heart,
From Beauty's sparklingleye!
Behold! the case is alter'd quite,
For modern Cupids now delight
To catch a Butterfly!

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, ON HIS PORTRAIT OF
MISS KEMBLE, IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.

WHILE hands obscene, at vicious Grandeur's call,
With mimic Harlots clothe th' indignant wall,
Destructive snares for youthful passion spread,
The slacken'd bosom and the faithless bed, *

* See the prints from pictures of a certain nobleman's mistresses
in almost every shop window. The painter's name is effaced.

Thy

Thy pencil, *Reynolds*, innocently gay,
 To Virtue leads by Pleasure's flow'ry way ;
 In blushing honour decks the tim'rous bride,
 Or maid whose thoughts confederate angels guide ;
 For thy rare skill, to surface unconfin'd,
 Through every genuine feature pours the mind.
 Should the wild rage of other *Pyrrhus* compare
 With Corinth's pest the British Drama's fair,
 (Though art may *Palmer's* † vanish'd form deplore,
 And *Satchell's* eyes unpictur'd beam no more) :
 If firm duration crowns thy just design,
 Nor all its soft similitudes decline,
 In *Kemble's* look chastis'd will yet be seen
 What one bright daughter of the Stage has been—
 Reserv'd, though ming'ing with the loud the vain,
 And uneduc'd where syren pleasures reign,
 Where dames undone at social ruin smile,
 While echo'd scandal shakes a guilty pile.

Pleas'd we behold, by thy congenial hand,
 In native charms embodied, Virtue stand ;
 For Vice can ne'er its odious traces hide,
 The glance of Lewdness, or the swell of Pride
 Mark'd to be shunn'd, and stigmatiz'd by Fate,
 Sure, in each vary'd guise, of scorn or hate,
 O'er all the face its dire effusions shoot,
 As branches still are modell'd by the root,

† The late Mrs. Pritchard's daughter, of whom there is no portrait.

But,

But, for our love when grace and merit vie,
 Attract the decent, check the lawless eye :
 Th' instructive canvas moral worth excites,
 And *Reynolds* paints the lessons *Johnson* writes.

Should Time, whose force our hopes in vain with-
 stand,
 Blast the Nymph's face, and shake the Painter's
 hand ;
 Yet may these tints divide the fame they give,
 And Art and Beauty bid each other live !

THE MUSE RECALLED,

A N O D E ;

OCCASIONED BY THE NUPTIALS OF * LORD VIS-
 COUNT ALTHORP AND MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM,
 ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES LORD LUCAN,
 MARCH 6, 1781.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

RETURN, celestial Muse,
 By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,
 I ull'd with immortal symphony, were spread
 Fresh bays and flow'rets of a thousand hues ;

* Now Earl Spencer.

N

Return

Return thy golden lyre,
 Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,
 Which in Astræ's fame I fondly hung,
 But I reclaim : but ah ! sweet maid,
 Bereft of thy propitious aid
 My voice is tuneless, and my harp unstrung.
 In vain I call—What charm, what potent spell
 Shall kindle into life the long unwaken'd shell !
 Haste ! the well-wrought basket * bring,

Which two sister Graces wove,
 When the third, whose praise I sing,
 Blushing, sought the bridal grove,
 Where the flow descending fun
 Gilt the bow'rs of Wimbledon.

In the vase mysterious fling
 Pinks and roses, gem'd with dew,
 Flow'rs of ev'ry varied hue :

Daughters fair of early spring,
 Laughing sweet with sapphire eyes,
 Or with Iris' mingled dyes :

Then around the basket go,
 Tripping light with silent pace,
 While with solemn voice and flow,
 Thrice pronouncing, thrice I trace

* Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Moleworth, her cousin, decked a basket with ribbands and flowers, to hold the nuptial presents.

On the filken texture bright,

Character'd in beamy light,

Names of more than mortal pow'r,

Sweetest influence to diffuse ;

Names, that from her shadiest bow'r
Draw the soft reluctant Muse.

First, I with living gems enchase
The name of her, whom for this festive day,
With zone and mantle elegantly gay,

The Graces have adorn'd—herself a Grace,

Moleſworth—hark ! a swelling note

Seems on Zephyr's wings to float :

Or has vain Hope my flatter'd ſenſe beguil'd ?

Next, her who braided many a flow'r,

To deck her ſiſter's nuptial bow'r,

Bingham, with gentle heart, and aſpect mild.

The charm prevails—I hear, I hear
Strains nearer yet, and yet more near.

Still, ye nymphs and youths advance,
Sprinkle ſtill the balmy ſhow'r,

Mingle ſtill the mazy dance ;

Two names of unrefiſted pow'r,

Behold ! in radiant characters I write—
O riſe ! O leave thy ſecret ſhrine,

For they, who all thy nymphal train outshine,
Duncannon, * heav'nly Muse, and Devonshire †
invite.

Saw ye not yon myrtle wave,
Heard ye not a warbled strain ?

Yes! the harp, which Clio gave,
Shall his ancient sound regain.

One dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare !

She comes—how swift th' impatient air

Drinks the rising accent sweet !

Soon the charm shall be complete.

Return, and wake the silent string ;

Return, sweet muse, for Althorp bids me sing :

'Tis she—and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre

Leaps from his filken bands, and darts ethereal fire.

“ Bright son of ev'ning, lucid star,

“ Auspicious rise, thy soften'd beam,

“ Admir'd ere Cynthia's pearly car

“ O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads her gleam :

“ Thou saw'st the blooming pair,

“ Like thee, serenely fair,

* Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John Earl Spencer, and wife of Lord Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Bathorough.

† Lady Georgina, eldest daughter of Earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, fifth Duke of Devonshire.

“ By love united and the nuptial vow ;
 “ Thou see’st the mirthful train
 “ Dance to th’ unlabour’d strain,
 “ See’st bound with myrtle ev’ry youthful brow.
 “ Shine forth ye silver eyes of night,
 “ And gaze on virtues crown’d with treasures of
 “ delight.

“ And thou, the golden-traced child of morn,
 “ Whene’er thy all-inspiring heat
 “ Bids bursting rose-buds hill and mead adorn,
 “ See them with ev’ry gift that Jove bestows,
 “ With ev’ry joy replete,
 “ Save, when they melt at sight of human woes !
 “ Flow smoothly, circling hour,
 “ And o’er their heads unblended pleasure pour :
 “ Nor let your fleeting round
 “ Their mortal transports bound,
 “ But fill their cup of bliss, eternal pow’rs,
 “ Till time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze
 “ no more.

“ Each morn reclin’d on many a rose,
 “ Lavinia’s * pencil shall disclose

* The Countess Spencer has an extraordinary talent for drawing historic subjects, and expressing the passions in the most simple manner.

" New forms of dignity and grace,
 " Th' expressive air, th' impassion'd face,
 " The curl'd smile, the bubbling tear,
 " The bloom of hope, the snow of fear,
 " To some poetic tale fresh beauty give,
 " And bid the starting tablet rise and live

" Or with swift fingers shall touch the strings,
 " And in the magic loom of harmony,
 " Notes of such wond'rous texture weave,
 " As lift the soul on seraph wings,
 " Which, as they soar above the jasper sky,
 " Below them suns unknown and worlds unnumber'd
 " leave.

" While thou, by list'ning crowds approv'd,
 " Lov'd by the Muse, and by the Poet lov'd,
 " Althorp, should emulate the fame
 " Of Roman Patriots and th' Athenian name ;
 " Should charm with full persuasive eloquence,
 " With all thy mother's * grace, and all thy father's
 " sense,
 " Th' applauding senate ; whilst, above thy head,
 " Exulting Liberty should smile,
 " Then bidding dragon-born Contention cease,
 Should join the dance with meek-ey'd Peace ;

* Georgina Poyntz, Countess Spencer.

— And,

“ And, by thy voice impell’d, should spread
 “ An universal joy around her cherish’d isle.

“ But ah ! thy public virtues, youth, are vain-
 “ In this voluptuous, this abandon’d age,
 “ When Albion’s sons with frantic rage,
 “ In crimes alone, and recreant baseness bold,
 “ Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,
 “ Repudiate ; slaves of vice ! and slaves of gold !
 “ They on their starry pinions sailing
 “ Through the chrystal fields of air,
 “ Mourn their efforts unavailing,
 “ Lost persuasions, fruitless care.
 “ Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour, with them fly
 “ To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

“ Beyond the vast Atlantic deep,
 “ A dome by viewless genii shall be rais’d,
 “ The walls of adamant compact and steep,
 “ The portals with sky-tinctur’d gems emblaz’d ;
 “ There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand ;
 “ To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel ;
 “ And, when her smiles rain plenty o’er the land,
 “ Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th’ avenging steel ;
 “ Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
 “ And arts, that flourish not with slaves ;

“ Dancing with ev’ry Grace and ev’ry Muse,
 “ Shall bid the vallies laugh, and heav’nly beams
 “ diffuse.”

She ceases ; and a strange delight
 Still vibrates on my ravish’d ear :
 What floods of glory drown my sight !
 What scenes I view ! what sounds I hear !
 This for my friends—but, gentle nymphs, no more
 Dare I with spells divine the muse recall :
 Then, fatal harp, thy transient rapture o’er,
 Calm I replace thee on the sacred wall.
 Ah ! see how lifeless hangs the lyre,
 Not lightning now, but glitt’ring wire !
 Me to the brawling bar, and wrangles high,
 Bright-hair’d Sabrina calls, and rosy-bosom’d Wye.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

TAKE a pestle and mortar of moderate size,
 Into Queensberry's head * put Bunbury's eyes ; †
 Cut Dick Vernon's throat, and save all the blood,
 To answer your purpose there's none half so good :
 Pound Clermont ‡ to dust, you'll find it expedient,
 The world cannot furnish a better ingredient ;
 From Fox and Fitzpatrick take plenty of spirit,
 Successful or not, they have always that merit.
 'Tommy Panton's address § ; John Wastell's advice ; ||
 A touch of Prometheus ; 'tis done in a trice.

N E W F L A T . * *

N 5 S P R I N G ;

* The Duke is said to have the longest turf head, with but a single eye.

† Sir Charles's eyes are so good, that he can see the horses the length of the Beacon, a four-mile course at Newmarket.

‡ Lord Clermont has lost more money on the turf than perhaps any man in England.

§ Mr. Panton is reckoned the most polite man on the turf.

|| Mr. Wastell's skill in the breed of horses is remarkable, and his advice is sought after by the young sportsers.

** The *New Flat* is the last Course that has been made at Newmarket. Perhaps our readers may wish to know the names of the different Courses at Newmarket. The following we believe is a correct list :

Beacon

SPRING; AN ODE.

BY FRANCIS KNIGHT, JUN.

O Spring, relenting maid! appear,
 Unbind again the frozen ground!
 In beauty deck the smiling year,
 And scatter vernal roses round:
 O come! and with thy radiant hand
 In purple paint the western sky;
 O come! and let thy cheerful hand
 Remove th' obstructing clouds, and bid pale Winter fly.

By wanton zephyrs fann'd, the rose
 In pride surveys its op'ning bloom,
 The violets ev'ry charm disclose,
 And fill the air with rich perfume;

Beacon Course is four miles, and in the Sporting Calendar is marked	— — — —	B. C.
Round Course, four miles, marked	—————	R. C.
Duke's Course, four ditto	— — — —	D. C.
Ditto, In Course	— — — —	D. I.
Rowley Mile	— — — —	R. M.
Bunbury Mile	— — — —	B. M.
Abington Mile	— — — —	Ab. M.
Ancaster Mile	— — — —	An. M.
Rowley-Post-Mile to the post in the Fuzes, 3 quarters of a mile.		
New Flat	— — — —	N. F.

All

All nature is with beauty crown'd,
 The trees put on their varied hues,
 The rich verdure dyes the ground,
 And every charm appears to court the rural muse.

O thou! by whose divine command,
 Each lashing tempest left our isle;
 Thy blessings deal with liberal hand,
 And bid thy toiling servants smile:
 Let Winter turn his gloomy car,
 And yield to Spring's delightful sway;
 Fly with his shivering train afar,
 Nor with tempestuous clouds deform the rosy May.

Unclouded in the azure sky,
 Let the bright Sun his orb display,
 Each storm and threat'ning cloud defy,
 And cheer us with his genial ray:
 Let blooming Spring unrivall'd reign,
 An earnest of the grateful store
 Which Autumn sheds on every plain:
 And Man thy praise shall sing, and thy great pow'r
 adore.

[The following Lines are handed about, and said to be the Production of a young Gentleman, now at Westminster-School; a Copy of them he inclosed in a Letter to the Minister.]

ON THE CANDLE AND WINDOW TAX.

JOVE said, "Let there be light"—and lo,
 It instant was, and freely given
 To every creature under heaven:
 Says P—, "I will not have it so—
 "Darkness much better suits my views;
 "Let darkness o'er the land diffuse.
 "Henceforth *I Will*, that all shall pay
 "For every light, by *n'ght* or *day*."
 He said—and, as he'd been a God,
 The venal herd obey'd his nod.

LINES TO MR. PITT.

ON HIS CONTINUING IN OFFICE FOR THE GOOD
 OF THE NATION.

YOU always are boasting of honour and candour,
 Yet false is your speech, and deceitful your looks;
 To apply the old proverb to *you* is no slander,
 "'Tis Heaven sends meat, but the Devil sends
 "cooks."

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

J U L Y, 1784.

MISSING, from the genealogies of the new Peers—three *Fathers*, five *Mothers*, nine *Grandfathers*, fourteen *Grandmothers*, twenty *Great-grandfathers*, and nearly twice the number of *Great-grandmothers*—Also some complete generations of *ancestors*.

If any person can give notice 'at the Herald's Office of any *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Grandfathers*, *Grandmothers*, *Great-grandfathers*, and *Great-grandmothers*, worth owning, of the names of C—D——, H—L——, P—E——, &c. &c. &c. so as that the said *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Grandfathers*, *Great-grandfathers*, and *Great-grandmothers* may be taken and restored to the advertisers; the person so informing, for every such notice, shall receive *one guinea* reward, and *no questions shall be asked*.

And if any person will undertake to find *ancestors by the generation*, for every regular descent of not less than *three*, and not more than *five*, he shall receive *two guineas* each ancestor; and for every regular descent of not less than *six*, and no more than *ten*, he shall receive *five guineas* each ancestor, and so in proportion for any greater number.

A band-

A *handsome compliment* will also be given in addition to the rewards above proposed, for any *ancestors* who distinguish'd themselves under James the Second, Charles the Second, and Charles the First, in the cause of *Prerogative*. Likewise an extraordinary price will be paid for the discovery of *any ancestor* of *remote antiquity* and *high family* ! such as the immortal Duke *Rollo*, companion of *William the Conqueror*, and founder of the present illustrious family of *Rolle*.

N. B. No greater rewards will be offered, as the Heralds have received directions for making *new*.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO DINED BY INVITATION
AT THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB OVER COVENT-
GARDEN THEATRE.

AT a famous old club, for Beef-steaks you will see
Great men of all parties, and every degree ;
There mirth and good humour for ever you'll find,
Nor squabbles, nor riots, to ruffle the mind.

I once was a guest, and for ever shall sing,
That a noble Beef-steak is a glorious thing.

Learn hence, ye great statesmen, the *in* and the *out*,
Who keep such a pother and make such a rout,

That

That a rump of Old England, when cut into steaks,
Will soften the heart, and old friendship awakes.

I once was a guest, and for ever shall sing,
That a noble Beef-steak is a glorious thing.

Lord Sandwich and Wilkes when met at this place,
Ne'er speak of search-warrants as any disgrace;
The Peer sings his catch, and Wilkes cracks his joke,
While the steak piping hot on the table does smoke.

I once was a guest, and for ever shall sing,
That a noble Beef-steak is a glorious thing.

In St. Stephen's great hall, the good old Lord Clare
Did vow to his God, and as merrily swear,
That his Burgundy bright would heal every sore,
But Beef-steaks and porter I am sure will do more.

I once was a guest, and for ever shall sing,
That a noble Beef-steak is a glorious thing.

BON MOT OF DR. JOHNSON.

SOON after his Majesty's accession to the throne he conferred a pension of 300*l.* per annum on Dr. Johnson, for his many valuable writings. Churchill attacked the Doctor in his poem of the Ghost, and in bitter terms call'd him Pensioner, &c. When Johnson read the invective, he said—*If I can't bear this I don't deserve my money.*

L I N E S

L I N E S

ON THE PORTRAITS OF THE THREE PRINCESSES,
PAINTED BY MR. GAINSBOROUGH.

How dar'd'st thou, mortal, impiously presume
To paint with fading tints celestial bloom?
How could'st thou on such radiant beauty gaze,
Uninjur'd by the splendour of its rays?
Some angel, sure, has lent his friendly aid,
To sketch the features of each royal maid.
What sweetness softens that majestic air!
What goodness beams from each distinguish'd fair!
What spirit animates each lovely face!
And in each limb, what symmetry and grace!
Such were the forms, that blest'd the shepherd's eyes
On *Ida's* mount, contending for the prize.
Such the *three Graces* of celestial mold,
That charm'd the sculptors and the bards of old.

Consummate artist! say, from whence you drew
The precepts of thy art, so just, so true?
With freedom thus, who bade thy pencil flow,
Such force, such sweetness in thy colours glow!
Hast thou, to give perfection to thy piece,
Studied the works of ancient Rome and Greece?

Hast

Hast thou survey'd the celebrated * *rule*
 Of ancient beauty ? or each modern school
 With critic *eye compar'd*, compar'd thy mind
 With all these wonders of a taste refin'd ?
 Ah, no ; thy matchless skill with scorn disclaims,
 The fancied merit built on pompous names.
 Like great *Corregio*, Nature's pencil fraught
 With inborn genius, and by practice taught,
 He view'd even *Raphael's* works, with conscious pride,
 And " *I'm a painter still,*" the artist cry'd ! †
 O'er seas or Alps let other artists roam,
 In quest of beauties, which you find at home ;
 Such charms our *British Nymphs* alone possess,
 And none but *G—n—r—ough's* pencil can express !

* The canon or standard of beauty, formed by Polycletus.

Plin. 34. 8.

† See Dupile's Life of Corregio.

S H O R T A C C O U N T

OF THE FAMILY OF THE

R O L L O S, N O W R O L L E S,

FAITHFULLY EXTRACTED FROM THE RECORDS
OF THE HERALDS' OFFICE.

JOHN ROLLE, Esq; is descended from the ancient Duke Rollo, of Normandy : Rollo passed over into Britain, anno 983, where he soon begat another Rollo, upon the wife of a Saxon drummer.—Our young Rollo was distinguished by his gigantic stature, and was slain by Hildebrand, the Danish Champion, in a fit of jealousy. We find in Camden, that the race of the Rollos fell into adversity in the reign of Stephen, and in the succeeding reign, Gaspar de Rollo was an Ostler in Denbighshire : But during the unhappy contests of York and Lancaster, the venerable Bede, and indeed the Chronicle of Croyland have it, that the Rollos became Scheriffs of Devon ; “ *Scheriffi Devonienfes Rolli fuerunt ;* ”—and in another passage, “ *arrest averunt Debitores plurimi Rol-
lorum ;* ” hence a doubt in Fabian, whether this Rollo was not Bailiff, *ipse potius quam Scheriffis*. From this period, however, they gradually advanced in circumstances. Rollo, in Henry the 8th. being
amerced

amerced in 800 Marks for pilfering two manchettes of Beef from the King's Buttery, the which faith Selden, *facillime payavit*.

In 7th and 8th of Phil. and Mar. three Rollos indeed were gibbeted for piracy, and from that date the family changed the final O of the name into an E. In the latter annals of the Rollos, now Rolles, but little of consequence is handed down to us; we have it that Timothy Rolle of Plympton, in the 8th of Queen Anne, endowed three Alms Houses in said town. Jeremiah, his second son, was counted the fattest man of his day, and Dorothea Rolle, his third cousin, died of a terrible dysentery. From this period Rolles have burst upon public notice, with such a blaze of splendour, as renders all further accounts of this illustrious race entirely unnecessary.

EXTRACT FROM THE ROLLIAD, AN EPIC POEM
IN TWELVE BOOKS, SHORTLY TO BE PUBLISHED. JUNE 28, 1784.

WHEN Norman *Rollo* fought fair Albion's coast,
(Long may his offspring prove their country's boast!)
Thy genius, Britain, sure inspir'd his soul
To bless this island with the race of *Rolle*.
Illustrious *Rolle*! O may thy honour'd name
Roll down distinguish'd on the *Rolls* of fame!
Still first be found on Devon's county polls!
Still future senates boast their future *Rolles*!
Since of all *Rolls* which in this world we see,
The world has ne'er produc'd a *Roll* like thee:
Hot *Rolls* and butter break the Briton's fast,
Thy speeches yield a more sublime repast.
Compar'd to thine, how small their boasted heat!
Nor, mix'd with treacle, are they half so sweet.
O'er *Rolls* of parchment Antiquarians pore,
Thy mind, O *Rolle*, affords a richer store.
Let those on law or history who write,
To *Rolls* of Parliament resort for light,
Whilst o'er our Senate from our living *Rolle*
Beam the bright rays of an enlighten'd soul;
In wonder lost, we slight their useless stuff,
And feel one *Rolle* of Parliament enough.

The

The skill'd musician, to direct his band,
 Waves high a *Roll* of paper in his hand ;
 When Pitt would drown the eloquence of Burke,
 You seem the *Rolle* best suited to the work ;
 His well-train'd band, obedient know their cue,
 And cough and groan in unison with you.
 Thy God-like ancestor, in valour tried,
 Still bravely fought by conqu'ring William's side ;
 In British blood he drench'd his purple sword,
 Proud to partake the triumphs of his Lord ;
 So you, with zéal, support through each debate,
 The conqu'ring William of a later date.
 Whene'er he speaks, attentive still to hear
 The lofty nothings with a friendly—Hear,
 And proud your leader's glory to promote,
 Partake his triumph in a faithful vote.
 Ah ! sure while coronets like hailstones fly,
 When Peers are made, the Gods alone know why !
 Thy hero's gratitude, O *Rolle*, to thee
 A ducal diadem might well decree ;
 Great *Rollo's* title to thy house restore,
 Let E usurp the place of O no more
 Then *Rolle* himself should be what *Rollo* was before. }

CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD. No. I.

“ Cedit Romani Scriptores, cedit Græci.”

Nothing can be more consonant to the advice of Horace and Aristotle than the conduct of our author throughout this poem. The action is *one, entire, and great* event, being the procreation of a child on the wife of a *Saxon Drummer*. The Poem opens with a most laboured and masterly description of a *Storm*. *Rollo's* state of mind in this arduous situation is finely painted :

Now *Rollo* storms more *loudly* than the wind,
Now doubts and black despair perplex his mind ;
Hopeless to see his vessel safely harbour'd,
He hardly knows his *starboard* from his *larboard*!

That a hero in distress should not know his *right* hand from his *left*, is most natural and affecting ; in other hands, indeed, it would not have appeared sufficiently *poetical*, but the technical expressions of our author convey the idea in all the *blaze of metaphor*. The storm at length subsides, and *Rollo* is safely landed on the coast of *Sussex*. Some of his followers discover and conduct him to the country-house of *Dame Shipton*, a lady of exquisite beauty, and *first Concubine* to the *Usurper Harold*. Her likeness (we all know) is still preserved at the wax-
work

work in Fleet-street. To this Lady he relates with great modesty his former actions, and his design of conquering England, in which, (charmed with the grace with which he *eats* and *tells stories*) she promises to assist him, and they set off together for *London*. In the third book *Dame Shipton*, or as the author styles her *Shiptonia*, proposes a party to the *puppet-show*; on the walk they are surprized by a shower, and retire under Temple Bar, where *Shiptonia* forgets her fidelity to *Harold*. We are sorry to observe that this incident is not sufficiently *poetical*; nor does *Shiptonia* part with her chastity in so solemn a manner as *Dido* in the *Æneid*. In the opening of the fourth book likewise we think our author inferior to *Virgil*, whom he exactly copies, and in some places translates. He begins in this manner:

But now (for thus it was decreed above)
Shiptonia falls excessively in love;
 In every vein, great *Rollo's* eyes and fame
 Light up, and then add fuel to the flame!
 His words, his beauty, *stick within her breast*,
 Nor do her cares afford her any rest.

Here we think that *Virgil's* "*hærent infixi pectore vultus verbaque*," is ill translated by the prosaic word *sick*. We must confess however, that from the despair and death of *Shiptonia*, to the battle of *Hastings*,

ings, in which *Rollo* with his own hand kills the *Saxon Drummer*, and carries off his wife, the Poem abounds with beautiful details. But the sixth book, in which *Rollo* almost despairing of success, descends into a *Night Cellar*, to consult the *illustrious Merlin* on his future destiny, is a master-piece of elegance.

From this book, an extract has already been given in the different papers; but as the Philosopher's magic lanthorn exhibits the characters of all *Rollo's* descendants, and even of all those who were to act on the same stage with the *Marcellus* of the piece, the present *illustrious Mr. Rolle*, we mean to select in our next number some of the most striking passages of this inexhaustible *Magazine of Poetry!*

No. II. JULY 14, 1784.

OUR author, after giving an account of the immediate descendants of *Rollo*, finds himself considerably embarrassed by the three unfortunate *Rollos*, whom history relates to have been *hanged*. From this difficulty however he relieves himself by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz. by versifying the bill of indictment, and inserting in it a *flaw*, by which they are saved from condemnation. But in the transactions of those early times, however dignified by phraseology, and enliven'd by fancy, there is little to amuse, and less to interest: let us hasten, therefore,

fore, to those characters about whom not to be solicitous, is to want curiosity, and whom not to admire is to want gratitude—to those characters, in short, whose splendor illuminates the present House of Commons.

Of these, our author's principal favorite appears to be, that amiable *young Nobleman*, whose *diary* we have all perused with so much pleasure. Of him he says,——

——Superior to abuse,
He nobly glories in the name of GOOSE;
 Such Geese at Rome from the perfidious Gaul,
 Preserved the Treas'ry-Bench and Capital, &c. &c.

In the description of *Lord Mahon*, our author departs a little from his wonted gravity—

——This *Quixote* of the nation,
 Beats his own windmills in gesticulation;
 To *strike*, not *please*, his utmost force he bends,
 And all his sense is at his fingers ends, &c. &c.

But the most beautiful effort of our author's genius, (if we except only the well known character of *Mr. Rolle* himself) is contained in the description of *Mr. Pitt*.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
 Young, with more art than *Sb—ne* glean'd from
 age,
 Too proud from pilfer'd greatness to descend,
 Too humble not to call *Dundas* his friend,
 In solemn dignity and fullen state,
 This new *Othavius* rises to debate !
 Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
 Of *Country Gentlemen* with rapture glow ;
 He sees convulsed with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice Peers and deputy—*Nabobs* !
 Nor *Rum Contractors* think his speech too long,
 While words like treacle, trickle from his tongue !
 O soul congenial to the *Soul's* of *Rolles* !
 Whether you tax the *luxury* of Coals,
 Or vote some *necessary* Millions more,
 'To feed an *Indian* friend's exhausted store—
 Fain would I praise (if I like thee could praise)
 Thy matchless virtues in congenial lays.
 But, ah ! too weak, &c. &c.

This apology, however, is like the "*nolo episco-*
 "*pari*" of Bishops, for our author continues his pa-
 negyric during about one hundred and fifty lines
 more, after which he proceeds to a task (as he says)
 more congenial to his abilities, and paints

— in smooth confectionary ille,
 The smirking sadness of his *Mulgrave's* smile.

From

From the character of this nobleman we shall only select a part of one couplet which tends to elucidate our authors' astonishing powers in *imitative harmony*.

———“ within his lab’ring throat, ——
The shrill shriek struggles with the harsh hoarse note.”

As we mean to excite, and not to satisfy at once the curiosity of our readers, we shall here put a period to our extracts for the present, and shall in our next consider our author's *notes* on the work, from which we apprehend that his knowledge as an antiquary, will not appear at all inferior to his excellence as a poet. We cannot, however, conclude this essay without observing that there are very few lines in the whole work which are at all inferior to those we have selected for the entertainment of our readers.

No. III. JULY, 1784.

IT was our intention to have proceeded immediately to the valuable treasures of uncommon erudition contained in the notes on this admirable Poem. We shall, however, at present take the liberty of postponing this design, and of giving instead, one or two extracts more from the great work itself, for the entertainment of the public. The following beautiful address to Sir Richard Hill, we hope, will alone be a

sufficient apology to our readers for the alteration of our plan.

Brother of Rowland, or, if yet more dear,
 Sounds thy new title, Cousin of a Peer ;
 Scholar of various learning, good or evil,
 Alike what God inspired, or what the Devil ;
 Speaker well skill'd, what no man hears, to write ;
 Sleep-giving Poet of a sleepless night ;
 Polemic, Politician, Saint, and Wit,
 Now lashing Madan, now defending Pitt ;
 Thy praises here shall live, till time be o'er,
 Friend of *King George*, tho' of *King Jesus* more !

The solemnity of this opening is well suited to the dignity of the occasion. The heroes of Homer generally address each other by an appellative marking their affinity to some illustrious personage. The Grecian poet, it must be confessed in such cases, uses a patronymic expressive of the genealogy ; as *Pelides* *Æacides*, *Laertiades* ; but it is not absolutely necessary to observe this rule. For M^rPherson, a poet with whom our author is most likely to be intimately acquainted, makes his hero, Fingal, address Ossian by the title of " Father of Oscar." It should seem therefore to be sufficient, if in addressing a great man you particularize any celebrated character of the family who may be supposed to reflect honour on his connections ;

connections ; and the Reverend Rowland Hill was certainly the most celebrated of our worthy Baronet's relations before the late creation of Lord Berwick, on which the next line happily touches. The other allusions in the apostrophe, to Sir Richard's promiscuous quotations from the Bible and Rochester ; to his elegant compositions in the news-papers, which he calls his *speeches* ; to the verses, which he repeated in the House of Commons ; to a pamphlet against Mr. Madan, by Richard Hill, Esq; and to an elegant parody of *amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*, in the very words adopted by our author ; all these, except indeed the pamphlet, we presume to be too well known to require any illustration. The promise of immortality to the worthy Baronet, by means of the present poem, is truly in the spirit of the classics. The modesty of Virgil, indeed on a similar occasion, led him to insert a saving clause of

“ Si quid mea carmina possint,”

but our Poet, with the confidence of superior genius, says to his muse, in the stile of Horace,

———— “ Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.”

Our author seems very fond of Mr. Dundas,

———— Whose exalted soul, ———

No bonds of vulgar prejudice controul ;

Of shame unconscious in his bold career,
He spurns that honor which the weak revere, &c. &c.

But as this gentleman's character is so perfectly well understood by the public, we shall rather select a short catalogue of some among the inferior ministerial heroes, who have hitherto been less frequently described.

Mahon, out-roaring torrents in their course,
Banks the precise, and fluent Wilberforce,
Hot Arden, and the cooler Scott repair,
And Villiers, comely with the flaxen hair ;
The gentle Grenville's ever-grinning son,
And the dark brow of solemn Hamilton.

These miniatures, as we may call them, present us with the very striking likenesses of the living originals. Lord Mahon perhaps might be an excellent figure for a large portrait ; but most of the others are seen to as much advantage in this small size as they could possibly have been, had they been taken at full length. In the character of Villiers, it is probable that our author may have had in his eye the Nireus of Homer ; who, as the Commentators remark, is celebrated in the catalogue of warriors, for the handsomest man in the Grecian army, and is never mentioned again through the whole twenty-four books of the Iliad.

No. IV.

No. IV. AUGUST 17, 1784.

A New edition (being the nineteenth) of this universally admired poem, having been recently published, the ingenious author has taken that opportunity to introduce some new lines on an occasion perfectly congenial to his muse, and in the highest degree interesting to the public, namely the late *Fast* and *Thanksgiving*, together with the famous discourse preached in celebration of that day by that illustrious orator and divine, the Reverend *Mr. Secretary Prettyman*.—This Episode, which is emphatically termed by himself in his prefatory address to this last edition, his *Episode Parsonic*, seems to have been written perfectly *con amore*, and is considered by critics as one of the happiest effusions of the distinguished genius from whose high-wrapped fancy it originated. It consists of nine-and-forty lines, of which, without farther exordium, we shall submit the following extracts to the inspection, or more properly speaking, the admiration of our readers. He sets out with a most spirited compliment to Dr. *Prettyman*. The two first lines are considered by critics as the most successful example of the *alliterative* ornament upon record.

Thou Prince of Preachers, and thou Prince's Priest ;*
 Pembroke's † pale pride—in Pitt's *præcordia* plac'd.
 —Thy merits all, shall future ages scan,
 And PRINCE be lost in PARSON *Prettyman*.

The beauty of the historical allusion, namely to *Prince Prettyman*, need not be pointed out to our readers, and the presage that the fame of this Royal personage shall be lost and absorbed in the rising reputation of the ingenious divine, is peculiarly delicate and well turned. The celebrated passage of Virgil

“ Tu Marcellus eris :”

is supposed to have been in the Poet's recollection at the moment of his conceiving this passage, not that the

“ Oh miserande Puer !”

in the preceding line is imagined to have excited any idea of Mr. *Pitt*.

Our author now pursues his Hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of *Homer*, who always takes

* King's Chaplain.

† The Doctor was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge University.

the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a laboured, but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the Doctor is distinguished, he says,

Argus could boast an *hundred* eyes, 'tis true,
The *Doctor* looks an *hundred* ways with *two* ;
Gimlets they are, that *bore* you thro' and thro'. }

This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shews clearly, what a decided advantage our Reverend Hero possesses over the celebrated *Οφθαλμοδαλος* of antiquity. *Addison* is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances :

——, —“ The great, the important Day,
“ *Big* with the fate of Cato, and of Rome—
“ The *sun* grows *dim* with age, &c. &c.

This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals ; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them ; but how inferior is *Addison* in this respect to our author ?

Gimlets they are, &c.

There is not such a word in all *Cato*. How well known and domestic the image ! How specific and forcible the application !——Our author proceeds : Having described very accurately the stile of the Doctor's hair-dressing, and devoted ten beautiful lines to an eulogy upon the brilliant on the little finger of his right hand, of which he emphatically says :

No *real* putrescent, no dead *whiting's* eye,
In the true water with this ring could vie.

he breaks out into the following most spirited and vigorous apostrophe—

Oh ! had you seen his lilly, lilly hand
Stroke his spare cheek, and coax his snow-white
band !

That adding force to all his pow'rs of speech ;
This the protector of his sacred breech ;
That point the way to Heav'n's cœlestial grace,
This keeps his *small cloathe* in their proper place.
Oh ! how the comely minister you'd prais'd,
As right and sinister by turn he rais'd ! ! !

Who

Who does not perceive, in this description, as if before their eyes, the thin figure of emaciated divinity ; divided between religion and decorum ; anxious to produce some truths, and conceal *others* ; at once concerned for *fundamental* points of various kinds ; ever at the *bottom* of things ?—Who does not see this, and seeing, who does not admire !——The notes that accompany this excellent episode contain admirable instances of our author's profound knowledge in all the literature of our established religion, and shall be produced on the very first opportunity, as a full and decisive proof that his learning is perfectly on a level with his genius, and his religion quite equal to his poetry.

No. V. SEPTEMBER, 1784.

ON Monday last the twentieth edition of this incomparable poem made its appearance, and we may safely venture to predict that if it should be followed by an hundred more, while the fertile and inexhaustible genius of the author continues to enrich every new edition with new beauties, they will not fail to run through, with the same rapidity that the former have done, so universal is the enthusiasm prevailing among the genuine lovers of poetry, and all

persons of acknowledged taste, with respect to this wonderful and unparalleled production.

What chiefly distinguishes this edition, and renders it peculiarly interesting at the present moment, is the admirable description contained in it of the newly appointed India Board; in which the characters of the members composing it are most happily, though perhaps somewhat severely contrasted with those to whom the same high office had been allotted by a former administration. That the feelings of the public are in unison with those of our author upon this occasion, is sufficiently apparent from the frequent panegyrics with which the public papers have of late been filled upon the characters of these distinguished personages. In truth, the superiority of the present excellent administration over their opponents, can in no instance be more clearly demonstrated than by a candid examination of the comparative merits of the persons appointed by each of them to preside in this arduous and important department.

Our author opens this comparison by the following elegant compliment to the accomplished nobleman, whose situation as Secretary of State entitles him to a priority of notice, as the enemies of his abilities will ever ensure him a due superiority of weight in the deliberations of the board.

Sydney,

Sydney, whom all the pow'rs of rhet'ric grace,
 Consistent Sydney fills Fitzwilliam's place ;
 O, had by nature but proportion'd been,
 His strength of genius to his length of chin,
 His mighty mind in some prodigious plan,
 At once with ease had reach'd to Indostan !

The ideas conveyed in these lines of the possibility of a feature in the human face extending to so prodigious a distance as the East Indies, has been objected to as somewhat hyperbolical : but those who are well acquainted with the person, as well as the character of the noble Lord alluded to, and who are unquestionably the best judges of the *extent* of the compliment, will certainly be of a different opinion ; neither indeed is the objection founded in truth, but must have arisen merely from the passages not having been properly understood ; it by no means supposes his Lordship to have literally a chin of such preposterous dimensions, as must be imagined, for the purpose of reaching to the East Indies, but figuratively speaking, only purports, that if his Lordship's mental faculties are co-extensive with that distinguished feature of his face, they may readily embrace, and be competent to the consideration of the most distant objects ; the meaning of the author is so obvious, that this cavil has probably originated in wilful misapprehension, with a view of detracting from

from the merit of one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem. What reader can refuse his admiration to the following lines, in which the leading features of the characters are so justly, strongly, and at the same time so concisely delineated?

Acute observers, who with skilful ken,
 Descry the characters of public men,
 Rejoice that pow'r and patronage should pass
 From *jobbing* Montagu to *pure* Dundas;
 Exchange with pleasure Elliot, Lews'ham, North,
 For Mulgrave's tried integrity and worth,
 And all must own, that worth compleatly tried,
 By turns experienc'd upon every side.

How happy is the selection of epithets in these lines! how forcibly descriptive of the characters to which they are applied!—In the same strain, he proceeds:—

Whate'er experience Gregory might boast,
 Say, is not Walsingham himself a host?
 His grateful countrymen with joyful eyes,
 From Sackville's ashes see this Phœnix rise;
 Perhaps with all his master's talents blest,
 To save the East, as he subdu'd the West.

The

The historical allusion is here judiciously introduced, and the pleasing prospect hinted at, of the same happy issue attending our affairs in the Eastern, that has already crowned them in the Western world, must afford peculiar satisfaction to the feelings of every British reader.

The next character is most ingeniously described; but, like a former one, containing some *personal* allusions, requires to be fully understood, a more intimate acquaintance with the exterior qualifications of the gentleman in question, than can have fallen to the lot of every reader. All who have had the pleasure of seeing him, however, will immediately acknowledge the resemblance of the portrait.

See next advance, in knowing Fletcher's stead,
A youth, who boasts no common share of head;
What plenteous stores of knowledge may contain
The spacious tenement of Grenville's brain!
Nature, in all her dispensations wise,
Who form'd his head-piece of so vast a size,
Hath not, 'tis true, neglected to bestow
Its due proportion to the part below;
And hence we reason, that to serve the state,
His top and bottom may have equal weight.

Every reader will naturally conceive, that in the description of the principal person of the Board, the
author

author has exerted the whole force of his genius, and he will not find his expectations disappointed; he has reserved him for the last, and has judiciously evaded disgracing him by a comparison with any other, upon the principle, no doubt, quoted from Mr. Theobald, by that excellent critic, Martinus Scriblerus.

“None but himself can be his parallel.”

Double Falsehood.

As he has drawn this character at considerable length, we shall content ourselves with selecting some few of the most striking passages, whatever may be the difficulty of selecting, where almost the whole is equally beautiful; the grandeur of the opening prepares the mind for the sublime sensations suitable to the dignity of the subject so exalted.

Above the rest, majestically great,
Behold the infant Atlas of the state,
The matchless miracle of modern days,
In whom Britannia to the world displays
A sight to make surrounding nations stare,
A kingdom trusted to a school-boy's care!

It is to be observed, to the credit of our author, that although his political principles are unquestionably favourable to the present happy Government,
he

he does not scruple, with that boldness which ever characterizes real genius, to animadvert with freedom on persons of the most elevated rank and station, and he has accordingly interspersed his commendations of our favourite young Minister with much excellent and seasonable counsel, forewarning him of the dangers to which he is by his situation exposed. After having mentioned his introduction into public life, and concurred in that admirable panegyric of his immaculate virtues made in the House of Commons, by a noble Lord already celebrated in the poem, upon which he has the following observation :

————As Mulgrave, who so fit,
 To chaunt the praises of ingenuous Pitt?
 The nymph unhackney'd, and unknown abroad,
 Is thus commended by the hackney'd baw'd.
 The dupe enraptur'd, views her fancied charms,
 And clasps the maiden mischief to his arms ;
 Till dire disease reveals the truth too late,—
 O grant my country, Heav'n, a milder fate !

He attends him to the high and distinguished station he now so ably fills, and in a nervous strain of manly eloquence describes the defects of character and conduct to which his situation, and the means by which he came to it, render him peculiarly

cularly liable. The spirit of the following lines is remarkable.

Oft in one bosom may be found allied,
Excess of meanness, and excess of pride ;
Oft may the Statesman, in St. Stephen's brave,
Sink in St. James's to an abject slave ;
Erect and proud, at Westminster, may fall
Prostrate and pitiful at Leadenhall ;
In word a giant, though a dwarf in deed,
Be led by others, while he seems to lead.

He afterwards with great force describes the lamentable state of humiliation into which he may fall from his present pinnacle of greatness by too great a subserviency to those from whom he has derived it, and appeals to his pride in the following beautiful exclamation :

Shall Chatham's offspring basely beg support,
Now from the India, now St. James's Court ;
With pow'rs admiring Senates to bewitch,
Now kiss a Monarch's—now a Merchant's breech ?
And prove a pupil of St. Omer's school,
Of either *kinson*, *At* or *Jen*, the tool ?

Though cold and cautious criticism may perhaps start at the boldness of the concluding line, and will venture to pronounce it the most masterly stroke of
the.

the sublime to be met with in this or any other poem, and may be justly said, what Mr. Pope has so happily styled—

“ To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

Essay on Criticism.

As we despair of offering any thing equal to this lofty flight of genius to the reader of true taste, we shall conclude with recommending to him the immediate perusal of the whole poem, and, in the name of an admiring Public, returning our heartfelt thanks to the wonderful author of this invaluable work.

No. VI. NOVEMBER, 1784.

AS we are credibly informed, that many persons of late have in vain enquired of their bookfellers for the former impressions of the *Rolliad*, we are happy in being able to give notice, thus early, of a new edition, *the twenty-first*, now preparing for the press with all possible dispatch. This, like many of the preceding, will be enriched with considerable additions; of which we purpose hereafter to give some account. In the mean time, however, to gratify such of our readers, as may have been hitherto unfortunately disappointed in their search after the
work

work itself, we shall present the public with some further extracts from the last edition, accompanied as before, with our observations.

We mentioned long since, that most of the passages intended to be selected for our criticisms, were contained in the sixth book, where *Merlin* by means of a magic lantern, shews to *Duke Rollo* the great characters, coteremporaries, and friends of his illustrious descendant, Mr. Rolle. This book, whether it be from the subject, or, as we sometimes flatter ourselves, from the recommendation of our commentary, has been generally admired, above all the rest ; and of consequence, it has been revised, corrected, and improved with uncommon care by the author in successive editions of the poem. Thus in the *ninetcentb* he introduced for the first time, his *Episode Parsonic*, on the vision of Dr. Prettyman in St. Margaret's pulpit ; and in the *twentieth*, the vision of the new Board of Indian Commissioners. At the same time, also, he very much enlarged the description of the House of Commons, with which he judiciously prepares the reader for the exhibition of Mr. Rolle, and the other political heroes of the age on that theatre of their glory. Maps of the country round Troy have been drawn from the *Iliad* ; and we doubt not, that a plan of St. Stephen's might now be delineated with the utmost accuracy from the *Rolliad*.

Merlin

Merlin first ushers Duke Rollo into the lobby ; marks the situation of the two entrances ; one in front, the other communicating laterally with the Court of Requests ; and points out the topography of the fire-place and the box ;

————— in which

Sits *Pearson*, like a pagod in his niche ;
The Gomgom *Pearson*, whose sonorous lungs
With “ *silence ! room there !* ” drown an hundred
tongues. ———

This passage is in the very spirit of prophecy, which delights to represent things in the most lively manner. We not only *see* but *hear Pearson* in the execution of his office. The language too, is truly prophetic ; unintelligible, perhaps, to those to whom it is addressed, but perfectly clear, full, and forcible to those who live in the time of the accomplishment. Duke Rollo might reasonably be supposed to stare at the barbarous words, *Pagod* and *Gomgom* ; but we, who know one to signify an Indian Idol, and the other an Indian instrument of music, perceive at once the peculiar propriety with which such images are applied to an officer of a House of Commons, so completely Indian as the present. A writer of less judgment would have contended himself with comparing *Pearson* singly to a

Statue in his nich—

and with calling him a *Stentor*, perhaps, in the next line : but such unappropriated similes and metaphors could not satisfy the nice taste of our author.

The description of the lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her *Hucstria*, and by a dexterous stroke of art, compares her to *Shiptonia*, whose amours with Rollo form the third and fourth books of the Rolliad.

Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair
As bright *Shiptonia*, late thy tender care ?
Mark how her winning smiles, and witching eyes
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries :
Mark with what grace she offers to his hand,
The tempting orange, pride of China's land !

This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

O ! take, wise youth, the Hesperian fruit, of use
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.

With

With this thy parch'd roof moisten ; nor consume
 Thy hours, and guineas in the eating-room,
 Till, full of claret, down with wild uproar,
 You reel, and, stretch'd along the gallery, snore.

From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution, against the vice of drunkenness, which he more particularly enforces, by the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril from the farmer at Wandsworth.

Ah ! think, what danger on debauch attends ;
 Let Pitt, once drunk, preach temperance to his
 friends ;

How, as he wander'd, darkling, o'er the plain,
 His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's champagne,
 A rustic's hand, but that just Fate withstood,
 Had shed a Premier's for a Robber's blood.

We have been thus minute, in tracing the transitions in this inimitable passage, as they display in a superior degree, the wonderful skill of our poet, who could thus bring together an orange-girl, and the present pure and immaculate minister ; a connection, which, it is more than probable, few of our reader would in any wise have suspected.

— — — — — “ Ex fumo dare lucem
 Cogitat, ut speciosa de hinc miracula promat.”

From

From the lobby we are next led into the several Committee rooms, and other offices adjoining ; and among the rest, Merlin, like a noble Lord, whose Diary was some time since printed, *takes occasion to inspect the water-closets,*

Where offerings, worthy of those altars, lie ;
 Speech, letter, narrative, remark, reply,
 With dead born taxes, innocent of ill,
 With cancell'd clauses of the India Bill !
 There *pious Northcote's meek rebukes*, and here
 The lofty nothings of the *Scrutiniser* ;
 And reams on reams of tracts, that without pain
 Incessant spring from *Scott's* prolific brain.
 Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
 But heard and then forgotten in their own ?
 Turn then, my son, &c. &c.

This passage will probably surprise many of our readers, who must have discovered our author to be, as every good and wise man must be, firmly attached to the present system. It was natural for Dantè to send his enemies to hell ; but it seems strange that our poet should place the writings of his own friends and fellow-labourers in a water-closet. It has indeed been hinted to us, that it might arise from envy to find some of them better rewarded for their exertions in the cause than himself. But though great minds have

have sometimes been subject to this passion, we cannot suppose it to have influenced the author of the *Rolliad* in the present instance. For in that case we doubt not he would have shewn more tenderness to his fellow-sufferer, the unfortunate Mr. Northcote, who, after sacrificing his time, degrading his profession, and hazarding his ears twice or thrice every week, for these two or three years past, has at length confessed his patriotism weary of employing his talents for the good of his country, without receiving the reward of his labours. To confess the truth, we ourselves think the apparent singularity of the poet's conduct on this occasion, may be readily ascribed to, that independence of superior genius, which we noticed in our last number. We there remarked with what becoming freedom he spoke to the minister himself; and in the passage now before us, we may find traces of the same spirit, in the allusions to the coal-tax, gauze-tax, and ribbon-tax, as well as the unexampled alterations and corrections of the celebrated India Bill. Why then should it appear extraordinary, that he should take the same liberty with two or three brother-authors, which he had before taken with their master; and without scruple intimate, what he and every one else must think of their productions, notwithstanding he may possess all possible charity for the good intention of their endeavours? We cannot dismiss these criticisms with-

out observing on the concluding lines, how happily our author here again, as before by the mention of *Sbip-tonia*, contrives to recall our attention to the personages more immediately before us, *Merlin* and *Duke Rollo* !

No. VII. NOVEMBER, 1784.

WE come now to the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, *the Holy of Holies*, where the glory of political integrity shines visibly, since the shrine has been purified from Lord *John Cavendish*, Mr. *Foljambe*, Mr. *Coke*, Mr. *Baker*, Major *Hartley*, and the rest of its pollutions. To drop our metaphor, after taking a minute survey of the lobby, peeping into the eating-room, and inspecting the water-closets, we are at length admitted into the House itself. The transition here is peculiarly grand and solemn. *Merlin*, having corrected himself for wasting so much time on insignificant objects,

(Yet wherefore to this age should names be known
But heard, and then forgotten in their own ?)

immediately directs the attention of *Rollo* to the doors of the House, which are represented in the vision, as opening at that moment to gratify the hero's curiosity ;

osity ; then the prophet suddenly cries out, in the language of ancient religion,

———Procul ô procul este profani !

Turn then, my sons, where to thy hallow'd eye
Yon doors unfold—Let none prophane be nigh !

It seems, as if the poet in the preceding descriptions had purposely stooped to amuse himself with the *Gomgom Pearson*, *Hucsteria*, *Major Scott*, *Mr. Northcote*, and the *Reverend author of the Scrwineer*, that he might rise again with the more striking dignity on this great occasion.

Such of our readers as are acquainted with the old editions of the *Rolliad*, must certainly remember the descriptions of the bar, the gallery for strangers to sit in, and members to sleep in, the clock, the mace, and the Speaker's chair. These have undergone little or no alterations, except, perhaps in one or two places, the correction of an innacurate rhyme, or a feeble epithet. We shall therefore pass them over in silence, and proceed directly to the *Treasury Bench* :

Where sit the gowned Clerks, by ancient rule,
'Tis on a chair, and that upon a stool ;
Where stands the well pil'd table, cloath'd in green :
'There on the left the Treasury-bench is seen.

No satin covering decks th' unfightly boards ;
 No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords.
 And claim illustrious bums such small regard ?
 Ah ! bums too tender for a seat so hard !

The four first lines of the above quotation include all that was originally said of the Treasury-bench. The four last are entirely new. Nor, we trust, will their beauty be found inferior to their novelty. They touch on a subject of much offence to the young friends of the minister ; we mean, the barbarous and gothic appearance of the benches in the House of Commons. The Treasury-bench itself looks no better than a *first form in one of our public schools*.

No satin covering decks th' unfightly boards ;
 No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords.

This couplet states with much elegance the matter of complaint, and glances with equal dexterity at the proper remedy. The composition is then judiciously varied, and the whole art of the poet is employed to interest our feelings, in favour of the necessary innovation.

“ And claim illustrious bums such small regard ?
 “ Ah ! bums too tender for a seat so hard ! ”

Every

Every critic knows the interrogation to be a figure of the most powerful effect. Hence it is not unfrequently employed by *Virgil* to give point to a reflection, as

“ Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ? ”

And if our readers are desirous of seeing its full force in the present instance, they have only to substitute the following verse, which expresses the same sentiment in a more direct manner,

“ Illustrious bums might merit more regard.”

How flat, how spiritless this, in comparison of the other ? Nor is the interrogation the only strong figure employed in this admirable passage. This is immediately succeeded by an interjection, with an exclamation of the most pathetic kind —

Ah ! bums too tender for a seat so hard !

Who can read the first line of the couplet without feeling his sense of national honour most deeply injured by the supposed indignity ? and who can read the last without melting into the most unfeigned commiseration for the actual suffering, to which the youthful Lords are at present exposed ? It must, doubtless, be a seasonable relief to the minds of our

readers to be informed, that Mr. Pitt, as it has been said in some of the daily papers, means to propose for one article of his *Parliamentary Reform*, to cover the seats in general with crimson satin, and to decorate the Treasury-bench in particular with cushions of crimson velvet ; one of extraordinary dimensions being to be appropriated to Mr. *W. Grenville*.

The epithet *tender* in the last line we were at first disposed to consider as merely synonymous with *youthful*. But a friend, to whom we repeated the passage, suspected that the word might bear some more emphatical sense : and this conjecture indeed seems to be established beyond doubt, by the original reading in the manuscript, which has since been obligingly communicated to us.

Alas ! that burns so late by pedants scarr'd,
Sore from the rod, should suffer seats so hard !

We give these verses, not as admitting any comparison with the text as it now stands, but merely by way of commentary, to illustrate the Poet's meaning.

From the *Treasury-bench*, we ascend one step to the *India-bench*.

There

There too, in place advanc'd, as in command,
 Above the beardless rulers of the land,
 On a bare bench, alas ! exalted sit,
 The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt ;
 Delights of Asia, ornaments of man,
 Thy Sovereigns Sovereigns, happy Hindostan !

This passage has been so much changed, as to be rendered in a manner perfectly new. The movement of the lines is, as the subject required, more elevated than that of the preceding : yet the prevailing sentiment excited by the description of the Treasury-bench, is artfully touched by our author, as he passes, in the Hemistich.

On a bare bench, alas !——

Which is a beautiful imitation of Virgil's

———Ah ! filice in nudâ.

The pompous titles so liberally bestowed on the *Bengal Squab*, as the *pennyless birdlings* of Opposition affect to call them, are truly Oriental taste ; and we doubt not, but every friend to the present happy Government will readily agree in the justice of styling them, *pillars of Prerogative and Pitt, delight of Asia, and ornaments of man* ; neither, we are assured can

any man of any party object to the last of their high dignities, *Sovereigns of the Sovereigns of India*, since the Company's well known sale of *Shah Allum* to his own Vizir is an indisputable proof of their supremacy over the Great Mogul.

As our author has been formerly accused of plagiarism, we must here in candour confess, that he seems, in his description of the India-bench, to have had an eye to *Milton's* account of the *Devil's throne*, which, however, we are told, much exceeded the possible splendor of any India-bench, or even the magnificence of Mr. Hastings himself.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus, or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with lavish hand,
Show'rs on her King, barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted fate.————

This concluding phrase, our readers will observe, is exactly and literally copied by our author. It is also worthy of remark, that as he calls the *Bengal Squad*

The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt,
So *Milton* calls *Belzeebub*,
A pillar of state——

Though

Though it is certain that the expression here quoted may equally have been suggested by one of the Persian titles, said to be engraved on a seal of Mr. *Hastings*, where we find the Governor-General stiled, *Pillar of the Empire*. But we shall leave it to our readers to determine, as they may think proper, on the most probable source of the metaphor, whether it were in reality derived from *Belzezebub* or Mr. *Hastings*.

From the above general compliment to the India-bench, the Poet, in the person of *Merlin*, breaks out into the following animated apostrophe to some of the principal among our Leadenhall-street Governors :

All hail ! ye virtuous patriots without blot,
The minor Kinson, and the Major Scott ;
And thou of name uncouth to British ear,
From Norman smugglers sprung, Le Mesurier.
Hail, Smiths ! and Wraxall, unabash'd to talk,
Tho' none will listen ! hail too, Call and Palk :
'Thou, Barwell, just and good, whose honour'd name,
Wide as the Ganges rolls, shall live in fame,
Second to Hastings, and Vansittart, thou
A second Hastings ; if the Fates allow.

The bold, but truly poetical *apocope*, by which the Messrs. *Atkinson* and *Jenkinson* are called the two *kin-*

sons, is already familiar to the public. The *minor Kinson*, or *Kinson the less*, is obviously *Mr. Atkinson*; *Mr. Jenkinson* being confessedly greater than *Mr. Atkinson*, or any other man, except ONE, in the kingdom.—The antithesis of the *Major Scott* to the *minor Kinson*, seems to ascertain the sense of the word *Major*, as signifying in this place *the greater*; it might mean also *the elder*; or it might equally refer to the military rank of the gentleman intended. This is a beautiful example of the figure so much admired by the ancients under the name of the *Paronomasia*, or *Pun*. They who recollect the light in which our author before represented *Major Scott*, as a pamphleteer, fit only to furnish a *water-closet*, may possibly wonder to find him here mentioned as THE GREATER *Scott*; but whatever may be his literary talents, he must be acknowledged to be truly great, and worthy of the conspicuous place assigned him in his capacity of agent to *Mr. Hastings*, and of consequence chief manager of the *Bengal Squad*; and it must be remembered that this is the character in which we are now considering him. The circumstance of *Mr. Le Mesurier's* origin from *Norman smugglers* has been erroneously supposed by some critics to be designed for a reproach; but they could not possibly have fallen into this mistake, if they had for a moment reflected that it is addressed by *Merlin* to *Rollo*, who was himself

himself no more than a *Norman pirate*. *Smuggling* and *piracy* in heroic times were not only esteemed not infamous, but absolutely honourable. The *Smiths*, *Call* and *Palk* of our poet resemble the

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanique,

of *Homer* and *Virgil*; who introduce those gallant warriors for the sake of a smooth verse, and dispatch them at a stroke without the distinction of a single epithet. Our Poet too has more professedly imitated *Virgil* in the lines respecting Mr. *Vanfittart*, now a candidate to succeed Mr. *Hastings*—

——And, Vanfittart, thou
A second Hastings, if the Fates allow:

——Si quæ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!

The passage however is, as might be hoped from the genius of our author, obviously improved in the imitation; as it involves clintax, most happily expressed. Mr. *Barwell* has been panegyricized in the lines immediately foregoing, as *second to Hastings*, inferior to Mr. Hastings alone in virtues; but of Mr. *Vanfittart* it is prophesied, that he will be a *second Hastings*; second indeed in time, but equal perhaps

in the distinguishing merits of that great and good man, in obedience to the Court of Directors, attention to the interests of the Company in preference to his own, abstinence from rapacity and extortion, justice, and policy towards the Princes, and humanity to all the natives of Hindostan. The ingenious turn on the words, *second to Hastings*, and a *second Hastings*, would have furnished matter for whole pages to the Dionysius's, Longinus's, and Quintilian's of antiquity, though the affected delicacy of modern taste may condemn it as quibble and jingle.

We shall conclude this number by inserting, without any comment, our author's new project for the improvement of the India-bench, with which he closes the apostrophe above quoted.

Oh ! that for you, in Oriental state,
At ease reclin'd, to watch the long debate,
Beneath the gallery's pillar'd height were spread,
(With the Queen's leave) your Warren's ivory bed !

No. VIII. DECEMBER, 1784.

IN every new edition of this incomparable poem, it has been the invariable practice of the author, to take an opportunity of adverting to such recent circumstances, as have occurred since the original publication of it, relative to any of the illustrious characters he has celebrated. The public has lately been assured, that the Marquis of Graham is elected Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and has presented that learned body with a complete set of the engravings of Piranesi, an eminent Italian artist; of which, we are happy to acquaint the diletanti, a few of the remaining sets are to be purchased at Mr. Alderman Boydell's printshop, in Cheapside, price twelve pounds twelve shillings each. An anecdote reflecting so much honour upon one of the favourite characters of our author, could not pass unnoticed in the Rolliad; and accordingly, in his last edition, we find the following complimentary lines upon the subject :

If right the Bard, whose numbers sweetly flow,
That all our knowledge is ourselves to know ;

A sage

A sage like Graham, can the world produce,
Who in full senate call'd himself a goose?
Th' admiring Commons, from the high-born
youth,
With wonder heard this undisputed truth ;
Exulting Glasgow claim'd him for her own,
And plac'd the prodigy on Learning's throne.

He then alludes to the magnificent present above-mentioned, and concludes in that happy vein of alliterative excellence, for which he is so justly admired——

With gorgeous gifts from gen'rous Graham grac'd,
Great Glasgow grows the granary of taste.

Our readers will doubtless recollect, that this is not the first tribute of applause paid to the distinguished merit of the public-spirited young Nobleman in question. In the first edition of the poem, his character was drawn at length, the many services he has rendered his country were enumerated, and we have lately been assured by our worthy friend and correspondent, Mr. Malcolm McGregor, the ingenious author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and other valuable poems, that the following spirited verses, recording the ever-memorable circumstance of his Lordship's having procured for the

the inhabitants of the Northern extremity of our Island, the inestimable privilege of exempting their posteriors from those ignominious symbols of slavery vulgarly denominated *breeches*, are actually universally repeated with enthusiasm, throughout every part of the Highlands of Scotland——

Thee, Graham ! thee, the frozen Chieftains blefs,
 Who feel thy bounties thro' their fav'rite drefs !
 By thee they view their rescu'd country clad,
 In the bleak honours of their long-lost plaid ;
 Thy patriot zeal has bar'd their parts behind,
 To the keen whistlings of the wint'ry wind ;
 While Lairs the dirk, while lasses bag-pipes prize,
 And oat-meal cake the want of bread supplies ;
 The scurvy skin, while scaly scabs enrich,
 While contact gives, and brimstone cures the itch,
 Each breeze that blows upon those brawney parts,
 Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in their hearts ;
 And while they freshen from the Northern blast,
 So long thy honour, name, and praise shall last.

We need not call to the recollection of the classical reader,

Dum juga mentis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

And the reader of taste will not hesitate to pronounce, that the copy has much improved upon, and very far surpassed the original: in these lines we also find the most striking instances of the beauties of alliteration; and however some fastidious critics have affected to undervalue this excellence, it is no small triumph to those of a contrary sentiment to find, that next to our own incomparable author, the most exalted genius of the present age has not disdained to borrow the assistance of this ornament, in many passages of the beautiful dramatic treasure with which he has recently enriched the stage. It is necessary for us to add, that it is the new tragedy of the Carmelite to which we allude?—A tragedy, the beauties of which, we will venture confidently to assert, will be admired and felt, when those of Shakespeare, Dryden, Otway, Southerne, and Rowe, shall be no longer held in estimation. As examples of alliterative beauty, we shall select the following:—

The

The hand of Heav'n hangs o'er me and my house,
To their untimely graves seven sons swept off.

Again,——

So much for tears—tho' twenty years they flow—
They wear no channels in a widow's cheeks.

The alternate alliteration of the second line, in this instance, seems an improvement upon the art, to the whole merit of which Mr. Cumberland is himself unquestionably entitled.

Afterwards we read,

——— Treasures hoarded up,
With carking care, and a long life of thrift.

In addition to the alliterative merit, we cannot here fail to admire the judiciously selected epithet of *carking*; and the two lines immediately following, although no example of that merit, should not be omitted—

Now, without interest, or redemption swallow'd,
By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever.

How striking is the comparison of the ocean, to a bankrupt swallowing without interest or redemption the property of his unfortunate creditors? where shall we find a simile of equal beauty, unless some may possibly judge the following to be so, which is to be found in another part of the same sublime work, of two persons weeping——

—— —We will sit,
Like fountain statues, face to face opposed;
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word —— —

Our readers, we trust, will pardon our having been diverted from the task we have undertaken, by the satisfaction of dwelling on a few of the many beauties of this justly popular and universally admired tragedy, which in our humble opinion infinitely surpasses every other theatrical composition, being in truth an assemblage of every possible dramatic excellence; nor do we believe, that any production, whether of ancient or modern date, can exhibit more uncommon and peculiar selection of language, a greater variety of surprising incidents, a more rapid succession of extraordinary discoveries, a more curious collection of descriptions, similes, metaphors, images, storms, shipwrecks, challenges, and visions, or a more miscellaneous and striking picture.

picture of the contending passions of love, hatred, piety, madness, rage, jealousy, remorse, and hunger, than this unparalleled performance presents to the admiration of the enraptured spectator. Mr. Cumberland has been represented, perhaps unjustly, as particularly jealous of the fame of his contemporaries, but we are persuaded he will not be offended when, in the ranks of modern writers, we place him second only to the inimitable author of the *Rolliad*.

To return from the digression into which a subject so seducing has involuntarily betrayed us, the reader will recollect that in our last we left Merlin gratifying the curiosity of Rollo, with a view of that Assembly of which he is himself one day destined to become so conspicuous an ornament. After having given the due preference to the India Bench, he proceeds to point out to him others of the most distinguished supporters of the present virtuous Administration. Having already mentioned the most confidential friends of the Minister, he now introduces us to the acquaintance of an active young Member, who has upon all occasions been pointedly severe upon the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, and who is remarkable for never having delivered his sentiments upon any subject, whether relating to the East-Indies, the Reform of Parliament, or the Westminster Election, without a copious dissertation upon the principles,

principles, causes, and conduct of the American war.

Lo ! Beaufoy rises, friend to soft repose,
 Whose gentle accents prompt the House to dose !
 His cadence just, a gen'ral sleep provokes,
 Almost as quickly as Sir Richard's jokes.
 'Thy slumbers, North, he strives in vain to break,
 When all are sleeping thou would'st scarce awake ;
 Though from his lips severe invectives fell,
 Sharp as the acid he delights to sell.

In explanation of the last line, it may be perhaps necessary to apprise our readers that this accomplished orator, although the elegance of his diction, and smoothness of his manner, partake rather of the properties of oil, is in his commercial capacity, a dealer in vinegar. The speaker alluded to under the name of Sir Richard, is probably the same whom our author, upon a former occasion, stiled——

Sleep-giving poet of a sleepless night.

The limits of our paper will not allow us to enlarge upon the various beauties with which this part of the work abounds ; we cannot, however, omit the pathetic description of the Speaker's situation, nor the admirable comparison of Lord Mahon preying.

ing on his patience, to the vulture devouring the liver of Prometheus. The necessity of the Speaker's continuing in the chair while the House sits, naturally reminds our author of his favourite Virgil:

——sedit æternumque fedebit
Infelix Theseus.——

There Cornwall sits, and, oh ! unhappy fate !
Must sit for ever through the long debate ;
Save, when compell'd by Nature's sov'reign will,
Sometimes to empty, and sometimes to fill.
Painful pre-eminence ! he hears, 'tis true,
Fox, North, and Burke, but hears Sir Joseph too.

Then follows the simile——

Like sad Prometheus, fasten'd to his rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock ;
In vain th' effects of strength'ning porter tries,
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies ;
While vulture like, the dire Mahon appears,
And, far more savage, rends his soft'ning ears.

P. S. The Commentator on the Rolliad having observed that his criticisms have lately been compiled and published in the form of a pamphlet, begs leave to say that his respects for the public would never have permitted him to offer them, in so imperfect

perfect and undigested a state, to their inspection. That he is in no shape concerned in that publication, will appear from the many errors and typographical mistakes contained in it. It is true that many of his friends, biassed no doubt by their partiality, have urged him to collect, and after having revised, to publish them; and, as a farther inducement, the illustrious hero of the Poem, Mr. Rolle, has graciously condescended to give him his permission to dedicate them to him, which last circumstance, so flattering to the commentator, may perhaps prevail upon him to offer them to the public whenever they shall be compleated.

NO. IX. JANUARY, 1784.

OUR author, in the progress of his plan, which, like that of Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, has the universe for its scene, and *angels* for its agents, has at last arrived at an object whom all the world will acknowledge every way worthy of the writer; a fit *hero* for such a *poet*—

— dignus Deo vindice nodus ———

will be the common sentiment of all mankind, when it is related that the sublime builder of “The Rolliad” (for surely the *conditor carminum* was never so well

well applied to any individual before) has selected his Grace the DUKE of NORTHUMBERLAND, Earl Percy, Lord Lovaine, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Counties of Middlesex and Northumberland, Vice Admiral of Northumberland, President of the Middlesex Hospital and Westminster Dispensary, a Vice President of the Small Pox Hospital, and a Trustee of the British Museum, as the next subject of his distinction, or in other words, as the next theme of his panegyric, for from such an author the least notice is *immortality*.

We have accompanied the introduction of the noble Duke's name, as our readers will perceive, with a pretty correct enumeration of his virtues, as Duke of N. Earl of P. &c. &c. but how would our faint powers have been equal to the task of giving them that brilliancy of setting, which marks and ever will, and ever must mark the poetic jewelry of our eternal bard? who

Non ante vulgatas per artes——

adds new charms to every theme he honours with its touch, and has the dexterity of making

“ Vigour more strong, and beauty's self more fair.”

He confesses, however, that he shrunk a little at first from the contemplation of such surpassing grandeur,

deur, as the blazing virtues of the noble Duke ; but soon deriving comfort from the recollection of those leading authorities, “ that a cat may look at a “ King,” and “ that an eagle can survey the sun,” he determined to proceed. He felt particular pleasure in calling to mind the famous comparison in the eleventh *Æneid* of Virgil, wherein an eagle is represented to take a *snake* in his talons, to contend with him for some time in the air ; after some struggle and difficulty to obtain a decisive victory, and then,

———simul æthera verberat alis———

“ Thus,” adds this great author in his annotations, “ having got the better of all initiatory dangers, I flattered myself, that I and my hero would rise together : and that *I*, like a *Pierian Eagle*, and *he*, like a true, *Aristocratic Snake*, would mount with reciprocal stimulus in company.

The author condescends just in this part to quote from a scribbler in the fifteenth century, Mr. *William Shakespeare*, and thus most passionately exclaims, as he essays to encounter the mighty subject of his rapture.—

Oh ! for a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of invention !

A king-

A kingdom for a stage, Princes to act,
 And Monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the high and many-titled HUGH
 Assume the port of *Plutus*——

—— Pardon, gentles all,
 The flat, unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So *great* an object.

The Poet now proceeds to the promised detail of the noble Duke's transcendencies. He speaks in proper terms of his unbounded and disinterested benevolence—of his undescribable contempt of parade, and all the little weak vanities of *lordly* ostentation ; of his humility ; his generous attachment to his Sovereign, which the author demonstrates by the circumstance of his having served his Majesty for some years in the character of a principal menial, at a time when he was not in the receipt of more than 60,000 *pounds per annum* ; did not get more than 4000*l.* a year for the execution of the employment, and had hardly a leg to stand upon ; the uncommon reverence and affection which is borne his Grace by all mankind, and particularly *by those who know him best* ; his unexampled patronage of literature, considering the contracted limits of his means ; his total exemption from sordid feelings of *all* sorts ; his

exertions in behalf of his country ; and particularly in *support of the purity of its democracy, &c. &c.*

Our author, now making a very easy and natural transition from the noble Duke's *patriotism in general*, to his constitutional abhorrence of all *bcrough manufactory in particular*, grows inflamed with the contemplation of such uncommon excellence ; finds himself unable to restrain the fury of his admiration ; perceives his *Pegasus* running away with him ; foams, blows, and frets, till half-choaked with the generous rage that had seized him, he begins to feel, for the first time, his power sink beneath the vast bulk of his subject, and that for once in his life

—— materia superavit opus.

His wonder works itself off in *bemistiches* ; in little poetic spasms ; in half lines, such as the learned reader knows ever characterise the poetry of the ancient classics, in situations of difficulty and passion, and all that his labouring muse is capable of bearing is such half formed abortions as the following——

How shall I find words ?———

What power in language !———

Assist me, all ye nine !———

Description's self is lame.———

He

He concludes this strain of convulsive harmony with
a parody

A Muse ! a Muse !—my kingdom for a Muse !

Recollecting just at this moment that there were other parts of this great man's character, though perhaps less susceptible of poetical ornament, yet better calculated for general entertainment, he suddenly takes leave of his *heroics* ; and bearing in mind that the fame of the noble house of *Percy* had been rather transmitted to posterity on account of their *actions*, than by the studied puffs of their historians, he instantly determines upon telling a story, and judiciously adopting a new measure suited to the new occasion (for no author understands better

————reddere convenientia cuique,————

than the immortal writer of the *Rolliad*) he thus proceeds :

A T A L E.

AT Brookes's once it so fell out
The box was push'd with glee about ;
With mirth reciprocal inflam'd,
'Twas said, they rather *play'd* than *gam'd* ;
A gen'rous impulse through them ran,
And *seem'd* to actuate ev'ry man ;

Q z

But

But as all human pleasures tend
 At some sad moment to an end,
 The hour at last approach'd, when lo
 'Twas time for every one to go.
 —Now, for the first time it was seen,
 A certain sum unown'd had been ;
 To no man's spot directly fix'd,
 But plac'd—ambiguously betwixt ;
 So doubtfully indeed it lay,
 That none with confidence could say
 This cash is mine—I'm certain on't
 —But most declin'd with—" Sir, I won't,
 " I can't in conscience, urge a right,
 " To what I am not certain quite."

Northumbria's Duke, who wish'd to put
 An end to this polite dispute,
 Whose generous nature yearn'd to see
 The smallest shew of enmity,
 Arose and said—" This cash is mine ;
 " For being ask'd to day to dine,
 " You see I'm furbelow'd and fine :
 " With full made sleeves and pendent lace,
 " Rely on't, this was just the case,
 " That when by chance my arm I mov'd,
 " The money from me then I shov'd ;
 " This clearly shews how it was shifted."
 Thus said—the rhyno then he lifted.—

" Hold

“ Hold, hold, my Lord”—says thoughtless HARE,
 Who never made his purse his care ;
 A man who thought that money’s use
 Was real comfort to produce,
 And all the pleasures scorn’d to know,
 Which from its *snug* enjoyments flow ;
 Such as still charm their gladden’d eyes,
 Who feel the bliss of Avarice.

“ Hold, hold, my Lord—how is it known

“ This cash is certainly your own ?

“ We each might urge as good a plea,

“ Or Fox, or Sheridan, or me ;

“ But we, tho’ less it were to blame,

“ Disdain so pitiful a claim.

“ Then here let me be arbitrator.

“ I vote the money to the Waiter.”

Thus oft will generous Folly think,
 But Prudence parts not so with chink.

On this occasion so it was,

For gravely thus my Lord Duke says :

“ Consider, Sir, how great the sum,

“ To full eight guineas it will come :

“ Shall I, for your quaint verbal play,

“ Consign a whole estate away ?

“ Unjust ! ridiculous ! absurd !

“ I will not do it, on my word ;

“ Yet rather than let fools deride,

“ I give my *fiat* to divide ;

" So 'twixt the Waiter and myself,
 " Place equal portions of the pelf :
 " Thus eighty shillings give to Ralph,
 " To *Almwick's Duke* the other half."
Hare and the rest (imprudent croud !)
 At this decision laugh'd aloud :
 " What," say these wild unthinking men,
 " Are you and *Ralph* so equal then ?
 " Will *Percy's* noble house descend
 " To take a Waiter for a friend ?
 " Or he who plenty never lacks,
 " Thus with a *Scrub*, go meanly snacks,
 " And be partaker in a gain,
 " That e'en the prouder poor disdain ?"
 " Rail, if you like, replied the Duke,
 " Then to himself his portion took."
 'Thus, spite of all the witless rakes,
 The Duke and Waiter part the stakes.

M O R A L S.

1. This maxim, then, ye spendthrifts know,
 'Tis money makes the mare to go.
2. By no wise man be this forgot,
 A penny sav'd's a penny got.
3. This rule keep ever in your head,
 Half a loaf's better than no bread.
4. Though

4. Though some may rail, and others laugh,
In your own hand still keep the staff.
5. Forget not, Sirs, since Fortune's fickle,
Many a little makes a mickle.
6. By gay mens' counsels be not thwarted ;
Fools and their money soon are parted.
7. Save, save, ye prudent—who can know
How soon the high may be quite low ?
8. Of Christian virtues hear the sum,
True charity begins at home.
9. Neglect not farthings, careless elves,
Shillings and pounds will guard themselves.
10. Get cash, with honour, if you can,
But still to get it be your plan.

Such an incident so admirably related as the reader has perceived the above to be, can require no inducement of collateral testimony for the most implicit belief of it, and can receive no illustration or ornament from the most elaborate criticism.

No. X. JANUARY, 1785.

ALTHOUGH in our last number, as well for the sake of variety as of an opportunity to display the universality of our Author's genius, we gratified the

Q 4

reader

reader with a specimen of his talents in a metre different from that in which we have hitherto been accustomed to admire him, we have by no means exhausted the beauties of that part of his work in which the characters of the leading Members of the House of Commons are so poetically and forcibly delineated. What can be more sublime or picturesque than the following description :-

Erect in person, see yon knight advance,
 With trusty 'squire, who bears his shield and lance,
 The Quixote Howard ! Royal Windsor's pride,
 And Sancho Pancha Powney by his side :
 A monarch's champion, with indignant frown
 And haughty mein, he casts his gauntlet down ;
 Majestic sits, and hears, devoid of dread,
 The dire Philippics whizzing round his head.
 Your venom'd shafts, ye sons of Faction spare,
 However keen, they cannot enter there.

And how well do those lines immediately succeeding, describe the manner of speaking of an orator of such considerable *weight* and authority !

He speaks, he speaks ! Sedition's chiefs around,
 With unfeign'd terror hear the solemn sound,
 While little Powney cheers with livelier note,
 And shares his triumph in a silent vote.

Some

Some have ignorantly objected to this as an instance of that figure for which a neighbouring kingdom is so generally celebrated, vulgarly distinguished by the appellation of a Bull, erroneously conceiving a silent vote to be incompatible with the vociferation here alluded to ; those, however, who have attended parliamentary debates, will inform them, that numbers who most loudly exert themselves, in what is called *cheering* speakers, are not upon that account, entitled to be themselves considered as such.—Our author has indeed done injustice to the worthy member in question, by classing him among the number of mutes, having uniformly taken a very active part in all debates relating to the militia, of which truly constitutional body, he is a most respectable pillar, and one of the most conspicuous ornaments.

It is unquestionably the highest praise we can bestow upon a member of the British House of Commons, to say, that he is a faithful representative of the people, and upon all occasions speaks the real sentiments of his constituents; nor can an honest ambition to attain the first dignities of the state, by honourable means, be ever imputed to him as a crime; the following encomium therefore must be acknowledged to have been justly merited by a noble Lord, whose *independent* and *disinterested* conduct has

Q 5

drawn.

drawn upon him the censures of disappointed faction.

The Noble Convert, Berwick's honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice,
One day to gain an Irish title glad,
For Fox he voted—so the people bade ;
'Mongst English Lords ambitious grown to fit,
Next day the people bade him vote for Pitt :
To join the stream, our Patriot nothing loth,
By turns discreetly gave his voice to both.

The title of Noble Convert, which was bestowed upon his Lordship by a Speaker of the degraded Whig faction, is here most judiciously adopted by our Author, implying thereby that this denomination, intended, no doubt to convey a severe reproach, ought rather to be considered as a subject of panegyric: this is turning the artillery of the enemy against themselves———

“ Neque lex est justior ulla, &c.”

In the next character introduced, some persons may perhaps object on the seeming impropriety of alluding to a bodily defect ; especially one who has been the consequence of a most cruel accident ; but when it is considered that the mention of the personal imperfection is made the vehicle of an elegant compliment

ment to the superior qualifications of the mind, this objection, tho' founded in liberality, will naturally fall to the ground.

The circumstance of one of the Representatives of the first city in the world having lost his leg, while bathing in the sea, by the bite of a shark, is well known; nor can the dexterity with which he avails himself of the use of an artificial one, have escaped the observation of those who have seen him in the House of Commons, any more than the remarkable humility with which he is accustomed to introduce his very pointed and important observations upon the matters in deliberation before that august assembly.

“ One moment's time might I presume to beg?”
 Cries modest Watson, on his wooden leg;
 That leg, in which such wond'rous art is shewn,
 It almost seems to serve him like his own;
 Oh! had the monster, who for breakfast eat
 That luckless limb, his nobler nodd'e met,
 The best of workmen, nor the best of wood,
 Had scarce supply'd him with a head so good.

To have asserted that neither the utmost extent of human skill, nor the greatest perfection in the materials, could have been equal to an undertaking so

arduous, would have been a species of adulation so fulsome, as to have shocked the known modesty of the worthy magistrate ; but the forcible manner in which the difficulty of supplying so *capital* a loss is expressed, conveys, with the utmost delicacy, a handsome, and, it must be confessed, a most justly merited compliment to the Alderman's abilities.

The imitation of celebrated writers is recommended by Longinus, and has, as our readers must have frequently observed, been practised with great success, by our author ; yet we cannot help thinking that he has pushed the precept of this great critic, somewhat too far in having condescended to copy, may we venture to say with too much servility, a genius so much inferior to himself as Mr. Pope, in the following lines :

Can I Newhaven, Ferguson forget,
While Roman spirit charms, or Scottish wit ?
Macdonald, shining a refulgent star
To light alike the senate and the bar,
And Harley, constant to support the throne,
Great follower of its interests and his own.

The substitution of Scottish for Attic, in the second line, is unquestionably an improvement, since however Attic wit may have been proverbial in ancient times,

times, the natives of Scotland are confessedly distinguished among modern nations for this quality, that the alteration certainly adds considerable force to the compliment.

However happily and justly the characters are here described, we cannot think this merit sufficient to counterbalance the objection we have presumed to suggest, and which is principally founded upon the extreme veneration and high respect we entertain for the genius of our author. Mr. Addison has observed, that Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his Epic Poem, both as to their variety and novelty, but he could not with justice have said the same of the author of the *Rolliad*; and we will venture to assert, that the single book of this Poem, now under our consideration, is, in this respect, superior to the whole, both of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* together. The characters succeed each other with a rapidity that scarcely allows the reader time to admire and feel their several beauties.

Galloway and Gideon, in themselves a host,
Of York and Coventry the splendid boast,
Whitbread and Ongley, pride of Bedford's vale,
This fam'd for selling, that for saving ale;

And

And N——y P——t, as the morning fair,
 Bright as the sun, but common as the air;
 Inconstant nymph ! who still with open arms,
 To ev'ry Minister devotes her charms.

But when the Poet comes to describe the character of the hero of his work, the present Member for the county of Devon, whom Merlin points out to his illustrious ancestor, as uniting in himself all the various merits of the worthies whose excellencies he has recorded, he seems to rise even above himself.—It is impossible to do justice to his character, without transcribing the whole, which would exceed the limits of our work ; we shall therefore only give to our readers the concluding lines, because they contain characteristic observations upon other distinguished Members, most of whom have hitherto passed unnoticed.

In thee, my son, shall ev'ry virtue meet
 To form both senator and man complete,
 A mind like Wray's, with stores of fancy fraught,
 The wise Sir Watkin's vast extent of thought,
 Old Nugent's style, sublime, yet ne'er obscure,
 With B—— Grammar, as his conscience pure,
 Brett's brilliant fallies, Martin's sterling sense ;
 And Gilbert's wit, that never gave offence.

Like

Like Wilkes, a zealot in his sov'reign's cause,
 Learn'd as Macdonald in his country's laws,
 Acute as Aubrey, as Sir Lloyd polite,
 As Eastwicke lively, and as Ambler bright,

The justice of the compliment of Sir Cecil Wray, will not be disputed by those who have been fortunate enough to have met with the beautiful specimens of juvenile poetry, with which some of his friends have lately indulged the public.

Johannes Scriblerus, a lineal descendant of the learned, and celebrated Martinus, reads "*Starling* "Martin's sense,"—alluding to that powerful opponent of the detestable Coalition having recommended, that a bird of that species should be placed on the right of the Speaker's chair, after having been taught to repeat the word Coalition, in order to remind the House of that disgraceful event, which had nearly established an efficient and strong government in this country: to which severe and admirable stroke of satire, the object of it clumsily and uncivilly answered.—That whilst that gentleman sat in the house, he believed the Starling might be allowed to perform his office by deputy; we have, however, ventured to differ from this great authority, and shall continue to read, "*Martin's Sterling sense*," as well, because we are of opinion, that these words are peculiarly

culiarly applicable to the gentleman alluded to, as that it does not appear probable our author should have been willing to make his poem the vehicle of an indecent sarcasm upon a person of such eminent abilities.

The compliment to Mr. B—— G——, in the comparison of the purity of his language, to the integrity of his conduct, is happily conceived; but that to the ingenious Mr. Gilbert, the worthy chairman of the Committee of Supply, is above all praise, and will, we are persuaded, notwithstanding the violence of party, by all sides be admitted to be strictly just.

Having now concluded our observations upon this part of the Poem—we shall close them with remarking, that as our author evidently borrowed the idea of this vision, in which the character of future times are described, from Virgil, he has far surpassed his original, and as his description of the present House of Commons, may not improbably have called to his mind the Pandæmonium of Milton, we do not scruple to assert, that in the execution of his design, that great master of the sublime has fallen infinitely short of him.

No. XI. JANUARY, 1785.

AMONGST the various pretensions to critical approbation, which are to be found in the excellent and never-sufficiently to be admired production, which is the object of these commentaries, there is one that will strike the classical observer as peculiarly prominent and praise-worthy ;—namely, the uncommon ability shewn by the author, in the selection of his heroes. The *personæ* that are introduced in the course of this poem, are characters that speak for themselves. The very mention of their names, is a summons to approbation ; and the relation of their history, if given in detail, would prove nothing more than a lengthened panegyric. Who that has heard of the names of a *Jenkinson*, a *Robinson*, or a *Dundas*, has not in the same breath heard also *what they are* ? This is the secret of our author's science and excellence. It is this that enables him to omit the dull detail of introductory explanation, and to fasten upon his business, if one may use the expression, flap-dash, and at once.

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit. HOR.

Homer

Homer himself yields, in this respect, to our author; for who would not perceive the evident injustice done to the modern bard, if we were to place the wisdom of an *Ulysses* on any competition with the experience of a *Pitt*; to mention the bully *Ajax*, as half so genuine a bully, as the bully *T——*; if we were to look upon *Nestor* as having a quarter of the interesting circumlocution of the ambagious *Nugent*; to consider *Achilles* as possessed of half the anger of a *Rolle*, or to suppose for a moment, that the famous *ωυδοι-ων υς* of antiquity, could run nearly so fast in a *rage*, as the member for Devon in a *fright*. To conceive the yellow-haired *Paris* to have had half the beauty of the ten times more yellow-haired *Villiers*; to look upon *Agamemnon* as in any degree so dictatorial to his *chiefs* as the high-minded *Richmond*. To consider the friendship of *Patroclus*, as possessed of a millionth portion of the disinterested attachment of a *Dundas*. To have any conception that the chosen band of *Theffalian Myrmidons*, were to be any way compared, in point of implicit submission, to the still more dexterously chosen band, which constitute the majority of the *British H— of C——*. Or—but there is no end to so invidious a comparison; and we will not expose poor *Homer*, to the farther mortification of pursuing it.

Merlin proceeds in his relation, and fixes upon an object, that will not, we believe, prove any disgrace

grace to our author's general judgment of selection ; namely, that worthy Baronet, and universally admired wit, Sir *Richard Hill*, of whom it may be truly said,

————— Pariter pietate jocisque
Egregius.

He looks upon him as an individual meriting every distinction, and has thought proper therefore, although he has been slightly touched upon before, to rescue him from the more indiscriminate mob, for a particular description. Speaking of Sir *Richard's* style of elocution, our author observes—

With Bible bawdy, and with sacred sinut,
His rev'rend jokes, see pious Richard cut ;
He to the wond'ring senate first reveal'd
That gospel was for joke, so wide a field :
That no resource was ever found for wit,
Half so prolific as the holy writ ;
And that of all the jest-books man has known,
'The Bible's merits most distinguish'd shone.

This description will be readily felt, and we trust, not less cordially admired, by all those who may have enjoyed the pleasure of auricular evidence to Sir *Richard's* oratory. The thought of converting the

the *Bible* into a JEST BOOK, is, we believe, quite new, and not more original in itself, than characteristically just in its application to this speaker. We all know that *Saul* affected insanity for the sake of religion, in the early periods of our holy faith; and why so great an example should not be imitated in later times we leave it to the prophane to shew.

We know not whether it is worth observing, that the eloquence of this illustrious family is not confined to Sir *Richard* alone; but that his brother inherits the same gift, and if possible in a greater degree. It is said, there is an intention of divesting this latter gentleman of his cleric robe, and bringing him into the senate, as the avowed competitor of our modern CROMWELL. If this happy event should luckily take place, we shall literally see the observation then realised, that the Ministry will give to their wicked enemies, on the other side of the House, what they have so long wanted and deserved,

“ — A Rowland for their Oliver.”

This, however, by the way. Our author resumes his subject with the following spirited apostrophe——

Methinks, I see him from the Bench arise,
His words all keenness—but all meek his eyes,

Define

Define the good religion might produce,
 Practice its highest excellence—abuse,
 And with his tongue, that two-edg'd weapon,
 shew,
 At once, the double worth of Job and Joe.

Job, as some of our more learned readers may know, is a book in the Old Testament, and is used here *per synecdochen*, as part for the whole. Nothing can be more natural, than the preference given to this book, on this occasion, as Sir R. is well known in his speeches to be so admirable an auxiliary to its precepts. The person of the name of *Joe*, who has received so laconic a mention, in the last line of the above extract, will be recognised by the critical and the intelligent, as the same individual who distinguished himself so eminently in the sixteenth century, as a writer and a wit, namely, Mr. *Joseph Miller*; a great genius, and an author, avowedly in the highest estimation with our learned Baronet.

The business of the composition goes on.—It is evident, however, the Poet was extremely averse to quit a subject upon which his congenial talents reposed so kindly. He does not leave Sir Richard therefore without the following finished and most high-wrought compliment :

With

With wit so various—piety so odd,
 Quoting by turns from Miller, and from—God;
 Shall no distinction wait thy honour'd name?
 No lofty epithet transmit thy fame?
 Forbid it wit, from mirth refin'd away!
 Forbid it Scripture, which thou mak'st so gay!
 Scipio, we know was Africanus call'd—
 Richard, styl'd Long-shanks—Charles, furnam'd
 The Bald,
 Shall these, for petty merits be renown'd,
 And no proud phrase, with panegyric found,
 Swell thy short name, great Hill?—Here take
 thy due,
 And hence be call'd the Script'ral Killigrew.

The administration of baptism to adults, is quite consonant to Sir R.'s creed; and we are perfectly satisfied, there is not a Member of the House of Commons, that will not stand *sponsor* for him on this honourable occasion. Should any one ask him in future,—who gave you that name? Sir R. may fairly and truly reply, *My Godfathers*, &c. and quote the whole of the lower assembly, as coming under that description.

Merlin, led, as may be easily supposed, by sympathy of rank, talents, and character, now pointed his

his wand to another worthy Baronet, hardly less worthy of distinction than the last personage himself, namely, Sir *Joseph Mawbey*. Of him the author sets out with saying,

Let this, ye wise, be ever understood,
Sir Joseph is as witty as he's good.——

Here for the first time, the annotators upon this immortal poem, find themselves compelled, in critical justice, to own, that the author has not kept entire pace with the original which he has affected to imitate. The distich, of which the above is a parody, was composed by the worthy hero of this part of the *ROLLIAD*, the amiable Sir Joseph himself, and runs thus :

Ye ladies of your hearts beware :
Sir Joseph's false as he is fair.

How kind, and how discreet a caution ! This couplet, independent of its other merits, possesses a recommendation not frequently found in poetry, the transcendant ornament of Truth. How far, indeed the falshood of this respectable individual has been displayed in his gallantries, it is not the province of sober criticism to enquire. We take up the
assertion

assertion with a larger comprehension, and with a stricter eye to general character——

Sir Joseph's false as he is fair.——

Is it necessary to challenge, what no one will be absurd enough to give—a contradiction to so acknowledged a truth? Or is it necessary to state to the fashionable reader, that whatever may be the degree of Sir Joseph's boasted falshood, it cannot surpass the fairness of his complexion? The position, therefore, is what logicians call convertible; nothing can equal his falshood but his fairness;—nothing his fairness but his falshood.—Incomparable!

Proceeding to a description of his eloquence, he says,

A sty of pigs, though all at once it squeaks,
Means not so much as Mawbey when he speaks;
And hist'ry says, he never yet has bred
A pig with such a voice—or such a head!
Except, indeed, when he essays to joke;
And then his wit is truly pig in poke.

Describing Sir J.'s acquisitions as a scholar, the author adds,

His

His various knowledge I will e'er maintain,
He is indeed a knowing man in grain.

Some commentators have invidiously suggested, that the last line of this couplet should be printed thus,

He is indeed a knowing man—in grain.

assigning as their reason, that the phrase *in grain* evidently alludes to the bran, with which Sir J.'s little grunting commonwealth is supported ; and for the discreet and prudent purchase of which our worthy baronet is famous.

Our author concludes his description of this great senator with the following distich :

Such adaptation ne'er was seen before,
His trade a hog is—and his wit—a boar.—

It has been proposed to us to amend the spelling of the last word, thus, *bore* ; this improvement, however, as it was called, we reject as a calumny.

Where the beauty of a passage is pre-eminently striking as above, we waste not criticism in useless efforts at emendation.

The writer goes on. He tells you he cannot quit this history of wits, without saying something of another individual; whom, however, he describes as every way inferior to the two last mentioned, but who, nevertheless, possesses some pretensions to a place in the *Rolliad*. The individual alluded to, is Mr. *George Selwyn*. The author describes him as a man possessed of

A plenteous store of ready retail wit,
 Made for each size, that some it sure may fit;
 Cut for suppos'd occasions, like the trade,
 Where old new things for every shape are made!
 Such as in Monmouth-street; for their we see,
 At hand for ev'ry make—for you, for me.
 To this assortment well prepar'd at home,
 No human chance unfitted e'er can come:
 No accident, however strange or queer,
 But meets its ready, well-kept comment here.
 — The wary beavers that their stores increase,
 And spend the winter on their summer's grease.

The whole of the above description will doubtless remind the classic reader of the following beautiful passage in the *Tusculan Questions* of Cicero.

*Nescio quomodo inhaeret in mentibus quasi saeculorum
 quoddam augurium futurorum—idque in MAXIMIS
 INGENIIS*

INGENIIS ALTISSIMISQUE ANIMIS *existit maxime et apparet facillime.* This will easily account for the system of previous fabrication so well known as the character of Mr. Selwyn's jokes. Speaking of an accident that befel this gentleman in the wars, our author proceeds thus :

In antient times, when men did fevers 'scape,
 They sacrific'd a Cock to Esculape ;
 From love's hot fever, now reviv'd and free,
 No more the prey of amorous malady :
 See Selwyn well—Oh, pious gratitude,
 In these sad times so little understood !
 Selwyn remembers what his tutor taught,
 That old examples ever should be sought !
 And now recover'd, to his surgeon cries,
 “ I've given to you—the Ancient Sacrifice.”

The delicacy with which this historical incident is portrayed, would of itself have been sufficient to transmit our author's merit to posterity : and with the above extract we shall finish the present number of our commentaries.

No. XII.

WE have now followed our admirable author thro' the *Sixth Book* of his poem; very much to our own edification, and, we flatter ourselves, no less to the satisfaction of our readers. We have shewn the art with which he has introduced a description of the leading characters of our present House of Commons, by a contrivance something similar indeed to that employed by Virgil; but at the same time sufficiently unlike to substantiate his own claim to originality. And surely every candid critic will admit, that had he satisfied himself with the same device, in order to panegyryze his favourites in the other House, he would have been perfectly blameless. But to the writer of the *ROLLIAD*, it was not sufficient to escape censure, he must extort our praise, and excite our admiration.

Our classical readers will recollect, that all Epic Heroes possess, in common with the poets who celebrate their actions, the gift of *prophecy*; with this difference however, that poets prophecy while they are in sound health, whereas the hero never begins to talk about futurity, until he has received such a mortal wound in his lungs as would prevent any man but a hero from talking at all: and it is probably in
allusion

allusion to this circumstance, that the power of divination is distinguished in North Britain by the name of SECOND SIGHT, as commencing when common vision ends. This faculty has been attributed to dying warriors, both by *Homer* and *Virgil*, but neither of these poets have made so good use of it as our author who has introduced into the last dying speech of the Saxon Drummer, the whole birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour of all those benefactors of their country, who at present adorn the House of Peers, thereby conforming himself to modern usage, and at the same time distinguishing the victorious Rollo's prowess in subduing an adversary, who dies infinitely harder than either *Turnus* or *Hector*.

Without farther comment, we shall now proceed to favour our readers with a few extracts. The first Peer mentioned by the *Dying Drummer*, is the present *Marquis of Buckingham*: his appearance is ushered in, by an elegant panegyric on his father Mr. *George Grenville*, of which we shall only give the concluding lines.

George! in whose subtle brain, if Fame say true,
Full-fraught with wars, the fatal stamp-act grew;
Great financier! stupenduous calculator!—
But, George the son is *twenty-one times* greater!

It would require a volume, not only to point out all the merits of the last line, but even to do justice to that Pindaric spirit, that abrupt beauty, that graceful aberration from rigid grammatical contexts, which appears in the single word *but*. We had however a further intention in quoting this passage, viz. to assert our author's claim to the invention of that species of MORAL ARITHMETIC, which, by means of proper additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions, ascertain the relative merits of two characters more correctly than any other mode of investigation hitherto invented. Lord Thurlow, when he informed the House of Peers, that "*one Hastings is worth twenty Macartneys,*" had certainly the merit of ascertaining the comparative value of the two men in *whole numbers*, and *without a fraction*. He likewise enabled his auditors by means of *the rule of three*, to find out the numerical excellence of any other individual; but to compare Lord Thurlow with our author, would be to compare the scholar with the inventor, to compare a common house-steward with *Euclid* or *Archimedes*. We now return to the poem.

After the lines already quoted, our dying drummer breaks out into the following wonderful apostrophe:—

Approach!

Approach ! ye sops, who in your Northern den,
 Wield, with both hands, your huge *didactic* pen ;
 Who, step by step, o'er *Pindus'* up-hill road,
 Drag slowly on your learning's pond'rous load ;
 Though many a shock your perilous march encum-
 bers,

'Ere the stiff prose can struggle into numbers ;
 And you, at *Comet's tails*, who fondly stare,
 And find a mistress in the *lesser Bear* ;
 And you, with metaphoric vision fraught,
 Detect sensation starting into thought,
 And trace each sketch by mem'ry's hand design'd
 On that strange magic lanthorn, call'd the MIND ;
 And you, who watch each loit'ring empire's fate,
 Who heap up fact on fact, and date on date ;
 Who count the threads that fill the mystic loom,
 Where patient Vengeance wove the fate of RÔME ;
 Who tell that Wealth unnerv'd her soldier's hand,
 That Folly urg'd the fate by traitors plann'd ;
 Or, that she fell—because she could not stand :
 Approach, and view, in this capacious mind
 Your scatter'd science, in one mass combin'd :
 Whate'er Tradition tells, or Poet's sing,
 Of giant-killing John, or John the King ;
 Whate'er —————

But we are apprehensive that our zeal has already hurried us too far, and that we have exceeded the just bounds of this paper. We shall therefore take some future opportunity of reverting to the character of this prodigious nobleman, who possesses, and deserves to possess, so distinguished a share in his master's confidence. Suffice it to say, that our author does full justice to every part of his character. He considers him as a walking warehouse of facts of all kinds, whether relating to history, astronomy, metaphysics, heraldry, fortifications, naval tactics, or midwifery; at the same time representing him as a kind of haberdasher of small talents, which he retails to the female part of his family, instructing them in the mystery of precedence, the whole art of scented pomatums, the doctrine of salves for broken heads, of putty for *broken windows*, &c. &c.

P A R T II. No. I.

ALTHOUGH we interfered a little in our last number with the systematic progress of our plan, in order to gratify the eager curiosity of the political and literary world, respecting so distinguished a character as the *Marquis of BUCKINGHAM*, for whose history, given with such admirable ability as it then was, rigid order, it will be granted, was most judiciously dispensed with; we yet wish our readers to understand, that that wide and ample field of poetical discussion, the House of Commons, is by no means as yet exhausted; and we make haste to relieve them from any apprehension they might entertain of that sort, by the subjoined extract from the immortal poem whose beauties it is our avowed duty to illustrate. *Merlin* points next to Sir *Samuel Hannay*, Bart. a name recollected with great gratitude in the House, for there are few *Members* in it to whom he has not been serviceable. This worthy character indeed has done more to disprove *Martial's* famous assertion,

Non cuicumque datum est habere NASUM,
than any individual upon record.

The author proceeds—

But why, my Hannay, does the ling'ring muse,
The tribute of a line to thee refuse ?

Say, what distinction most delights thine ear,
Or *Philo-Pill*, or *Philo-Minister* ?

O ! may'st thou none of all thy titles lack,

Or Scot, or Statesman, Baronet, or Quack ;

For what is due to him, whose constant view is
Preventing private or a public *lues* ?

Who that read the above description do not, during
the first impression of it, suppose that they see the
worthy Baronet once more the pride of *front adver-*
tisement—once more dispensing disregard and obli-
vion amongst all his competitors ; and making your
Leakes, your *Lockyers*, and your *Velnos*,

—————hide their diminished heads.

Proceeding to Sir Samuel's politics, our author re-
marks,

Consistent still, see equal views pervade

His present friendships, and his former trade ;

For sure, e'en Scandal, must confess it fit,

The foe t' P—xes shou'd be the friend to P—TT.

There is a rasure in the MS. in the fourth word
of the last line, and whether the first letter of it is
meant

meant to signify the Greek *ρ*, or the English *p*; we cannot undertake to determine; but so far as we understand the passage, we think it conveys a very pretty compliment to both the gentlemen included in it. *Virgil* has a line much in point here, with the alteration of only a single word.

Jam redit et VIRGO—redeunt Saturnia Regna.

If the rigour of prosody would permit the insertion of *MERCURIALIA*, instead of *SATURNIA*, the learned reader will perceive that the allusion would have been perfect,

In the passages which immediately follow, the Poet goes on to felicitate the community upon the probable advantages to be derived to them from the junction of the two illustrious personages above mentioned. He divides his congratulation into two parts. He first considers the consequences of the union, as they may affect the *body personal*; and, secondly, as they may concern the *body politic*. Upon the former subject he says,

This famous pair, so happily combin'd,
No risques shall man from wand'ring beauty find;
For, should not chaste example save from ill,
'There's still a refuge in the other's *PILL*.

With a sketch equally brief and masterly as the above, he describes his hopes on the other branch of his division.

The *body politic* no more shall grieve
 The motly stains that dire corruptions leave ;
 No *dang'rous-humours* shall infest the state,
 Nor *rotten-members* hasten Britain's fate.

Our author who, notwithstanding his usual and characteristic gravity, has yet not unfrequently an obvious tendency to the sportive, condescends now to take notice of a rumour, which in these times had been universally circulated, that Sir Samuel had parted with his *specific*, and disposed of it to a gentleman often mentioned, and always with infinite and due respect in the *Rolliad*, namely Mr. *Dundas*.—Upon this he addresses Sir S. with equal truth and good humour in the following couplet :—

Then shall thy med'cine boast its native bent,
 Then spread its genuine blessing—TO PREVENT.

Our readers cannot but know that it was by the means of a nostrum, emphatically called a *SPECIFIC*, by which Mr. D. so long contrived to *prevent* the constitutional *lues* of PARLIAMENTARY REFORM. The author however does not profess to give implicit credit

credit to the fact of Sir Hannay's having ungratefully disposed of his favourite recipe, the happy source of his livelihood and fame ; the more so as it appears that Mr. D. had found the very word *specific*, sufficient for protracting a dreaded Political evil on the three several instances of its application. Under this impression of the thing, the Poet strongly recommends Sir Samuel to go on in the prosecution of his original profession, and thus expresses his wish upon the occasion, with the correct transcript of which we shall close the history of this great man.

In those snug corners may't thou still be read
 Where nature's tribute modestly is paid ;
 Or near fam'd Temple-bar may some gooddame,
 Herself past sport, but yet a friend to game,
 Dispense thy *bills*, and eternize thy *fame*. }

Merlin now calls the attention of our hero to a man whom there is little doubt this country will long remember, and still less, that they will have abundant reason for so doing, namely, Mr. SECRETARY ORDE. It may seem odd by what latent association our author was lead to appeal next to the Right Hon. Secretary, immediately after the description of a *Quack Doctor* ; but let it be recollected in the first place, to the honour of Sir Samuel Hannay, that

that he is perhaps the only man of *his order* that ever had a place in the British House of Commons ; and in the second, that there are some leading circumstances in the character of Mr. Orde, which well entitle him to rank under the very same description as the worthy Baronet himself. We all know that the most famous of all physicians, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, is represented by *Moliere*, as a man who changes the seat of the heart, and reverses the entire position of the vital parts in the human body. Now let it be asked, has not Mr. Orde done this most completely and effectually, with respect to the general *body* of the State?—Has he not transferred the *heart* of the Empire?—Has he not changed the scene of its *circulation*, and altered the situation of the vital part of the whole, from the left to the right, from the one side to the other, from Great Britain to Ireland?—Surely no one will deny this; and therefore none will be now ignorant of the natural gradation of thought, by which our author was led, from the contemplation of Sir Samuel Hannay, to the character of Mr. Orde.

We know not whether it be worth remarking; that the term *Le Médecin malgré lui*, has been translated into English with the usual incivility of that people to every thing foreign, by the uncourtly phrase of *Meek-Doctor*.—We trust, however, that no
one

one will think it applicable in this interpretation to Mr. Orde, as it is pretty evident he has displayed no *mockery* in his state practices, but has performed the character of Moliere's *Médecin*, even beyond the notion of the original ; by having effected, in sad and sober truth, to the full as complete a change in the position of the *Cœur de l' Empire*, as the lively fancy of the Dramatist had imputed to his physician, with respect to the human body, in mere speculative joke.

With a great many apologies for so long a note, we proceed now to the much more pleasant part of our duty ;—that of transcribing from this excellent composition ; and proceed to the description of Mr. Orde's person, which the Poet commences thus :

Tall and erect, unmeaning, mute and pale,
O'er his blank face no gleams of thought prevail ;
Wan as the man in classic story fam'd,
Who told Old Priam that his Ilion flam'd ;
Yet soon the time will come when speak he shall,
And at his voice ANOTHER TROY shall fall !

The excellence of this description consists, as that of a portrait always must, in a most scrupulous and inveterate attention to likeness.—Those who know the original, will not question the accuracy of
resem-

resemblance on this occasion. The idea convey'd in the last line,

And at his voice another Troy shall fall !

is a spirited imitation of the *fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium*, of Virgil, and a most Statesman-like anticipation of the future fate of England.—The author now takes an opportunity of shewing the profundity of his learning in the British history.—He goes on to say,

Cæsar, we know, with anxious effort try'd
To swell, with Britain's name, his triumph's pride ;
Oft' he essay'd, but still essay'd in vain ;
Great in herself, she mock'd the menac'd chain ;
But fruitless all,—for what was Cæsar's sword,
To thy all-conquering speeches—*mighty ORDE !!!*

Our author cannot so far resist his classical propensity in this place, as to refrain from the following allusion ; which, however, must be confessed at least, to be applied with justice :—

Amphion's lyre, they say, could raise a *Town*,
Orde's elocution pulls a *Nation* down.

He proceeds with equal spirit and erudition to another circumstance in the earlier periods of English history.

The

The lab'ring bosom of the teeming North,
 In vain long pour'd her valiant offspring forth;
 For *Goth* or *Vandal*, once on British shore,
 Relax'd his nerve, and conquer'd States no more.
 Not so the *Vandal* of the modern time,
 This *later offspring* of the Northern clime;
 He, with a breath, gives Britain's wealth away,
 And smiles, triumphant, o'er her setting ray.

It will be necessary to observe here, that after much enquiry and very laborious search, as to the birth-place of the Right Hon. Secretary (for the honour of which, however difficult now to discover, Hibernia's cities will doubtless hereafter contend) we found that he was born in Northumberland; which, added to other circumstances, clearly establishes the applicability of the description of the word *Goth*, &c. and particularly in the lines where he calls him the

—————Vandal of the modern time,
 The later offspring of the *Northern* clime.

Having investigated, with an acumen and minuteness seldom incident to genius, and very rarely met with in the sublimer poetry, all the circumstances attending an event, which he emphatically describes as the REVOLUTION of *seventeen hundred and eighty-five*, he makes the following address to the English :
 No

No more, ye English, high in classic pride,
 The phrase uncouth of Ireland's sons deride;
 For say, ye wise, which most performs the fool,
 Or he who *speaks*—or he who *acts*—a BULL.

The poet catches fire as he runs—

—— Poetica surgit
 Tempestas.——

He approximates now to the magnificent, or perhaps more properly to the *Mania* of poetry, and, like another *Cassandra*, begins to try his hand at prophecy—like her he predicts truly, and like her, for the present at least, is not perhaps very implicitly credited.—He proceeds thus :

'Rapt into future times, the muse surveys
 The rip'ning wonders of succeeding days,
 Sees prostrate Albion, all her splendour gone!
 In useless state her pristine state bemoan :
 Sees the fair sources of her pride and shew
 In purer streams, and happier channels flow ;
 Sees her at once of wealth and honour shorn,
 No more the nations envy, but their scorn.
 O! sad example of capricious Fate,
 Portentous warning to the proud and great ;
 Sees Commerce quit her desolated isle,
 And seek in other climes a kinder soil ;

Sees.

Sees fair *Ierne* rise from *England's* flame,
And build on *British* ruin, *Irish* fame.

The Poet in the above passage, is supposed to have had an eye to *Juno's* address to *Æolus* in the first book of the *Æneid*.

Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor,
ILIUM in ITALIAM portans, VICTOS que PE-
NATES.

P A R T II. No. II.

WE now return to the dying Drummer, whom we left in the middle of his eulogy on the Marquis of Buckingham.

It being admitted, that the powers of the human mind depend on the number and association of our ideas, it is easy to shew that the illustrious Marquis is entitled to the highest rank in the scale of human intelligence. His mind possesses an unlimited power of inglutition, and his ideas adhere to each other with such tenacity, that whenever his memory is stimulated by any powerful interrogatory, it not only discharges a full answer to that individual question, but likewise such a prodigious flood of collateral knowledge, derived from copious and repeated in-
fusions,

fusions, as no common skull would be capable of containing. For these reasons, his Lordship's fitness for the department of the Admiralty, a department connected with the whole cyclopædia of science, and requiring the greatest variety of talents and exertions, seems to be pointed out by the hand of Heaven;— it is likewise pointed out by the Dying Drummer, who describes in the following lines, the immediate cause of his nomination:—

On the great day, when Buckingham, by pairs,
 Ascended, heaven-impell'd, the K—'s back-stairs;
 And panting, breathless, strain'd his lungs to show,
 From Fox's bill what mighty ills would flow:
 That soon, *its source corrupt, Opinion's thread,*
On India deleterious streams wou'd shed;
 That Hastings, Munny Begum, Scott, must fall,
 And Pitt, and Jenkinson, and Leadenhall;
 Still, as with stammering tongue he told his tale,
 Unusual terrors Brunswick's heart assail;
 Wide starts his white wig from his royal ear,
 And each particular hair stands stiff with fear.

We flatter ourselves that few of our readers are so void of taste, as not to feel the transcendant beauties of this description. First, we see the noble Marquis mount the fatal steps “by pairs,” *i. e.* by two at a time; and with a degree of effort and fatigue:

figure: and then he is out of breath, which is perfectly natural. The obscurity of the third couplet, an *obscurity* which has been imitated by all the ministerial writers on the India Bill, arises from a confusion of metaphor, so inexpressibly beautiful, that Mr. Hastings has thought fit to copy it almost verbatim, in his celebrated letter from Lucknow.—

The effects of terror on the Royal Wig, are happily imagined, and are infinitely more sublime than the "*steteruntque comæ*" of the Roman poet, as the attachment of a wig to its wearer, is obviously more generous and disinterested, than that of a person's own hair, which naturally participates in the good or ill fortune of the head on which it grows. But to proceed.—Men in a fright are usually generous;—on that great day, therefore, the Marquis obtained the promise of the Admiralty. The Dying Drummer then proceeds to describe the Marquis's well-known vision, which he prefaces by a compliment on his Lordship's extraordinary proficiency in the art of lace-making. We have all admired the Parliamentary exertions of this great man, on every subject that related to an art, in which the county of Buckingham is so deeply interested; an art, by means of which Britannia, (as our author happily expresses it)

Puckers round naked breasts a decent trimming,
Spreads the thread trade, and propagates old women !

How

How naturally do we feel disposed to join with the Dying Drummer, in the pathetic apostrophe which he addresses to his hero, when he foresees that this attention will necessarily be diverted to other objects :—

Alas ! no longer round thy favourite STOWE,
Shalt thou thy nicer art to artists show;
No more on thumb-born cushions deign to trace
With Critic-touch, the texture of bone-lace ;
And, from severer toils, some moments robbing,
Reclaim the vagrant thread, or truant bobbin !
Far other scenes of future glory rise
'To glad thy sleeping, and thy waking eyes :
As busy Fancy paints the gaudy dream,
Ideal docks, with shadowy navies teem :
Whate'er on sea, on lake, on river floats,
Ships, barges, rafts, skiffs, tubs, flat-bottom'd
boats—

Smiths, sailors, carpenters, in busy crowds,
Mast, cable, yard, sail, bow-sprit, anchor, shrouds,
Knives, gigs, harpoons, swords, handspikes,
cutlafs-blades,
Guns, pistols, swivels, cannons, carronades :
All rise to view !—all blend in gorgeous show !
Tritons, and tridents, turpentine, tar !—tow !

We will take upon ourselves to attest, that neither Homer nor Virgil ever produced any thing like this.

How

How amiable, how interesting, is the condescension of the illustrious Marquis, while he assists the old women in his neighbourhood in making bone-lace ! How artfully is the modest appearance of the afore-said old women's cushions, (which we are also told were dirty cushions) contrasted with the splendour and magnificence of the subsequent vision ! How masterly is the structure of the last verse, and how nobly does the climax rise from Tritons and Tridents; from objects which are rather picturesque than necessary, to that most important article *Tow* ! an article " without which," in the opinion of Lord Mulgrave, " it would be impossible to fit out a single ship !"

The Drummer is next led to investigate the different modes of meliorating our navy ; in the course of which he introduces the Marquis's private thoughts on *flax* and *forest-trees* ; the natural history of *nettles*, with proofs of their excellence in making *cables* : a project to produce *aurum fulminans* from Pinchbeck's metal, instead of gold, occasioned by Admiral Barrington's complaint of bad powder : a discussion of Lord Ferrers's mathematical mode of ship-building, and a lamentation on the pertinacity with which his Lordship's vessels have hitherto refused to sail. The grief of the Marquis on this occasion, awaking all our sympathy—

Sighing,

Sighing, he struck his breast, and cried, " Alas !
 Shall a three-decker's huge unwieldly mass
 'Mid crowd of foes, stand stupidly at bay,
 And by rude force, like Ajax, gain the day ?
 No !—let invention !———

And at the moment, his Lordship becomes pregnant, and is delivered of a project that solves every difficulty.

The reader will recollect Commodore Johnstone's discovery, that the aliquot parts being equal to the whole, two frigates are indisputably tantamount to a line of battle-ship ; nay, that they are superior to it, as being more manageable." Now, a sloop being more docile than a frigate, and a cutter more versatile than a sloop, &c. &c. it is not obvious that the *force* of any vessel, must be in an inverse ratio to its *strength* ! Hence, Lord Buckingham most properly observes,

Our light-arm'd fleet will spread a general panic,
 For *speed* is *power*, says Pinchbeck, the mechanic.

The only objection to this system, is the trite professional idea, that ships having been for some years past in the habit of sailing directly forwards, must necessarily form and fight *in a straight line* ; but according

cording to Lord Buckingham's plan, the line of battle, in future is to be like the line of beauty, *waving* and *tortuous*; so that if the French, who confessedly are the most imitative people on earth, should wish to copy our manœuvres, their larger ships will necessarily be thrown into confusion, and consequently be beaten.

But, as Sir Gregory Page Turner finely says, "Infallibility is not given to human nature." Our prodigious Marquis, therefore, diffident of his talents, and not yet satisfied with his plan, rakes into that vast heap of knowledge, which he has collected from reading, and forms into one *compost* all the naval inventions of every age and country, in order to meliorate and fertilize the colder genius of Great Britain. "In future," says the Drummer,

All ages, and all countries shall combine,
To form our navy's variegated line.
Like some vast whale, or all devouring shark,
High in the midst shall rise old Noah's Ark;
Or, if that Ark be lost, of equal bulk,
Our novel Noah rigs—the *Justice Hulk*.
An Argo next, the peerless Catherine sends;
The gorgeous gift of her *Mingrelian* friends;

Here we cannot repress our admiration at the Drummer's skill in geography and politics. He not only tells us, that *Mingrelia* is the antient *Colchis*, the country visited by the Argonauts, the country which was then so famous for its fleeces, and which even now sends so many virgins to the Grand Signior's seraglio, but he foresees the advantages that will be derived to the navy of this kingdom, by the submission of his Mingrelian Majesty to the Empress of Russia. But to proceed,

And next, at our Canadian breth'ren's pray'r,
Ten stout *Triremes* the good Pope shall spare !

We apprehend, with all due submission to the Drummer, that here is a small mistake. Our Canadian brethren may indeed possess great influence with the Pope, on account of their perseverance in the Catholic Religion ; but, as all the *Triremes* in his Holiness's possession, are unfortunately in bas relief, and marble, we have some doubt of their utility at sea.

Light armed *Eveas*, canoes that seem to fly,
Our faithful *Oberea* shall supply :

Gallies shall Venice yield, Algiers Xebecs—

But thou Nankeen, gay *yachts* with towering decks,
While fierce *Kamschatka*————

But

But it is unnecessary to transcribe all the names of places mentioned by our Drummer in sailing Eastward towards Cape Horn, and Westward to the Cape of Good Hope.—We flatter ourselves that we have sufficiently proved the stupendous and almost unnatural excellence of the new Lord Buckingham, and that we have shewn the necessity of innovation in the Navy, as well as in the Constitution. We therefore shall conclude this number, by expressing our hope and assurance, that the salutary amputations, which are meditated by the two State Surgeons, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Wyvill, will speedily be followed by equally skilful operations in our marine: and that the prophecy of the Dying Drummer will be fulfilled in the completion of that delightful event,—the nomination of the noble Marquis to the department of the Admiralty!

P A R T II. No. III.

HAVING concluded his description of the Marquis of Buckingham, our expiring Prophet proceeds to the contemplation of the other glories, hardly less resplendent than those of the noble Marquis himself. He goes on to the **DUKE of RICHMOND.**

In travelling round this wide world of virtue, for as such may the mind of the noble Duke be described, it must be obvious to every one, that the principal difficulty consists—in determining from what quarter to set out; whether to commence in the *Frigid Zone* of his Benevolence, or in the *Torrid Hemisphere* of his Loyalty; from the *Equinox* of his Oeconomy, or from the *Terra Australis* of his Patriotism. Our Author feels himself reduced to the dilemma of the famous *Archimedes* in this case, though for a very different reason, and exclaims violently for the $\Delta\omicron\varsigma\ \omega\varsigma\ \sigma\tau\omega$, not because he has no ground to stand upon, but because he has too much—because puzzled by the variety, he feels an incapacity to make a selection. He represents himself as being exactly in the situation of *Paris*, between the different and contending charms of the three *Heathen Goddesses*, and is equally at a loss on which to bestow his *Detur pucherimæ*.—There is indeed more beauty in this latter similitude than may at first view appear to a careless or a vulgar observer; the three heathen goddesses in question, being in all the leading points of comparison, most correctly typical of the noble Duke himself. As for example, *Minerva*, we know, of the head of *Jove*, complete and perfect at once. The Duke of Richmond starts full-grown *Engineer*, without the ceremony of gradual organization, or the painful

ful tediousness of progressive maturity. *Juno* was particularly famed for an unceasing spirit of active persecution against the bravest and most honourable men of antiquity.—Col. *Debbeige*, and some other individuals of modern time, might be selected, to shew that the noble Duke is not in this respect without some pretensions to sympathy with the Queen of the skies.—*Venus* too, we all know, originated from *Froth*. For resemblance in this point, *vide* the noble Duke's admirable Theories on the subject of *Parliamentary Melioration*.

Having stated these circumstances of embarrassment in a few introductory lines to this part of the Poem, our Author goes on to observe, that not knowing, after much and anxious thought, how to adjust the important difficulty in question, he resolves at last to trust himself entirely to the guidance of his Muse, who, under the influence of her usual inspiration, proceeds as follows :

Hail thou, for either talent justly known,
To spend the nation's cash—or keep thy own ;
Expert alike to save, or be profuse,
As mony goes for thine or England's use ;
In whose esteem, of equal worth are thought,
A public million, and a private groat.
Hail, and —— &c.

Longinus, as the learned well know, reckons the figure *Amplification* amongst the principal sources of the sublime, as does *Quintilian* amongst the leading requisites of rhetoric. That it constitutes the very soul of eloquence, is demonstrable from the example of that sublimest of all orators, and profoundest of all statesmen, Mr. *William Pitt*. If no expedient had been devised, by the help of which the *same* idea could be invested in a thousand different and glittering habiliments, by which *one* small spark of meaning could be inflated into a blaze of elocution, how many delectable speeches would have been lost to the senate of Great Britain? How severe an injury would have been sustained to the literary estimation of the Age? The above admirable specimen of the figure, however, adds to the other natural graces of it, the excellent recommendation of strict and literal truth. The Author proceeds to describe the noble Duke's uncommon popularity, and to represent, that whatever be his employment, whether the gay business of the state, or the serious occupation of amusement, his Grace is alike sure of the approbation of his countrymen.

Whether thy present vast ambition be
 To check the rudeness of th' intruding Sea,
 Or else, immersing in a *Civil* storm,
 With equal wisdom to project—Reform ;

Whether

Whether thou go'st, while Summer Suns prevail,
 T' enjoy the freshness of thy *Kitchen's* gale,
 Where, unpolluted by luxurious heat,
 Its large expanse affords a cool retreat ;
 Or should thou now, no more the Theme of Mirth,
 Hail the great day that gave thy Sov'reign birth.
 With kind anticipating zeal, prepare,
 And make the *Fourth of June* thy anxious care ;
 Oh ! wherefoe'er thy hallow'd steps shall stray,
 Still, still, for thee, the grateful Poor shall pray,
 Since all the bounty which thy heart denies,
 Drain'd by thy Schemes, the *Treasury* supplies.

The reference to the noble Duke's kitchen is a most exquisite compliment to his Grace's well known and determined aversion to the specious, popular, and prevailing vices of *eating and drinking* ; and the four lines which follow, contain a no less admirable allusion to the memorable witicism of his Grace (memorable for the subject of it, as well as for the circumstance of its being the only known instance of his Grace's attempting to degrade himself into the vulgarity of a joke).

When a Minister was found in this country, daring and wicked enough, to propose the suspension of a turnpike bill for one whole day, simply for the reason, that he considered some little ceremony due to the natal anniversary of the *bigbest*, and beyond all

comparison, the *best* individual in the Country; what was the noble Duke's reply to this frivolous pretence for the protraction of the national business? What care I, said this great Personage, with a noble warmth of patriotic insolence, never yet attained by any of the present timid-minded sons of Faction—"What care I for the King's birth day!—What is such nonsense to me?" &c. &c. &c. It is true, indeed, times have been a little changed since—but what of that, there is a solid truth in the observation of Horace, which its tritism does not, or cannot destroy, and which the noble Duke, if he could read the original, might, with great truth, apply to himself and his Sovereign :

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.—

A great critic affirms, that the highest excellence of writing, and particularly of poetical writing, consists in this one power—to *surprize*. Surely this sensation was never more successfully excited, than by the line in the above passage, when considered as addressed to the Duke of Richmond——

Still, still, for thee, the *grateful Poor* shall pray.

Our Author, however, whose correct judgment suggested to him that even the sublimity of surprize was not to be obtained at the expence of Truth, and probability, hastens to reconcile all contradictions,
by

by informing the reader that the *Treasury* is to supply the sources of the charity, on account of which the noble Duke is to be prayed for.

The Poet, with his usual philanthropy, proceeds to give a piece of good advice to a person with whom he does not appear at first sight to have any natural connection. He contrives, however, even to make his seeming digression contribute to his purpose. He addresses *Colonel Debbeige* in the following good natured, sublime, parental apostrophe——

Learn, thoughtless *Debbeige*, now no more a youth,
 The woes unnumber'd that encompass truth,
 Nor of experience, nor of knowledge vain,
 Mock the chimæras of a sea-sick brain :
 Oh, learn on happier terms with him to live,
 Who ne'er knew *twice* the weakness to forgive !
 Then should his Grace some vast expedient find,
 To govern Tempests, and controul the wind ;
 Should he, like great *Canute*, forbid the wave
 T' approach his Presence, or his Foot to lave :
 Construct some Bastion, or devise some Mound,
 The world's wide limits to encompass round ;
 Rear a Redoubt, that to the stars should rise,
 And lift himself, like Typhon, to the Skies ;
 Or should the mightier scheme engage his soul,
 To raise a platform on the *Northern Pole*,

With

With foss, with rampart, stick, and stone, and clay,
 To build a breast-work on the *Milky-Way*;
 Or to protect his Sovereign's blest abode,
 Bid numerous batteries guard the *Turnpike Road*;
 Lest foul Invasion in disguise approach,
 Or Treason lurk within the *Dover Coach*;
 Oh, let the wiser duty then be thine,
 Thy skill, thy science, judgment to resign;
 With patient ear the high-wrapt tale attend,
 Nor snarl at Fancies which no skill can mend.
 So shall thy comforts with thy days increase,
 And all thy last, unlike thy first, be Peace;
 No rude *Courts Martial* shall thy fame decry,
 But Half-pay plenty all thy wants supply.

It is difficult to determine which part of the above passage possesses the superior claim to our admiration, whether its science, its resemblance, its benevolence, or its sublimity.—Each have their turn, and each are distinguished by some of our author's happiest touches. The Climax from the Pole of the Heavens to the Pole of a Coach, and from the Milky-way to a Turnpike Road, is conceived and expressed with admirable fancy and ability. The absurd story of the Wooden Horse in Virgil, is indeed remotely parodied in the line,

Or treason lurk within the Dover Coach.

But with what accession of beauty, nature, and probability,

bability, we leave judicious critics to determine. Indeed there is no other defence for the passage alluded to in *Virgil*, but to suppose that the past commentators upon it have been egregiously mistaken, and that this famous *Equus Ligneus*, of which he speaks, was neither more nor less than the *Stage Coach* of Antiquity. What, under any other supposition, can be the meaning of the passage,

Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur *Achivi*.

ÆNEID. II.

Besides this, the term *Machina* we know is almost constantly used by *Virgil* himself as a synonyme for this Horse, as in the line

Scandit fatalis machina muros, &c.

And do we not see that those authentic records of modern literature, the Newspapers, are continually and daily announcing to us.—“ This day sets off “ from the Blue-boar Inn, precisely at half past five; “ the Bath and Bristol *Machine* !” meaning thereby, merely the *Stage Coaches* to Bath and to Bristol—Again, immediately after the line last quoted, to wit, (*scandit fatalis machina muros*) come these words

Fæta armis, i. e. filled with *arms*.

Now what can they possibly allude to in the eye of sober judgment and rational criticism, but the *Guard*,
or

or armed *Watchman*, who, in those days, went in the inside, or perhaps had a place in the *Boot*, and was employed, as in our modern conveyances, to protect the passenger in his approximation to the metropolis. We trust the above authorities will be deemed conclusive upon the subject, and indeed to say the truth, this idea does not occur to us now for the first time, as in some Hints for a few critical lucubrations intended as farther *Addenda* to the *Virgilius Restauratus* of the great Scriblerus, we find this remark precisely—"In our judgment this Horse, meaning *Virgil's*, may be very properly denominated,—the "DARDANIAN DILLY, or the POST COACH to "PERGAMUS."

We know not whether it be worth adding as a matter of mere fact, that the great object of the Noble Duke's erections at Rochester, which have not yet cost the Nation a *million*, is simply and exclusively this,—to *enfilade* the turnpike road, in case of a Foreign invasion.

The poet goes on—He forms a scientific and interesting preface of the noble Duke's future greatness.

With Gorges, Scaffolds, Breaches, Ditches, Mines,
 With Culverins, whole, and demi; and Gabines ;
 With Trench, with Counterescarp, with Esplanade,
 With Curtain, Moat, and Rhombo, and Chamade ;
With

With Polygon, Epaulment, Hedge, and Bank,
 With Angle salient, and with Angle flank :
 Oh thou shalt prove, should all thy schemes prevail,
 An UNCLE TOBY on a larger scale !
 While dapper, daisy, prating, puffing JIM,
 May haply personate good *Corp'ral Trim*.

Every reader will anticipate us in the recollection that the person here honoured with our Author's distinction, by the abbreviated appellative of *Jim*, can be no other than the Hon. James Luttrell himself, Surveyor General to the Ordnance, the famous friend, defender, and *Commis* of the Duke of Richmond. The words *dapper* and *daisy*, in the last line of the above passage, approximate perhaps more nearly to the familiarity of common life, than is usual with our Author, but it is to be observed, in the defence of them, that our language supplies no terms in any degree so peculiarly characteristic of the object to whom they are addressed. As for the remaining part of the line, to wit, "*prating, puffing Jim*." It will require no vindication or illustration with those who have heard this Honourable Gentleman's speeches in Parliament, and who have read the subsequent representations of them in the Diurnal Prints.

Our immortal Author, whose province it is to give poetical construction and *local habitation* to the inspired effusions

effusions of the *Dying Drummer*, (exactly as *Virgil* did to the predictions of *Anchises*) proceeds to finish the portrait exhibited in the above passage by the following lines :—

As like your *Prototypes* as pea to pea,
 Save in the weakness of—*Humanity* ;
 Congenial quite in every other part,
 The same in *Head*, but differing in the *Heart* :

O D E,

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. PITT.

WHILST every bard unites to sing,
God save Great GEORGE, our noble King,
 Let not thy greatness scorn her,
 If a poor Muse should haply try
 To raise, O Pitt, thy name on high,
 Amid the Gods and Kings of Poet's Corner.

O *Warton* ! whose facetious puns,
 Enliven Oxford's smoking sons,
 Whose jokes exceed *Joe Miller's* ;
 Full well thy toils hast thou bestow'd,
 To deck thy variegated ode
 With kings, cars, thunder, and Corinthian pillars.

Sir

Sir *Joseph Maubey* sweetly sings
Of hafflet, pork, and chitterlings ;

Sir *Cecil Wray* might well deserve the bays ;
With nobler fury *Major Scott*

Swells the loud song with “ Hot ! hot ! hot ! ”

And breathes with princely air the short emphatic
phrase.

Ah me ! my genius strives, in vain,

To rival the immortal strain—

Yet be not thou dismayed—

Great bards should *GEORGE*’s fame declare,

Ev’n thou can’st not with him compare,

Whose shoulders are so broad, whose breeches so
well made.

All must alike his name revere,

The bard, the porter, and the peer,

Where at St. James’s his mild glory shines ;

Or where his awful head,

Far more majestically red,

Invites to “ Royal purl, good eating, and neat
wines.”

Some pomp too shall *thy* name display,

Preserv’d in chalk throughout the day,

Whilst haberdashers strut,

And stop to mark the public wit

Of “ no shop taxes,” and “ damn *Pitt*,”

And figures dire that fill the patriot window-shut.

Dark

Dark is *Dick Tawining's* shop,
Betty no more shall twirl her mop,
 Nor Pedlars poor display their lace;
 Yet shall thy name, O *Pitt*! be dear,
 To Kings who know thy worth sincere,
 And *Lucy Leslie*, matron of King's-Place.

She, honest soul, applauds thy pains,
 Great are her toils, small are her gains,
 And let herself be heard;
 They'll tell you "that it costs her clear,"
 In maids three hundred pounds a year,
 That she "grows old," and "times are wond'rous
 "hard."

Go on, great youth, thy ample mind,
 By no dull prejudice confin'd,
 Each lib'ral soul adores;
 And Bachelors shall freely pay,
 Whatever on their heads you lay,
 Whilst kindly you supply them all with W——es.

Go on, great youth, whilst nobler views
 Thy patriot steadiness pursues,
 Forgive this humble rhyme;
 My muse, should this poor tribute live,
 From thee, perhaps, may strength receive,
 To sing in worthier strains, O *Pitt*, thy deeds
 divine.

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